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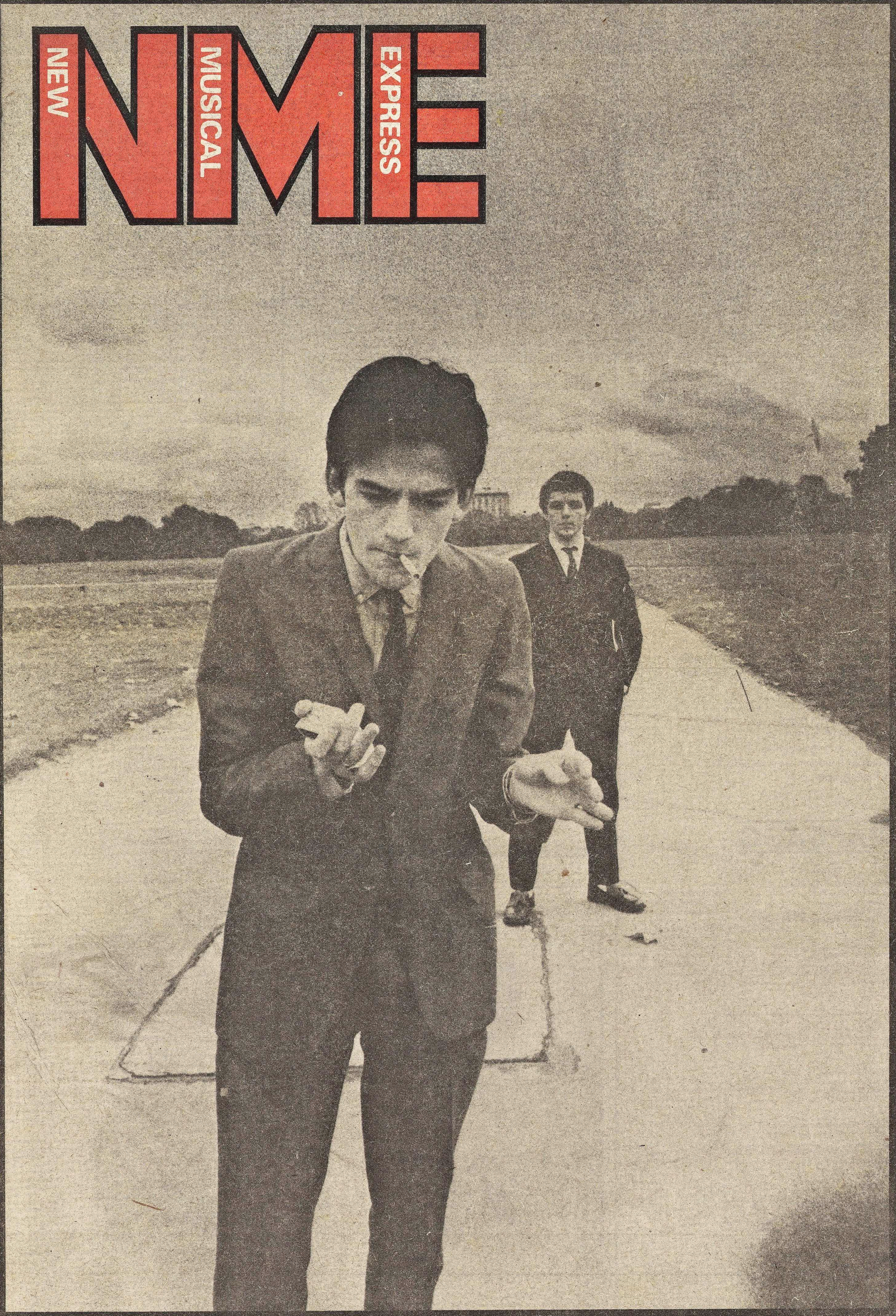
In Crowd '63: The Man That Put The Mod Into The Who



NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Secret Affair

In Crowd '79: Revolution For The Cut Of It

NME CHARTS

Week ending November 17, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	When You're In Love	Dr Hook (Capitol)	5	1
2	(3)	Gimme Gimme Gimme	Abba (Epic)	4	2
3	(2)	One Day At A Time	Lena Martell (Pye)	6	1
4	(17)	Still	Commodores (Motown)	2	4
5	(8)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love	Queen (EMI)	4	5
6	(4)	Every Day Hurts	Sad Cafe (RCA)	7	3
7	(5)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	5	5
8	(19)	Eton Rifles	Jam (Polydor)	2	8
9	(10)	On My Radio	Selecter (Two Tone)	3	9
10	(14)	She's In Love With You	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	4	10
11	(12)	Gonna Get Along Without You	Viola Wills (Ariola/Hansa)	5	10
12	(28)	The Sparrow	Ramblers (Decca)	3	12
13	(15)	Message To You Rudy	Specials (Two Tone)	3	13
14	(20)	Ladies Night	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	3	14
15	(22)	Rise	Herb Alpert (A&M)	4	15
16	(—)	No More Tears	D. Summer / B. Streisand (Casablanca / CBS)	1	16
17	(—)	Knocked It Off	B A Robertson (Asylum)	1	17
18	(18)	OK Fred	Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	6	9
19	(6)	Don't Stop Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson (Epic)	9	2
20	(21)	Making Plans For Nigel	XTC (Virgin)	4	13
21	(7)	Video Killed The Radio Star	Buggles (Island)	7	1
22	(11)	My Forbidden Lover	Chic (Atlantic)	5	11
23	(9)	Chosen Few	Dooleys (GTO)	6	8
24	(30)	I Don't Want To Be A Freak	Dynasty (Solar)	2	24
24	(13)	Star	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	13
26	(25)	Luton Airport	Cats UK (WEA)	5	22
27	(—)	It's A Disco Night	Isley Brothers (Epic)	1	27
28	(—)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	1	28
29	(—)	He Was Beautiful	Iris Williams (Columbia)	1	29
30	(—)	Bird Song	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Monkey Chop — Dan-L (Island);
Sad Eyes — Robert John (EMI);
Sarah — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo);
You Can Do It — Al Hudson (MCA);
Diamonds Smiles — Boomtown Rats (Ensign);
Fall Out — Police (A&M).

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	6	1
2	(2)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	4	2
3	(18)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2	Abba (Epic)	2	3
4	(8)	Rock 'n' Roller Disco	Various (Ronco)	2	4
5	(10)	Greatest Hits	10cc (Mercury)	6	5
6	(4)	Lena's Music Album	Lena Martell (Pye)	5	4
7	(19)	The Fine Art Of Surfacing	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	7
8	(—)	Greatest Hits	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	8
*9	(9)	The Specials	Specials (Two Tone)	3	9
10	(5)	The Long Run	Eagles (Asylum)	7	2
11	(21)	The Secret Life Of Plants	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	2	11
12	(7)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	8	3
13	(3)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	2
13	(6)	Whatever You Want	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	5
15	(23)	Midnight Magic	Commodores (Motown)	10	11
16	(—)	20 Golden Greats	Mantovani (Warwick)	1	16
17	(11)	String Of Hits	Shadows (EMI)	10	4
18	(28)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)	2	18
19	(—)	Out Of This World	Moody Blues (K-Tel)	1	19
20	(—)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp (A&M)	24	2
21	(—)	Quadrophenia	Soundtrack (Polydor)	2	21
22	(—)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	22
23	(—)	Pleasure And Pain	Dr Hook (Capitol)	1	23
24	(20)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	55	1
25	(—)	Bat Out Of Hell	Meatloaf (Epic)	39	6
26	(17)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	23	2
27	(12)	Bomber	Motorhead (Bronze)	3	12
28	(22)	Down To Earth	Rainbow (Polydor)	13	7
29	(—)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	(RSO)	1	29
30	(14)	The Raven	The Stranglers (United Artists)	6	2

UP AND COMING:

Echoes of Gold — Adrian Brett (Warwick);
Million Mile Reflections — Charlie Daniels Band (Epic);
20 Smash Disco Hits (The Bitch) — Various (Warwick);
Wet — Barbra Streisand (CBS);
Crepes And Drapes — Showaddywaddy (Arista);
Reality Effect — Tourists (Logo).

In at No. 17 with 'Knocked It Off', here B.A. Robertson demonstrates how the mishap in question actually occurred.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(2)	Still	Commodores
2	(1)	Heartache Tonight	Eagles
3	(3)	Dim All The Lights	Donna Summer
4	(6)	Babe	Styx
5	(9)	No More Tears	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer
6	(4)	Pop Muzik	M
7	(7)	You Decorated My Life	Kenny Rogers
8	(5)	Rise	Herb Alpert
9	(12)	Please Don't Go	KC & The Sunshine Band
10	(8)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
11	(10)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough	Michael Jackson
12	(14)	Ships	Barry Manilow
13	(11)	Good Girls Don't	The Knack
14	(13)	Sail On	Commodores
15	(15)	Come To Me	France Joli
16	(23)	Ladies' Night	Kool & The Gang
17	(22)	You're Only Lonely	J. D. Souther
18	(16)	Sad Eyes	Robert John
19	(20)	This Night Won't Last Forever	Michael Johnson
20	(24)	If You Remember Me	Chris Thompson and Night
21	(—)	Send One Your Love	Stevie Wonder
22	(17)	My Sharona	The Knack
23	(28)	Broken Hearted Me	Anne Murray
24	(—)	Take The Long Way Home	Supertramp
25	(—)	Escape (The Pina Colada Song)	Rupert Holmes
26	(18)	Dirty White Boy	Foreigner
27	(30)	Dreaming	Blondie
28	(19)	I'll Never Love This Way Again	Dionne Warwick
29	(—)	We Don't Talk Anymore	Cliff Richard
30	(—)	Half The Way	Crystal Gayle

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	The Long Run	Eagles
2	(3)	Tusk	Fleetwood Mac
3	(2)	In Through The Out Door	Led Zeppelin
4	(4)	Cornerstone	Styx
5	(5)	Midnight Magic	Commodores
6	(13)	On The Radio Greatest Hits	Donna Summer
7	(6)	Rise	Herb Alpert
8	(9)	One Voice	Barry Manilow
9	(8)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
10	(10)	Kenny	Kenny Rogers
11	(16)	Wet	Barbra Streisand
12	(7)	Head Games	Foreigner
13	(11)	Get The Knack	The Knack
14	(17)	Eat To The Beat	Blondie
15	(15)	Uncle Jam Wants You	Funkadelic
16	(18)	Ladies' Night	Kool And The Gang
17	(12)	Dream Police	Cheap Trick
18	(—)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits	Bee Gees
19	(19)	Flirtin' With Disaster	Molly Hatchett
20	(20)	Slow Train Coming	Bob Dylan
21	(22)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp
22	(25)	Keep The Fire	Kenny Loggins
23	(14)	Stormwatch	Jethro Tull
24	(23)	Candy O	The Cars
25	(28)	Restless Nights	Karla Bonoff
26	(24)	Volcano	Jimmy Buffett
27	(27)	Highway To Hell	AC/DC
28	(21)	Comedy Is Not Pretty	Steve Martin
29	(26)	Identify Yourself	O'Jays
30	(—)	Evolution	Journey

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

* Denotes import. All 12"

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
(1)	Rappers Delight	Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)*
(2)	No More Tears	Donna Summer/Barbra Streisand (CBS)
(3)	Rise	Herb Alpert (A & M)
(4)	Ladies Night	Kool & The Gang (Phonogram)
(5)	Spring High	Ramsey Lewis (CBS)
(6)	Don't Stop Til You Get Enough	Micheal Jackson (CBS)*
(7)	It's A Disco Night	Isley Brothers (Epic)
(8)	Deja Vu	Paulinho Da Costa (Polydor)
(9)	Second Time Around	Shalamar (RCA)
(10)	I Don't Want To Be A Freak	Dynasty (RCA)

Chart supplied by: HMV RECORDS, Oxford Street, London W1.

REGGAE

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
(1)	Dreaming Of Zion	Brown Sugar (Studio 16)
(2)	Closer To You	Janet Kay (Arawak)
(3)	Shine Eye Girl	Clint Eastwood (De Roy)
(4)	Gone Down The Drain	Trinity and Al Campbell (Sofernoe)
(5)	Late Night Blues	Al Campbell (JB)
(6)	Princess	Albions (K & K)
(7)	True True Lovin'	Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
(8)	What Can I Do	Winston Edwards (Studio 16)
(9)	Jehovah	Twinkle Brothers (Front Line)
(10)	Secretly	Hortense Ellis (GG)

Chart supplied by: JOE GIBBS, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

INDIES

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
(1)	Dragnet	The Fall (Step Forward)
(2)	California Uber Alles	Dave Kennedy (Fast)
(3)	Is The War Over	Various (Z Block)
(4)	Read About Seymour	Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
(5)	Low Flying Aircraft	Artist and label unknown
(6)	Curb Crawler	Au Pairs (021)
(7)	Science Fiction	Dodgems (Attrix)
(8)	Alice In Sunderland	Steppin Talk (Eustone)
(9)	This Heat	This Heat (Piano)
(10)	Beat Rhythm News	Essential Logic (Rough Trade)

Chart supplied by: ROUGH TRADE, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W1.

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 19, 1974

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Gonna Make You A Star	David Essex (CBS)
2	Killer Queen	Queen (EMI)
3	Hey There Lonely Girl	Eddie Holman (ABC)
4	You're The First My Last My Everything	Barry White (20th Century)
5	Pepper Box	Peppers (Spark)
6	Everything I Own	Ken Boothe (Trojan)
7	Let's Put It All Together	Stylistics (Avco)
8	Magic	Pilot (EMI)
9	All Of Me Loves All Of You	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
10	Juke Box Jive	The Rubettes (Polydor)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 19, 1969

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Sugar Sugar	Archies (RCA)
2	Oh Well	Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
3	Call Me (Number One)	Tremeloes (CBS)
4	Return Of Django	Upsetters (Upsetter)
5	Something	Beatles (Apple)
6	Wonderful World Beautiful People	Jimmy Cliff (Trojan)
7	He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	Sweet Dream	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)
9	What Does It Take	Jr Walker & The All Stars (Tamla Motown)
10	Love's Been Good To Me	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)

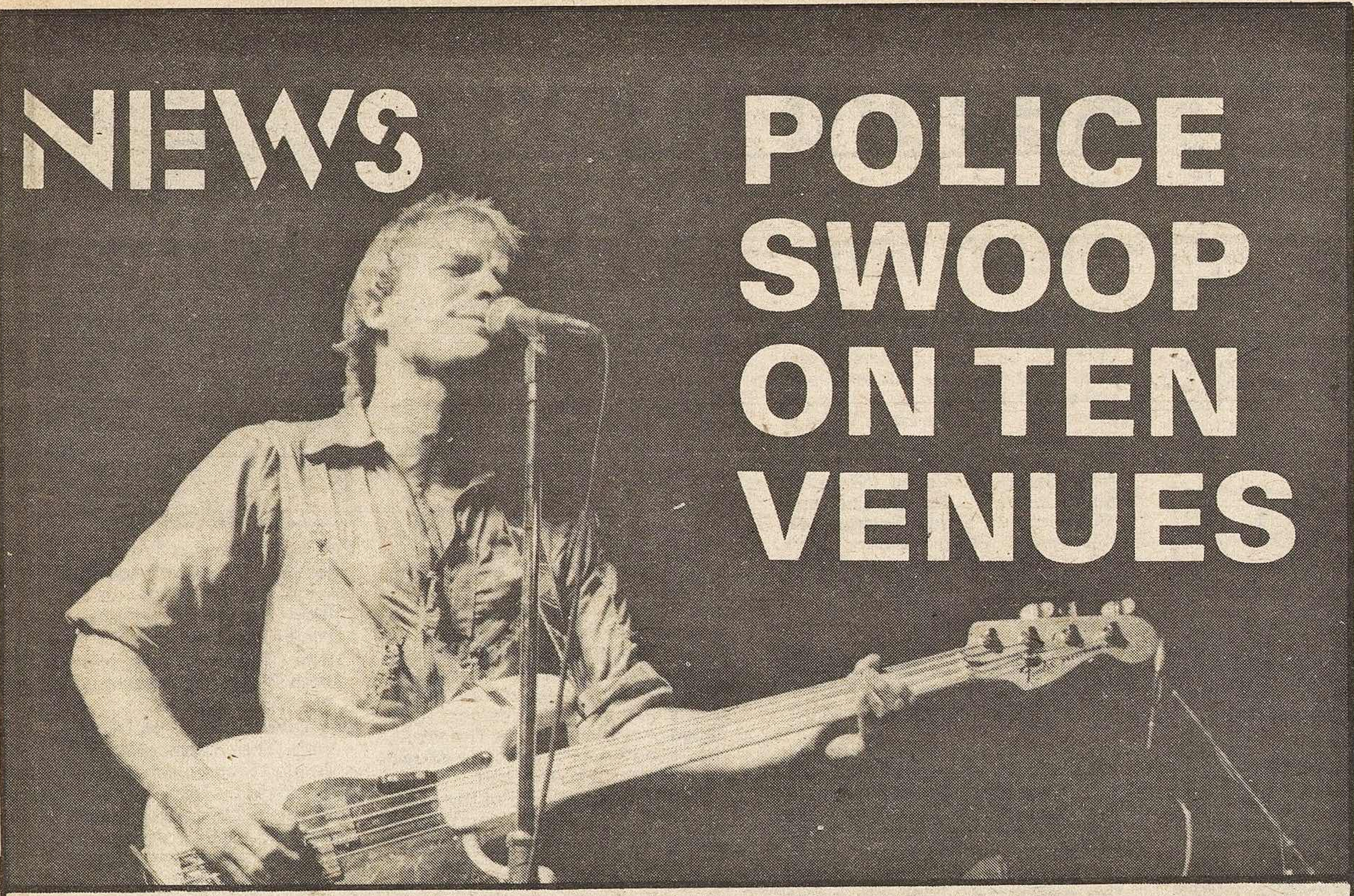
15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 20, 1964

No.	Title	Artist (Label)
1	Little Red Rooster	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	Baby Love	Supremes (Stateside)
3	All Day And All Of The Night	Kinks (Pye)
4	Um Um Um Um Um Um	Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
5	He's In Town	Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)
6	I'm Gonna Be Strong	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
7	Sha La La	Manfred Mann (HMV)
8	Oh Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison (London)
9	Don't Bring Me Down	Pretty Things (Parlophone)
10	Remember (Walkin' In The Sand)	Shangri-Las (Red Bird)

NEWS

POLICE SWOOP ON TEN VENUES



THE POLICE are to headline a ten-venue pre-Christmas tour, of which their two London dates — announced last week — form a part. And they have a new single coming out next week as the follow-up to their chart-topping smash 'Message In A Bottle', which has now gone Platinum.

The band had not intended playing any more UK gigs this year, after their exhaustive but triumphant American tour. But their huge success has prompted them to give their supporters a Christmas bonus, and they can be seen in action at:

Leeds Queen's Hall (December 10), Deeside Leisure Centre (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Bridlington Royal Spa Hall (13), Birmingham Odeon (15), Southampton Gaumont (16), Brighton The Centre (17), London Hammersmith Palais (18), London Rainbow (19) and Leicester Granby Halls (20).

Tickets are on sale now and, although prices vary, the maximum at all venues is £3. For the Leeds show, they may be obtained from the box-office and from Probe Records of Liverpool; for Deeside, they are on sale at the box-office, Virgin and Barker Records of Leeds, Pearson Records of Bradford, and Virgin of Sheffield. Elsewhere tickets can be obtained only from the respective theatre box-offices.

The new single, issued by A&M on November 23, is 'Walking On The Moon'. It's culled from their No. 1 album 'Regatta De Blanc' — and according to an A&M spokesman, its release is due to overwhelming demand, since it is already receiving around 15 airplays per week.

Clash setting up seasonal shows

THE CLASH are hoping to play some British dates around the Christmas period, though this is dependent on whether they can find suitable venues at such relatively short notice. They had originally intended touring here in late November, but work on their new album coupled with an extension of their US visit, forced them to delay this project.

Their spokesman told NME this week: "They're now keen to get back on the road here as soon as possible, and want to play some Christmas gigs. Trouble is, we're faced with a combination of venues already heavily booked, and others which won't accept The Clash. But there's still a 50-50 chance it will come together. If not, they'll be going on tour very early in the New Year."

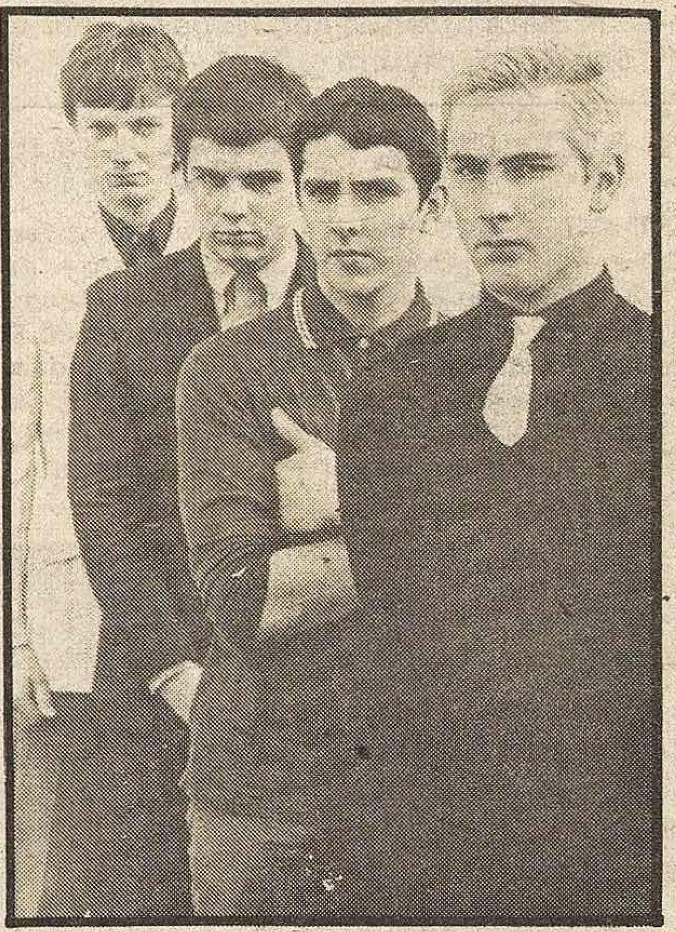
Reason why the band's new album has taken longer than expected is that it's a double set, although it will be packaged in a single sleeve and sold at around single LP price. Titled 'London Calling', it's due for release on December 7, with a single — presumably culled from the LP — due at about the same time.

DICKIES AND FURS EXTRA

WITH THEIR debut Epic Records single 'We Love You' beginning to bubble, The Psychedelic Furs have extended their UK tour, originally planned to finish last week. They now play extra dates at Hull Wellington Club (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham University (Friday), Kingston Polytechnic (November 22), Reading University (23), London Kensington Nashville (29 and 30) and Weybridge National College of Food (December 1).

THE DICKIES have made several changes and additions to their UK tour schedule, reported last week. They are newly booked for Sheffield Polytechnic (November 30), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (December 1), Redcar Coatham Bowl (5), Lancaster University (8) and Leicester University (12). Hanley Victoria Hall (November 30) is now cancelled, the confirmed date for Blackburn King George's Hall is December 9, and Newcastle City Hall switches from November 29 to December 13. This final itinerary means they are playing a total of 11 dates.

HEARTS ACE IS PLAYED



THE PURPLE HEARTS, already growing in stature, could be one of the first bands to hit the big-time in the next decade. They've just signed a long-term deal with Fiction Records (distributed by Polydor), have a new single out this week with an album to follow early in the New Year, and are about to embark on their first headlining tour.

Fiction released the band's first single 'Millions Like Us' as a one-off in the summer, to coincide with their 'March Of The Mods' tour with Secret Affair and Back To Zero. But now comes the first single under the long-term agreement, titled 'Frustration', and the outfit's debut album (as yet untitled) is scheduled for January.

Confirmed tour dates are Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks (November 27), Lincoln Drill Hall (29), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (30), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (December 1), Bishops Stortford Triad Centre (2), Exeter Routes (4), Birmingham Underworld (7), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (10), Sheffield Limit Club (11), York Oval Ball (12), Manchester Polytechnic (13), Scarborough Penthouse (14) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (15). They'll also be playing a major London date before Christmas, details to follow shortly.

The Hearts have also decided to give a break to some up-and-coming bands — because, although they'll be using a regular support act on the tour, they also intend featuring some new outfits. Any band who would like the chance to perform during the course of the tour should send tapes and pictures (as soon as possible) to Purple Hearts, c/o Fiction Records, 14-16 Chaplin Road, London N.W.2, enclosing SAE for return if required.

Comprising Robert Manton (lead vocals), Simon Stebbing (lead guitar), Gary Sparks (drums) and Jeff Shadbolt (bass), the Hearts will be making their first sortie into Europe at the beginning of 1980.

THE SHIRTS are coming into Britain rather earlier than expected to play a one-off at London Kensington Nashville on Sunday, November 25. They then embark on a European tour, after which it's hoped they'll do a few more UK gigs on their way back to the States — but in any case, they'll be here for a full tour in the New Year.

SECRET AFFAIR have a featured spot in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' next Tuesday, November 20 (repeated Wednesday). Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later also appear.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY, having recently completed a UK tour, have agreed to headline a one-off benefit at Newcastle Centre Hotel next Monday (19). It's in aid of Gingerbread, and the support acts are The Noise Toys and Arthur 2-Stroke.

PURSEY'S PACKAGE, whose two projected nights at London Nashville last month were called off when the venue adopted a brief low-key policy, has now set two alternative gigs at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club next Monday and Tuesday (19-20). The acts appearing — all produced by Jimmy Pursey for Warner Brothers — are Jimmy Edwards, Long Tall Shorty, Kidz Next Door and The Low Numbers.

RACHEL SWEET, already set to support Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson at Hammersmith Odeon on November 22, plays a headlining gig at London Camden Dingwalls the previous night (21).

THE SPECIALS have added another London date to their current tour with The Selecter and Dexy's Midnight Runners. It's at Lewisham Odeon on Saturday, December 1 — tickets £3, £2.50 and £2. As reported last week, they also play a second night at London Lyceum on December 2.

THE UNDERTONES, who've just finished their longest UK tour so far, play a one-off at Bradford St. George's Hall on November 22. This is a replacement for the show they were forced to cancel there on October 17, and tickets for the original gig remain valid.

Sid sings

VINTAGE VICIOUS ON COMPILATION

THE LATE Sid Vicious is showcased on a compilation album, to be issued by Virgin on December 7. It features Sid singing and playing, backed variously by The Pistols and sundry New York musicians — and many of the tracks have never before been available in any form. The Vicious album has been compiled and produced by John Varnom (who brought you 'Carri On Some Product') and one-time Glitterbest employee John Tiberi, who have gathered material by researching private and public archives.

THE MEKONS are planning some live dates for December, and a fuller tour for January, details to be announced shortly. Meanwhile, their new album 'The Quality Of Mercy Is Not Strnen' (that's not a misprint!) is released by Virgin on November 30.

SIMPLE MINDS have added another date to their major UK tour, starting this weekend and exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. It's at Nottingham Sandpiper on December 8.

WINGS ADD

THE WINGS tour, announced last week, is already virtually sold out — and there are reports of queues forming as much as 36 hours before box-offices opened last Sunday. As a result, the band have now added two more dates — Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on November 24 (the third gig at that venue, and now the new opening date of the tour) and a fourth night at London Wembley Arena on December 10.

ESSENTIAL LOG!C are playing a number of dates to promote their first album on Logic Records (distributed by Rough Trade), titled 'Waddle Ya Play? — Beat Rhythm News'. So far set are London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall with Scritti Politti (November 26), Bath University with Monochrome Set and Fat Gadget (December 1), Norwich St. Andrews's Hall with Spizz Energi (10), Bognor Riverside Ballroom with Monochromes and Fat Gadget (14) and Northampton Racecourse Pavilion with The Pack (15). Logic — comprising Lora Logic (vocals and sax), David Wright (sax), Ashley Buff (guitar), Russell Webb (bass) and Rich-Tea (drums) — will also have a single out shortly, titled 'Popcorn'.

PHOTOS EXPOSURE

THE PHOTOS — having just completed a series of London dates, and currently supporting Squeeze on their curtailed concert series — begin a new tour in their own right later this month. Dates so far confirmed are Leicester University (November 24), Shrewsbury Cascade (28), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (30), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (December 1), Edinburgh Valentino's (2), Sheffield Limit Club (4), Newcastle Polytechnic (5), Leeds Fan Club (6), Dudley J.B.'s (7) and Manchester Polytechnic (8). The band will continue gigging up to Christmas to support their first CBS single 'I'm So Attractive', out this week, and further dates will be announced shortly.

● SQUEEZE will not, after all, be playing a London date before they leave for America at the end of this month. Their next London concert won't be until February, said their spokesman this week.

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The Boys are back

THE BOYS are back in action, after being off the road and out of the public eye for over a year. Previously with Nems Records, they have now signed a long-term deal with the Safari label, who release the band's new album 'To Hell With The Boys' — which they recently finished recording in Norway — in early December. And it's preceded on November 30 by a single culled from the LP called 'Kamikaze'.

To tie in with this record activity, The Boys — comprising Matt Dangerfield (lead guitar and vocals), Casino Steel (keyboards and vocals), Duncan 'Kid' Reid (bass and vocals), Jack Black (drums) and Honest John Plain (rhythm guitar) — are going on a nationwide tour. This will mark their first UK appearances, apart from a warm-up London one-off last month, since mid-1978. Dates will be announced in a week or two, but are already known to include London Camden Music Machine on December 5.

NO BEE GEES UNTIL SEPT, 1980

THE BEE GEES have issued a statement denying widespread rumours in America that they are about to split up — and in the process, they have divulged that their long-awaited European tour (including British dates) will not now take place until September, 1980. Currently working together on a new studio album, they also have individual projects lined up — Barry Gibb is to produce Barbra Streisand's next LP, while Robin Gibb is producing Jimmy Ruffin. And Maurice Gibb is to write the music for the RSO film 'The Fan', as well as pursuing an acting career.

To clarify the position regarding **Public Image Ltd.'s** 'Metal Box' album, issued by Virgin on November 23, the 50,000 copies packed in a metal container will sell at £7.45 each. A cassette version, obviously not in a metal box, will retail at £5.99.

Two releases this week on the Essex-based Stortbeat Records label are 'Popstar EP' by **The Spelling Missteaks** and '1970's EP' by **The Licks.**

Scissor Fits have their second single out this month on Tortch Records, a live three-tracker recorded at London Rock Garden and titled 'Soon After Dark'. They'll be touring extensively soon after Christmas.

Manchester band **The Salford Jets** have been signed by RCA. Their first release, issued on November 30 in a picture bag, is 'Salford Jets EP' which will sell for the price of a single. They're at present being lined up for a series of London gigs.

Record News

SIX STARS IN DELUXE SETS

FOR THE Christmas market, CBS are releasing deluxe boxed sets by six of their best-selling acts. They each contain three albums and sell at £10.99, and they are issued this week. They are **Earth Wind & Fire** (including 'That's The Way Of The World', 'Spirit' and 'All 'N All'); **Barbra Streisand** ('Greatest Hits Volume 1', 'Stoney End' and 'Superman'); **Bruce Springsteen** ('Greetings From Asbury Park N.J.', 'The Wild The Innocent And The East Street Shuffle' and 'Born To Run'); **Billy Joel** ('Piano Man', 'Turnstiles' and 'Streetlife Serenade); and **Art Garfunkel** ('Angel Clare', 'Breakaway' and Watermark'). The sixth set by **Jeff Wayne** features the original double-volume 'War Of The Worlds' — plus a 12-inch disco single, paperback novel and giant poster.

Latest 'Greatest Hits' collection to join the race for Christmas pickings is by the **Electric Light Orchestra,** and it's issued by Jet on November 23. It's preceded this weekend by a double A-side single 'Confusion'/'Last Train To London'.

Newest signings to the highly successful Two-Tone stable (distributed by Chrysalis) are Birmingham five-piece **The Beat.** Their debut single is the old Smokey Robinson song 'Tears Of A Clown', out this week.

Following up recent chart hits with new singles out this weekend are **Dave Edmunds** with 'Crawling From The Wreckage' (Swan Song), **AC/DC** with 'Girls Got Rhythm (Atlantic) and **Dollar** with 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand' (Carrere). And **The Eagles** have the title track from their current hit LP 'The Long Run' released by Elektra.

Infinity have signed Los Angeles-based rock band **Blue Steel** to a worldwide long-term contract, and release their album 'No More Lonely Nights' this week.

Stephen Bishop has signed a worldwide recording deal with Warner Brothers, for whom he is currently recording a new album, planned for February release.

Pink Floyd's long-awaited new album, previously reported as titled 'The Wall', is now officially set for November 30 release by EMI. The double set comprises 26 tracks, including a three-part saga called 'Another Brick In The Wall', the second part of which is issued as a single this weekend.

A charity single in aid of the Ecology Party titled 'Nuclear Waste' comes out on Charly Records this month — it's by a pick-up band known as **The Radio Actors,** whose line-up includes Steve Hillage, Sting, Nik Turner, Steve Broughton and Gilli Smyth. Also from Charly comes **Viola Wills'** album 'Without You', and they're releasing the Sun LP 'Good Rocking Tonite' by **Jerry Lee Lewis.** Additionally, Charly have signed a group called **The Sex Beatles,** who are currently recording an album and single.

Bill Lovelady, whose debut single 'Reggae For It Now' recently made the NME Top Ten, has his follow-up issued by Charisma this week. Title is 'One More Reggae For The Road'.

Portraits, who appear at London Music Machine on November 21, have their first Ariola single 'Little Women' out this week. The label also issues a potential disco hit single, 'Rock It' by **Deborah Washington.**

Birmingham band **The Quads,** whose debut single 'There Must Be Thousands' charted in their local area, have their follow-up 'There's Never Been A Night' issued by Big Bear Records this week in a picture sleeve.

Brighton band **The Dodgems** have signed with Attrix Records (distributed by Rough Trade, Small Wonder and Virgin), and have their single 'Science Fiction' out this week. They also feature on a Brighton compilation LP called 'Vaultage 79' for release before Christmas, which also includes **The Lillettes** and **The Chefs,** among others.

SUBS FOUR-TRACK

UK SUBS' follow-up to 'Tomorrow's Girls' is a four-track EP, selling at the price of a normal single, and it's released by Gem Records on November 23. Titles are 'She's Not There', 'Kicks', 'Victim' and 'The Same Thing' — all written by the band apart from the old Zombies number 'She's Not There'. The EP comes in green vinyl and a colour bag.

Patrick Hernandez has a new single issued by Gem/Aquarius this week, as the follow-up to his hit 'Born To Be Alive', which was a major chart success in 27 countries, The new one, available in both 7" and 12" pressings, is titled 'You Turn Me On'.

Joy Division, who've been on tour with The Buzzcocks, have their single 'Transmission' issued this weekend by Manchester's Factory Records. Upcoming product from the same label includes a 13-track cassette by **A Certain Ratio** called 'The Graveyard And The Ballroom', and a white vinyl **John Dowie** single titled 'Hard To Be An Egg'.

WEA reissue two previous Christmas hits on November 23 — 'Mary's Boy Child' by **Boney M** and 'Please Come Home For Christmas' by **The Eagles.**

Atlantic are re-releasing some of their classic '60s recordings over the next few months, starting on November 23 with 'Green Onions' by **Booker T & The M.G.s.** Upcoming reissues will feature **Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave, Solomon Burke** and **Joe Tex.**

Singer-writer **Johnny Darke** has signed with Carrere Records, but his single 'I'm Not A Believer' — originally planned for release this month — has been put back to January. This is because of controversy over his name, the same as that of an underworld character, currently in the news.

On November 23, WEA release three in-demand disco cuts as singles — 'My Feet Keep Dancing' by **Chic** from their current album; the debut on Warner Brothers of **Stargard** with 'Wear It Out'; and an edited version of 'Get Up And Boogie' by **Freddie James.**

High Energy Lancashire band **Accident On The East Lancs** have their debut single 'We Want It Legalised' issued on the independent Roach Records label, available through Rough Trade.

Oldfield single aids TV charity

BESIDES his new album 'Platinum' (released November 23), Mike Oldfield has a single issued by Virgin on November 30 — it's the traditional horn-pipe theme music for the BBC-1 children's series 'Blue Peter'. And both Oldfield and Virgin are donating royalties to the programme's current Cambodia appeal fund.

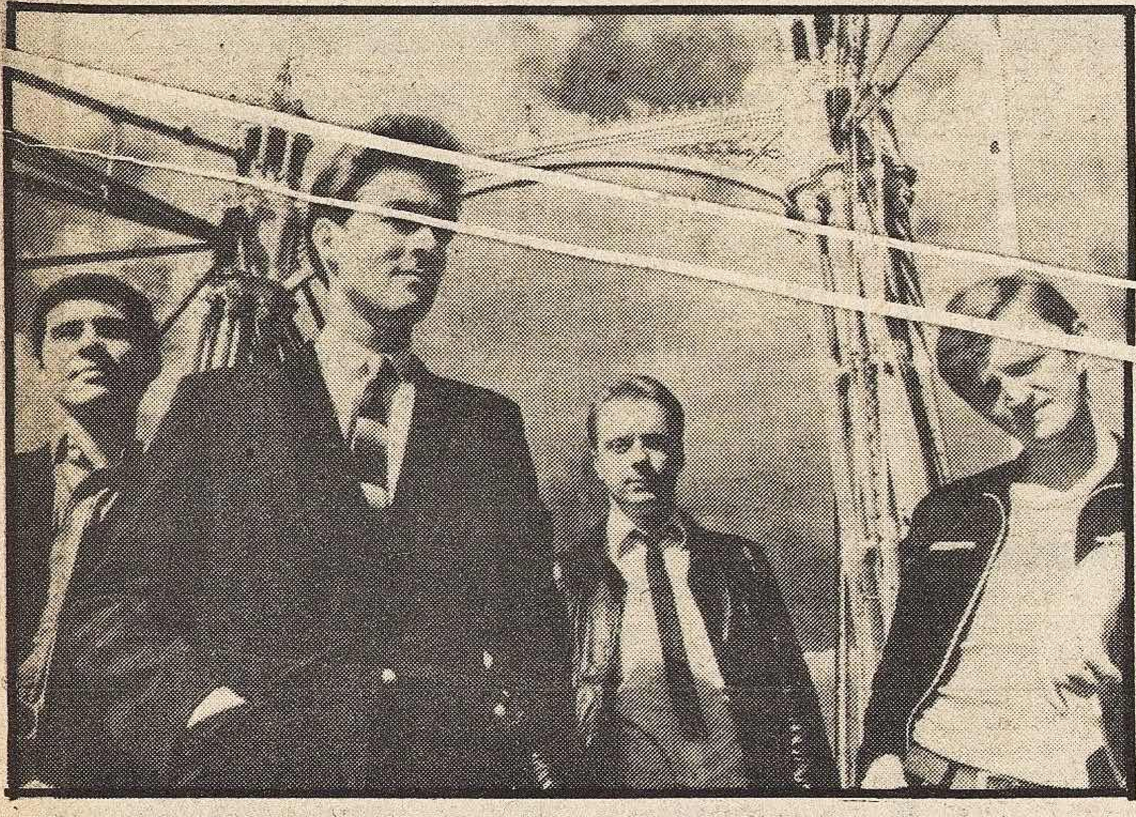
Quo: new status

STATUS QUO have a new single coming out on Vertigo next week called 'Living On An Island'. It's their second to be taken from their current hit album 'Whatever You Want', the first being the LP's title track which recently made No. 4 in the NME Chart. This new single, penned by Rick Parfitt and Bob Young, is more laid back than the usual Quo sound — even featuring an acoustic guitar! The B-side is 'Runaway'.

Despite the alleged recession in the record business, the Stiff label continues to sign new bands with carefree abandon. Latest outfit to commit pen to paper are THE DUPLICATES — comprising Bat Fasterly (vocals), Mary Bird (keyboards and vocals), Jeff Shaw (guitar), Neil Dickens (bass) and Bill Worsfold (drums). Their first single 'I Want To Make You Very Happy' is out this week.

AC/DC XMAS TICKETS

BOOKING arrangements have now been announced for the five pre-Christmas concerts by AC/DC — and it's just been confirmed that The Pirates will appear as special guests on all the gigs. Tickets for London Hammersmith Odeon (December 17) are priced £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 — they are available now by postal application only, and are limited to four per person. Booking for the other shows — Southampton Gaumont (18), Brighton Dome (19) and Birmingham Odeon (20 and 21) — is by personal application only, and box-offices open today (Thursday).



Stilettos dig in

THE STILETTOS bid for the big-time by way of a massive 31-date tour, running from this week until Christmas. It aids promotion of their debut Ariola single 'This Is The Way', released this week. Their schedule comprises:

Scarborough Penthouse (tonight, Thursday), **Egremont** Tow Bar (17), **Redcar** Beach Centre (19), **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (20), **Northallerton** Sayers Club (21), **Isle of Sheppey** New Island Hotel (22), **Dudley** J.B.'s (23), **Dartford** College of Education (24), **Hull** Tiffany's (26), **Rugby** Emmaline's (27), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (28), **Knighton** Norton Arms (29), **Ripon** College of Ripon and St. John (30), **York** College of Ripon and St. John (December 1), **Shrewsbury** Cascade (2), **Rotherham** Thurnscoe Hotel (3), **Farnborough** Tumbledown Dicks (4), **Bradford** Queens Hall College (5), **Keele** University (7), **London Camden** Music Machine (8), **Uckfield** The Centre (10), **London Barking** North-East Polytechnic (11), **Bristol** Granary (12), **Port Talbot** Sandman (13), **Pontypool** Mid-Gwent College (14), **Martletwy** Cross Hands Inn (15), **Swansea** Circles (17), **Exeter** Routes (18), **Salisbury** City Hall (20), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (22) and **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (23).

Blondie definite: 15 gigs awaited

IT'S NOW official that Blondie will be touring here throughout the upcoming holiday season, as forecast in last week's NME — from just before Christmas until the second week of the New Year. The final touches are now being put to their gig list, and it's expected that their dates will be announced next week, together with booking arrangements — and it's understood that around 15 shows are being lined up for the band.

New Year: Springsteen likely, Rainbow certain

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is expected to pay his long-awaited visit to Britain fairly early in the New Year and, according to reports from New York, Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels are coming with him as support act. The exact period of the visit is still subject to confirmation, but it's understood that dates are already being pencilled in for submission to Springsteen for his approval.

RAINBOW — who've been promising a British tour for at least six months, and who were last reported as planning a series of late autumn concerts — won't now be appearing in this country this year. This, apparently, is due to extended overseas commitments. But they are now definitely being lined up for a major tour here early in the New Year. Commented their spokesman: "We're talking about the January-February period, and we should be able to announce the dates in about two weeks' time."

Star soccer tournament

THE ANNUAL Sun/Goaldigger Celebrity Five-A-Side soccer contest will be staged this year at London Wembley Arena on Sunday, November 25 (kick-off 4pm). Among the teams appearing, together with some of the players involved are Status Quo (Rick Parfitt, Bob Young); Waterman Wanderers (Dennis Waterman, Eddie Grant); ELO (Bev Bevan); Uriah Heep (Ken Hensley, Mick Box); Capital Radio (Dave Cash); Manfred Mann Team (John Lingwood, Dave Flett); Power Plant (Robert Plant, Jasper Carrott); and Darts, Gonzalez and The Barron Knights.

Each team is also allowed one professional player — for instance, Bobby Charlton plays for Status Quo, Stan Bowles for Uriah Heep and Palace goalkeeper John Burridge for Gonzalez. There'll also be a friendly game between the Penthouse Pets and Playboy Bunnies. Tickets are on sale now at £2 each from the Box Office, Wembley Arena, Wembley HA9 0DW (if booking by post, make cheques and POs payable to Wembley Stadium Ltd").

SEVEN DATES BY TRAMMPS

THE TRAMMPS return to Britain next month for a short seven venue tour. They play Exeter Routes (December 7), Bournemouth Village Bowl (8), Leicester Bailey's (9), Blackburn Romeo & Juliet (10), Derby Romeo & Juliet (11) Birmingham Romeo & Juliet (12) and Nottingham Palais (13). Central Line are the support act, and tickets are on sale now.

DIGANCE GIGS ARE TOPPERS

RICHARD DIGANCE begins his first-ever headline concert tour next month, following the release this weekend of his new Chrysalis album 'Commercial Road' — from which comes his current single 'A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square', featuring Jon Lord on piano. Highlight of his tour is a special Christmas gig at London Victoria The Venue on December 23, and other dates confirmed so far are:

Rickmansworth Watersmeet Hotel (December 2), **Manchester** [illegible] **Ashton** Tameside Theatre (4), **Aldershot** Princes Hall (5), **Borehamwood** Civic Hall (6), **Margate** Winter Gardens (7), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (12), **Derby** Assemby Rooms (13), **Newark** Palace Theatre (14), **Bridgend** Recreation Centre (January 4) and **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (9).

LINDISFARNE: STILL MORE!

LINDISFARNE have added yet another night to their string of hometown Christmas concerts at Newcastle City Hall, making seven in all. The extra gig is on December 17, the other six (18-23) having now sold out — and tickets are on sale only at the box-office and Middlesbrough Town Hall priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Two other additions to the band's tour are Wolverhampton Civic Hall (December 2) and a return to Glasgow Apollo (15), but they have cancelled Hull New Theatre on December 16.

Hope R&B event line-up changes

THERE have been several changes in the running order of the two-week R&B festival at London Islington Hope & Anchor, announced two weeks ago. The Bishops switch from November 18 to 25, replacing Chris Farlowe who is not now appearing. [illegible] now play on November 22, with The House [illegible] Band switching to November 30. And The Bogey Boys are a new booking for December 1, with Lew Lewis Reformer moving back to the next day. Tickets for all gigs are now available at the Hope, priced £1.50 per night.

MOON SHINES OVER LONDON

MOON MARTIN flies into London to play a couple of nights at the Marquee Club on Friday and Saturday, November 23 and 24, tied in with the recent release of his second Capitol album 'Escape From Domination'. He's also doing one or two provincial gigs, the first to be finalised being at Birmingham Underworld on November 29. Martin — whose compositions have been covered by several other artists, including Robert Palmer and [illegible] — will be backed by his band The Ravens comprising Jude Cole (guitar), Denis Croy (bass) and Rick Croy (drums).

NEWS ROUND-UP

After The Fire drummer IVOR TWIDDLE

AFTER THE FIRE drummer Ivor Twiddle is now recovering well from the heart attack, which caused him to drop out of the band's extensive UK tour. And although he still has to take it easy, doctors are allowing him to play in ATF's major London concert at the Rainbow this Saturday (17), though deputy Nick Brotherhood continues to sit in on other dates.

THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS are playing a string of dates to promote their debut single 'Could This Be Heaven', issued by Mercury this week. They visit London Marquee (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Sandpiper (Friday), Glasgow College of Technology (November 21), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (22), Dundee Technical College (23), Fife St Andrew's University (24), Manchester UMIST with the Eric Bell Band (30) and Birmingham Underworld (December 6). They also support Joe Jackson on the first seven of his UK tour dates, reported last week.

JOHNNY MATHIS will be touring Britain in the spring, and his itinerary includes two performances each night at London Wembley Conference Centre (April 29 and 30 — tickets £9, £7.50 and £6.50) and London Royal Albert Hall (May 1 — tickets £9, £7.50, £5.50, £3.50 and £2.50). Tickets are on sale now from Derek Block Concert Promotions Limited, 16 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford Street, London W.1 — and from Premier Box Office (01) 240 2245-7. Provincial dates are being finalised.

LEONARD COHEN has added another date to his upcoming British concert tour — it's at Preston Guildhall on December 13. He has also slotted in a third concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, December 6.

THE YEAR OF THE CHILD charity concert at Wembley Arena on November 22 — with Gary Numan, Cat Stevens, Wishbone Ash, David Essex and Sky — will be broadcast by Radio 1 on Sunday, December 2 (7-9pm). In the same slot this Sunday (18), there's a recording of Hot Chocolate's concert at Hammersmith Odeon. And among names lined up for Radio 1's hour long 'Star Special' spot are Ian Gillan (November 25), Mary Wilson (December 9), Max Boyce (16) and Cliff Richard (23).

THE VYE who are featured on the Rocket Records compilation album '499 2139' out this weekend, are on tour at Ellesmere Port Bull's Head (tonight, Thursday), Sunderland Polytechnic (Saturday), Skipton Devonshire Hotel (November 23), Ilkley College (25), Immingham County Hotel (December 1), Leeds Royal Park (5), Bradford Princeville (6), Leeds Haddon Hall (8), Leeds Fforde Green (15), Leeds Royal Park (17), Ilkley Rose & Crown (18) and Leeds Haddon Hall (26). More dates, including London gigs and a special New Year party in Leeds, are being confirmed for what they call 'The No Crap Please — It's The Eighties Tour'.

JOHNNY G, of one-man-band fame, it to support Neil Innes on his previously reported UK tour. It opens this week and continues until December 7.

MADDY PRIOR is playing a series of concerts, highlighted by an appearance tonight (Thursday) at London Victoria The Venue. Other confirmed gigs include Swindon Wyvern Theatre (November 19), Keele University (21), Loughborough University (22), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (23), Glasgow Strathclyde Cumberland Theatre (25), Poole Arts Centre (28) and East Grinstead King George's Hall (December 1). Backing her are John O'Connor (guitar), Andy Richards (keyboards), Rick Kemp (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums).

SPEED-O-METORS are playing a series of dates to promote their new Arista album 'Day In The Lights', issued this week at the initial budget price of £3. They play London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (tonight, Thursday), London University College (Friday), London Middlesex Polytechnic (November 22), Kirklevington Country Club (23), London Fulham Greyhound (25), Scarborough Penthouse (30), Birmingham Underworld (December 1) and London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (7). More are being set.

THE MOVIES are playing just three dates before setting out on another U.S. visit — at Sheffield Limit Club (November 22), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (23) and London Victoria The Venue (24). They've just finished recording a new album called 'India', to be issued by Gem early next year, coinciding with a full UK tour by the band.

CHAS & DAVE are to appear as special guests on the second leg of Lindisfarne's UK tour, starting on November 30 and finishing with seven nights at Newcastle City Hall (December 17-23). They had intended coming off the road when their own tour finishes tomorrow (Friday) in order to start work on a new album, but this will now be delayed until after Christmas.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE SPECIALS
THE SELECTER
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
LEWISHAM ODEON
LOAMPIT VALE S.E.13.
SATURDAY 1st DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 £2·50 £2·00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 852 1331, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
TALKING HEADS
WITH GUESTS
HUMAN LEAGUE
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
TUESDAY 4th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD. NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

Q. What's ABBA'S biggest ever hit?
A. On the Chart Champions Show: 11-12p.m., 19th Nov.
Q. What's WINGS biggest ever hit?
A. On the Chart Champions Show: 11-12p.m., 23rd Nov.
208 Radio Luxembourg Magic
Where the hits come first.
The Chart Champions Show on Mondays and Fridays at 11 p.m.
The all-time hits in order of the all-time chart champions.
You can only hear them on Luxembourg.

Tours
VS 307
NEW SINGLE OUT NOW
'Tourist Information' by Tours

FLY AWAY '70s
FLY AWAY PUNK

Ian Page and Dave Cairns shoo away the flight of time.

COME BACK '80s
COME BACK MOD

THE MAN from the Moscow *Literary Gazette* wore a dapper pin-stripe suit, every crease and fold in place. He wore it with meticulous thoroughness, as a tourist might carefully pronounce every syllable of a phrase in a visitor's handbook. He was in his '40s, of solid build, and scrupulous about his work — which he modestly counted as being of some small influence amongst the *Gazette's* more powerful readers. He had come to write a story about Mod. . .

It costs Russia tens of thousands of roubles a year to scramble the Western radio broadcasts that the youth of the country secretly tune into to. The black market for rock and its accessories is thriving. Those who can afford it will pay as much for a pair of jeans as they would for a washing machine.

Elton John, Boney M, Cliff Richard and Wings have whetted appetites behind the iron curtain more than sated them, and the man from the *Gazette*, through his frequent contact with the West, could begin to understand this need. Furthermore, he grasped the sense of finding a young band to fulfill the need of young people. The idea being, perhaps, that by channelling it in some way, they can defuse a potential rebellion.

The Russian journalist took out his tape recorder and his notes and sat down amidst the administrative clutter of Arista Records' press officer to talk to Ian Page, the smart, eager spokesman-elect of Secret Affair. Page felt suddenly sobered by the implications of what was taking place. Everything he had achieved — the hit singles, the tours, everything — seemed somehow insignificant. His mind raced to contain his awe: *Here is a representative of millions of people whom I thought I would never get to meet. All that suffering, all that creativity stifled in there . . . and HE wants to ask ME questions!*

"This is what we are doing: we like the suits, and we like the hair. We like for our young to dress nice," explained the Russian, adding that their government felt that fashion has its place as a harmless mode of self-expression. "But there are certain things I'm worred about and this is what I've come to ask you about. Firstly, this 'action' of which you speak, what is the action?"

Page thought carefully about where his words would be read before he answered.

"Basically I'm talking about the right of any one person to change that which directly affects their lives. If I have a political stance that is it; believing in the rights of an individual, and identity, and the right to say — it can be something really unimportant to somebody else, but if it affects you, then you should have the right to do something about it. And without that being a socialist or communist belief, it does link."

"So you believe everybody to be equal . . ."

"No. But I believe everybody should have the opportunity to be. They should have the chance, although I believe that society is staggered."

Page could see that this was not quite the sort of line the Soviets would appreciate, but so what? He couldn't deny what he'd said in Western Society just so's he could go over to Russia and get paid in furs.

"This thing about mods; what do these suits mean?"

"They're a fashion. They're a new way of having fun."

"And this movement and the mods and so forth, it started in the East End of London?"

Page quickly felt the innuendo. "Yes. Initially it was a working class movement; it started with the working classes."

"But this is what worries me," countered the Russian. "Working class wearing suits, and you talk of rich men. What do you mean there?"

"We're just saying that we're better or we're as good as any rich man."

"You desire to have the financial gain of the rich man; this is what you are trying to say?"

"No. It's richness in spirit. The fact that you stand the two together" — He places two bottles of Perrier side by side — "and you don't know which of those bottles cost the most. You don't know who has got the most money, and it dismisses the concept, or the ability, of some guy in a Rolls to snort at somebody who's only got tenpence in his pocket."

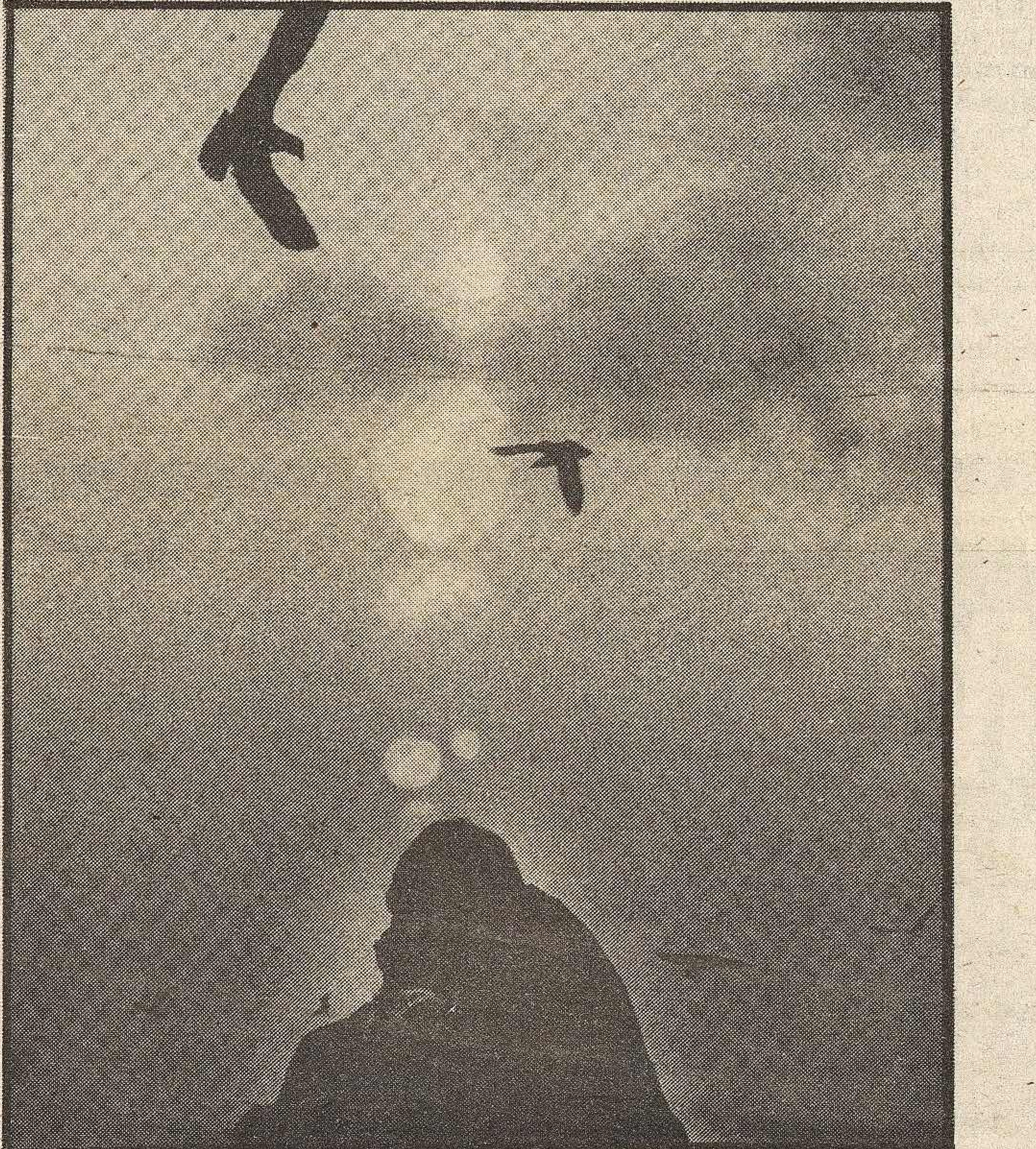
The Russian journalist smiled. For the first time not just out of politeness.

IAN PAGE walks on the soles of his loafers, peering around.

He spies some graffiti on a wall near Arista's offices. "There's something I've often noticed," he remarks, with the sly expression of someone confiding a conspiracy. "Mod graffiti is always written small . . ."

On walls maybe, but in the media the opposite is true. Mod — literally a handy adspeak abbreviation of a popular '60s consumer selling point — has changed the faced of '79, just as punk defaced 1977. But in any sense other than a strictly literal one, mod means lots of different things to lots of different people.

“Every teenage revolution is the same. Let’s not bring punk or mod into it. You heard the song ‘Days Of Change’ on our album. That is the function of youth: to change laws made by old men for young men that old men would never break.”



Words speak louder than action for Secret Affair’s Ian Page

Interview by PAUL RAMBALI

Pictures by PENNIE SMITH

It’s anathema to rock idealists; a curiosity for sociologists; good copy for journalists; a potential goldmine for financialists; a boon for the rag trade; one in the eye for rock’s pall-bearers (or not, depending how they see it, or don’t see it . . .); power pop with parkas on; a way for adolescent schoolboys to acquire cool; a movement free of hypocrisy; a movement free of originality; a movement created by the press; a movement destroyed by the press; you can’t dance to it; you can dance to it . . . All these things and more fundamentally still, a new way to have fun.

Like it or lump it — and his feelings on this aspect seem to lie half-way inbetween — Ian Page and Secret Affair have found themselves, either by default or cunning, bearing the standard. ‘Time For Action’ is the closest the New Mod has come to a definitive anthem. A brash, stirring single that mixed gruff chorus lines out of the Clash/Sham tradition with ordinary, energetic, enthusiastic post-punk rock. Music to stamp and cheer together to, solidifying in its tone at least a vague ideal, that brought its singer the automatic status of figurehead — as well as earning him the enmity of certain factions who charged that lyrics such as *“We hate the punk elite”* were self-serving and deliberately divisive.

“Every punk should hate the punk elite.” Page states firmly and evenly. “That inverted snobbery, that more-street-than-thou pose, that PVC-trousered glam rock tart, and you see so many of them, who represent the complete death of something that could have been so good but just became more and more of what was bad about it.

“The mods have got the advantage that they had so long to solidify their ideas, and become confident of what they are, because no-one gave a toss about what they were doing.”

But there were punks around in ’76 before it happened in ’77, just as there were mods around in ’78, before that happened in ’79.

“I’m not talking about the music press, I mean the media in general. That’s how punk was stolen, how it was taken away from what it might become.”

And isn’t the same thing happening to mod?

“Hasn’t it begun an awful long time ago for those kind of statements?”

Page chooses this moment to vent his anger at the doom-sayers of mod, with reference to some shoddy words that have appeared in *NME*, specifically in recent *NME* headlines. However the media was almost as quick to proclaim the end of punk, so assuming one teen sub-cult is essentially making the same sort of noise as the next, how will mod survive?

“I think very, very generally every teenage revolution is the same. Let’s not bring punk or mod into it, let’s not use any of those terms. You heard the song ‘Days Of Change’ on our album. That is the essence of it: *“the days of change are here to stay”*. That is the function of youth; to bring about change. To change laws made by old men for young men that old men would never break.”

And how does mod promote this noble activity?

“It has found its own way of expressing that kind of idea. We’re a little subtler though, we’re not blowing anything up and we’re not knocking anything down. I’m not defeatist, but I don’t think you can do it, I don’t think it gets you anywhere.

“I just found a lot of aspects of previous revolutions to be rather negative. I heard a lot of complaining, and that’s all. ‘Stop the war in Vietnam’, ‘London’s burning’ . . . just shouting about things that were wrong.”

What’s wrong with that?

“It’s all very well, but what everybody is going to say to you is, ‘well, what are you going to do about it?’ We don’t complain about those things. We stake our claim to be ourselves, and we do it, and we will be ourselves and we will fight to be ourselves, and we will resist the conglomerate mass, the wheeling, circling kaleidoscope of media overkill.

“The trouble with society today is that everybody’s minds are overfed.” — he presses his palms to his ears like someone at bursting point — “Aaargh! Makes you scream sometimes. So all you can try and do is change *your* world, but a lot of people doing that could be quite nice.

“It’s doing something, it’s building, it’s creating something and it’s positive — even if it doesn’t succeed, which probably it won’t, because the only fault in any idea like that, no matter which, is the unfortunate thing that people get old. And when people get old they get beaten down.

“Teenage revolution is practising at being someone. It’s learning, and it’s a struggle, and I believe in that struggle.

“The success of punk was that it managed to represent the situation at the time. I don’t think mod represents what’s happening now, unless it *is* what’s happening now, which no-one wants to acknowledge.”

On the contrary, many people see it as perfectly appropriate to the current economic line of self-made prosperity.

“I don’t know,” muses Page. “It’s like when someone’s dying of cancer, and they reach the final stages and appear to suddenly recover just before they die. You can see it with a lot of politicians — I bet Brezhnev’s got it — they get ill then all of a sudden they’re up and about and working even harder, then they die. I forget the word for it, but that’s possibly what mod is . . .

“If punk was a question then mod is an answer — and some people don’t like the answer. The answer to the questions that were raised in punk is . . . Actually no, blowing up the houses of Parliament isn’t in fact the way to change those things that are wrong, and in the end all anybody has or can rely on is themself. And this age when everybody’s meant to have everything is in fact the total opposite. You can have lots of material things, but they don’t mean anything because of the nature of the society they’ve come from.”

IAN PAGE is well read. If he was a member of The Human League he’d never live that down. But as a member of a noisy boy’s-own teenage combo, he’s probably a little too sensitive to follow the path of Pursey, upon which he is undeniably poised. Though that’s not to say his self-confessed ego-drive will lead him nowhere at all.

He grew up in East London under the musical influence of his elder brother, a Motown and soul fan. Between them they have an almost complete collection of Motown releases, and Page has very definite ideas about updating the dance beat with Secret Affair, tempered by the broader influence of guitarist and co-songwriter Dave Cairns.

After following his brother through the skinhead reggae era Page discovered ‘Alladin Sane,’ and between Bowie and his first band there was, surprisingly, classical music.

“At the school I went to music was for puftas. You were either good at bricklaying or sport, and I used to bunk off sport to play the piano.”

Page reveals his admiration for the technique involved in classical music, though lacking great technique himself he admits that “you don’t have to move your fingers fast to make a beautiful sound.

“I admire the idea of non-musicians being able to play things, but the anarchic aspects of it, this emotional wail, I’m not that impressed with, because I’ve heard blokes ignored who used the symphonic or orchestral mode to express those kind of things.”

So saying, he rummages in a black sports bag full of books, papers, tapes and records for a tape of Sir Arnold Bax’s 1st Symphony — a cacophony born of the terrible fear wrought by the First World War. His point is taken.

“Lot’s of mods don’t even like us. We’re not *the* thing. The Who tried to make themselves out to be, then and now, *the* mod band, and they weren’t. Kids used to go down to discos and dance to soul. Some kids like us, some kids don’t — so what?

“It’s the kids themselves. It belongs to them, and whatever happens we never took it away from them.”

Page is a reluctant mouthpiece for the mod movement. He prefers to see himself as simply a mod who happens to be in a band. But Secret Affair have defined mod to a great extent, and there are those who would have only become mods on hearing the call of ‘Time For Action’.

“Well the function is communicating, and I’m communicating a feeling. It could be time for a party, but action is a much more important word than party.”

It’s also much more vague.

“Exactly,” he pleads. “That’s the whole point. As I said to Russia, it’s leaving them the choice to decide for themselves what they’re going to do and what they think of the world around them. All I *do* believe is — we didn’t have this with the previous fashion, but we could have it now — *you* don’t like something, *you* do something about it.”

The obvious come-back here is if that’s what he feels, why doesn’t he say so more explicitly in Secret Affair songs? But we could argue till the moon falls out of the sky because whatever anybody else might think, he feels he’s saying it well enough for his purposes.

SECRET AFFAIR arrived with the right stance at the right time. An off-the-peg combination of dance beat, clothes and attitude. The peg it came off happened to be located in the same junk-store of discarded ’60s ephemera that more than a few others had discovered and were beginning to celebrate. It seemed like too good a co-incidence to be true . . . But Page denies all charges of calculation, and the circumstances support his defence.

The hub of Secret Affair first met at college, where Page and Cairns had gone to do ‘A’ levels, though such academic goals were quickly forgotten in the intoxicating on-set of punk.

“I was really inspired by what was going on,” Dave Cairns will later recall. “I didn’t like the idea of ripping clothes and the ridiculous hair, but we thought . . . Great! Surely this was going to give young bands a chance. That’s why we left college — we felt *that* strongly about it. We put on stuff that we wanted to wear — these blazers made out of deck-chair material — and stormed out of there and said ‘Okay, punk revolution, give *us* a chance . . .’”

The name of the band was New Hearts, who suffered badly at the hands of what had become by then a narrow and in its own way reactionary movement. New Hearts used to support The Jam, and — lest we forget — it was The Jam that started all this, way back in the days when Paul Weller would enthuse about a half-forgotten British teen-cult. Weller seems unwilling to speak about his baby — unless you care to read in the title of the last Jam album his final pronouncements on the matter — but it was nevertheless he who gave people the idea.

And you could see the signs of its ascendancy as long ago as last year. Dotted about The Jam’s Rainbow gig were as many as 30 cumbersome green coats called parkas. Outside The Who’s memorabilia exhibition at the ICA every Saturday were row upon row of gleaming scooters, many from the long-lived Northern scooter clubs; and inside, absorbing the nostalgia and picking up some cues, yet more parkas . . .

New Hearts broke up mid-way through the year — partly due to the machinations of their record company, CBS, and partly due to the widespread resentment that greeted their musical brand. Cairns and Page dropped their old rhythm section, which initiated the change from being “a ’60s band that you couldn’t dance to,” as Page puts it, “to a ’60s-inspired band that you could.”

They began writing new songs, many of which are on The Affair’s up-coming album. Coming after such bitter disillusionment, the lyrics Page wrote were essentially a giant snub to anyone and everyone who ever put him down, telling them all they’ve done is strengthen his belief in himself and his convictions. They read like the revenge of power pop.

It took a while to settle the rhythm section; to find a drummer who understood that the idea wasn’t to play fills, but to hold on tight to the beat. Eventually, just after Christmas, with bass player Dennis Smith and drummer Seb Shelton, they played their first gig, supporting a pseudonymous Jam warm up gig at Reading University.

“We did the gig and there were mods and they liked us,” explains Page. “We were strolling about afterwards and they came up to us and said ‘Fuckin’ hell! What’s all this then?’ Because don’t forget The Jam don’t dress like this (he indicates his spotless tonic suit) off stage. They all came from Dagenham: Dave Lawrence, Ian Stratton, Grant Flemming. They said: ‘Look, we’re mods, there’s quite a lot of us, and what we’re really looking for — I mean we love The Jam — but we’re looking for a band of our own, because they’ve already made it, they’re famous already. What we want is a band that’s part of *us*’.

“He was expressing it that articulately — he’s not very articulate, but he has a depth of

Continues over

MORE SECRETS

From previous page

emotion. We said *great!* Where do we go? Where do we play? 'A pub called the Barge Aground in Barking, go down there any night, but Friday night's the best.' And there it was. A sea of suits and parkas and hairstyles. Fuckin' blew me out!

"I'd invented this Glory Boys concept, which was my reaction to being told that I wasn't any good, and if I'm going to be honest the real idea was like a spiv; a suit, a black shirt and a white tie, clothes being very important. I walked in and I thought, they're all Glory Boys! But too late, they were mods. They said: 'We chose mods. We like what they did, and now we're going to make something of our own out of it.' That's how our following started. We said we're going to get a gig down the Bridge House — down they came, and that was it, the first mod night at the Bridge House. It was the climate and the idea."

Do you really think clothes are that important? Do you think as you sing in 'Time For Action', that *"Looking good is the answer"?* Isn't it a bit pathetic to judge people by the cut of their clothes?

Page isn't going to be moved: "The clothes express the idea. They are as much as we allow people to see; they are the kink, the bond. Let me put it this way . . ."

He pulls out of his bag a copy of a Tom Wolfe book and flicks the pages in front me.

"Let's call each page in this book a suit, no, better still a mod. Each one is different from the other, each one is striving to be different, and that's what the mods are doing because they are doing it for themselves. They allow the outside world to see that much of them" — he flicks the pages again — "in fact they're probably doing it at that speed as well!

"It is a uniform, and behind it is a uniform thought, which is to be individual."

To be really individual, though, would entail rejecting the uniform.

"No, that's not individualism. That's exile."

"I'VE HEARD so many people asking Ian questions like could he please relate his position and the mod movement to the political state of the country, the unemployed and whatever. When the whole thing started everybody steamed in and they all wanted to know how far the movement goes and how deep the philosophy is. Ian is very clever in his replies, and he does seem to be very sincere in what he says, but when he starts making comparisons with the American Democratic party . . . Ian is so much more involved with mod than I am. I don't think he even stops to think sometimes."

Dave Cairns takes Page's place in front of the tape recorder. Both of them wear suits, but the contrast between them is marked.

Cairns is less outwardly confident, less verbally sharp, less determined and excitable than his partner in song, but he chooses his words and collects his thoughts more carefully, and his opinions of mod, whilst sharing the basic enthusiasm of Page, tend to be more coldly objective. Despite or perhaps because of this contrast, they have a good relationship.

"Anything that Ian falls down on I'm usually quite strong at. Like in the early days of the band he was going around gassing off to

everybody, 'cos he's got a good tongue, while I was going around hiring vans and organising the business side.

"We come from two different ways of life, different families. His are working class and mine are middle class. We're opposite in many ways — I'm more the sort of playboy type, aspiring to material wealth" — he fingers his gold chain and digital watch — "Whereas he rejects that, to a point. He looks after his money closely, and I don't so much, purely from up-bringing."

For rather different reasons, Cairns reveals that he doesn't have quite the same positive and heartfelt belief in an ideology of mod. Page's emotional bluster on the subject gives way to Cairns' cool and somewhat regretful appraisal.

"It's very good to work with a certain philosophy that began in the early mod movement," he begins, "and Ian is very good at promoting ideas, but I don't think the people he's talking to want to think that deeply. I think you should put forward a basic philosophy, like the idea of wearing suits — Ian makes a lot of that, one of his favourite quotes is the one about standing next to the bloke with the Rolls. But you look around at a gig, and the kids aren't wearing suits — they're not that committed. In terms of politics, I don't think a lot of the kids — I'm not saying they couldn't think that deeply — but I don't think they relate to it. A lot of them *do* just see it as fun, and it disappoints me greatly to walk into a mod gig.

"Unfortunately the worst thing about the movement is the tie-up with the '60s, and the various references to revivalism, which I think have spoilt it to an extent for the kids. There is a minority who have a fresh approach to it. Surrounded by those people I thought it was exciting and unique; although we wore Hush Puppies I thought it didn't matter. Now I can see that it did matter, which is why it's now lying low a bit, and pretty soon, the press will come in for the kill."

He attributes this partly to the fact that most of the other mod bands have failed, and this he puts down to them falling into the same traps that New Hearts fell into; roughly speaking, getting involved with short-sighted business sharks who see no further than a quick buck, and see no point in nurturing what potential these mostly young and inexperienced bands might possess.

"We knew kids from New Hearts days who were definitely mod types, calling themselves mod. They used to follow The Jam and come to see us when we supported The Jam. They kept mentioning that there were various factions about the place, but that they felt very much alone.

"We thought it could be so powerful and so good if it could come together — it seemed so healthy. But just getting mods to try and get into the idea of not being mods, not being called mods . . ."

He shakes his head ruefully.

"We saw it heading towards being trapped in revivalism — then *The Sun* would swoop down and that would be it, they'd all be walking around with the Mod tag, which is why we wrote 'Glory Boys'."

Cairns mentions his surprise that 'Time For Action' sold 200,000 copies, and adds sardonically that it was because the DJs who plugged it thought it was "nice boys in suits", which is the very crux of most of the contempt for the movement; that it doesn't threaten the values of those sort of people.

"Yeah, but it threatens from within. It threatens all the other factions. I don't think they see it as something harmless . . .

"It's only the outside people that want to see more in it — especially coming after punk."

All mod seems to aspire to become part of the establishment. But then, all a lot of punks ever aspired to was to be on the dole. What does Cairns make of the logic behind the mod in his suit and the man in his Rolls?

He chews the matter over slowly before responding . . .

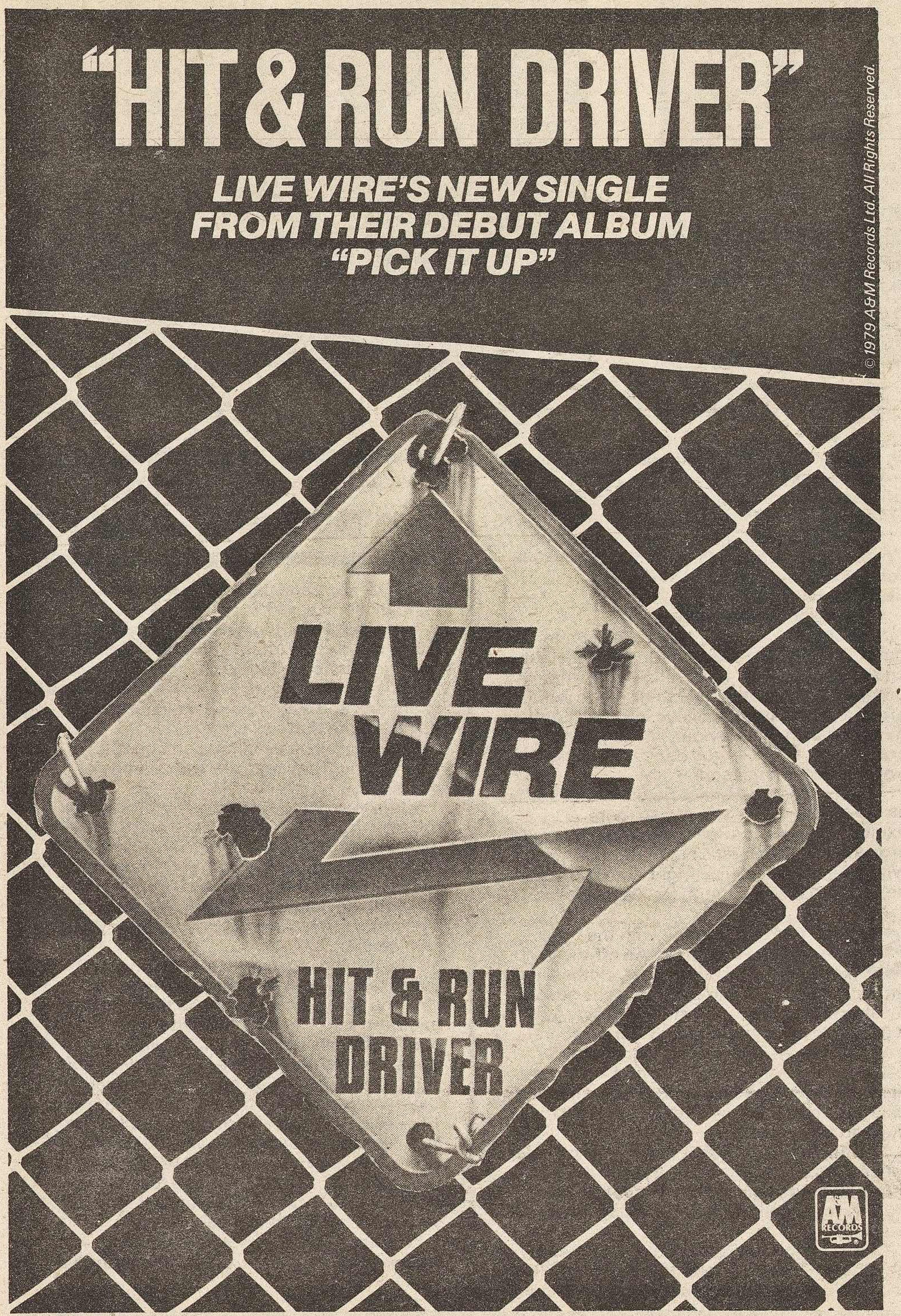
"I got left behind at a gig one day, and I had to get a train to catch up with the band. Arista got me a ticket, a first-class ticket. So I zoomed off to the station and jumped on the train.

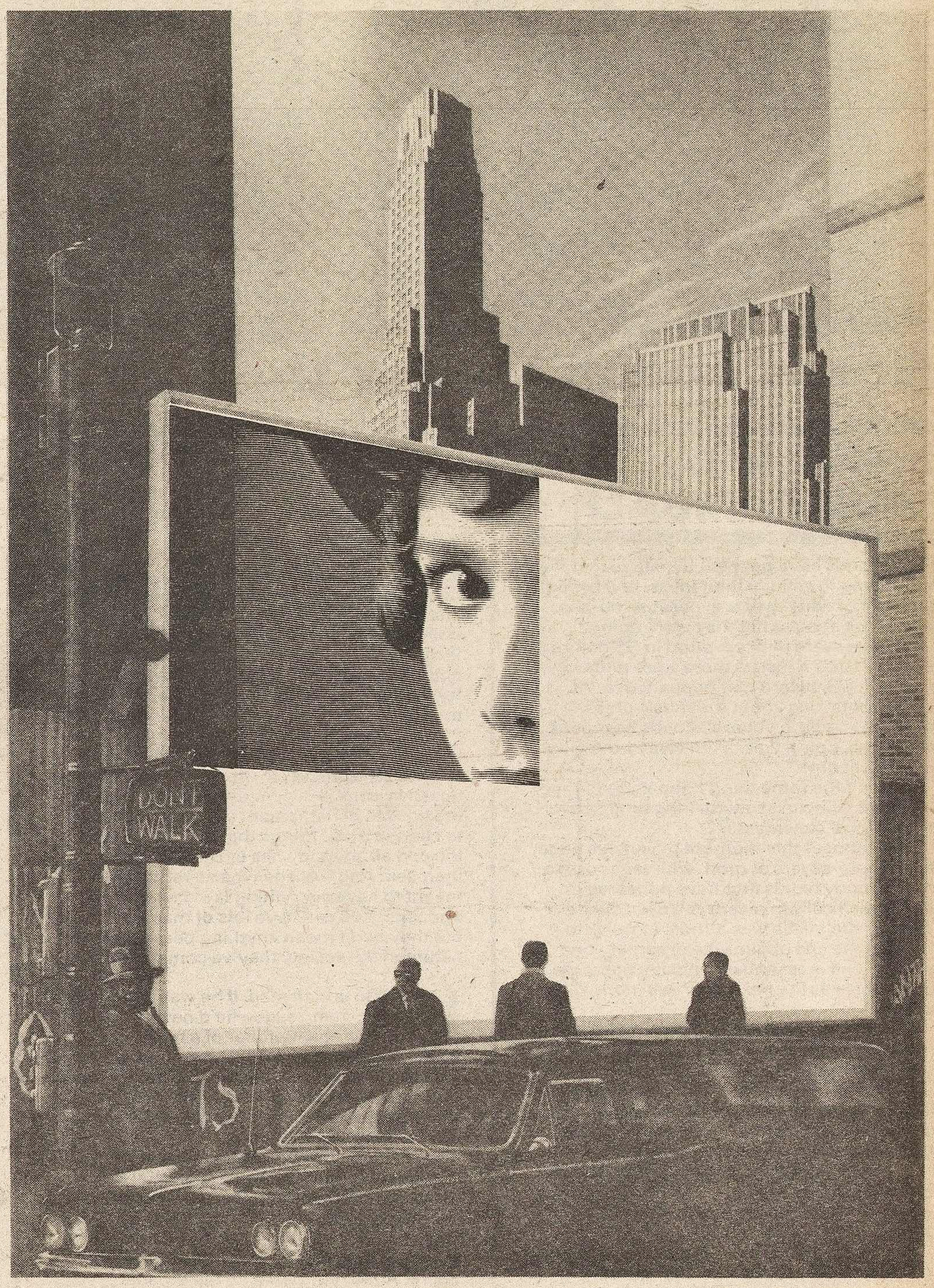
"It was packed in the second class carriage, so I got in the first class. Great! There I was wearing a suit, and it was just like in *Quadrophenia*, sitting between these two blokes. I sat there wearing my nice suit and there were these city gents in horrible suits all around me.

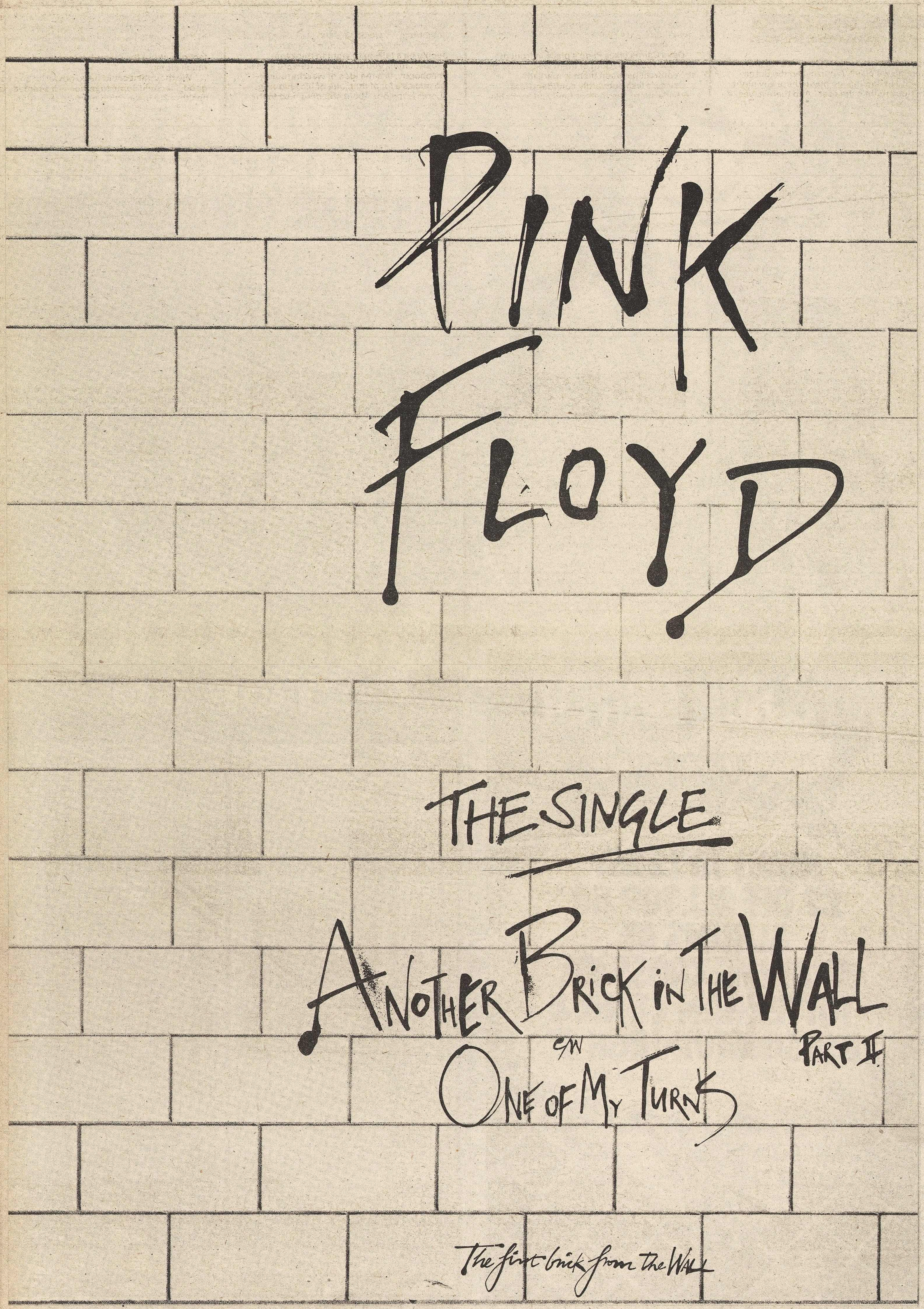
"I thought, yeah, this is part of it. I sat there with my copy of the *Guardian* and I thought, this idea *does* work; I feel great and they aren't looking down at me. Yeah! I *do* look smarter, and I *feel* better about it!

"And then the train pulled into a station, and this station-master was walking up the side of the train, looking for people who were sitting in the first-class without the right ticket. He came up to the window and banged on the glass. 'What are *you* doing in there?'

"Now how d'ya suss that one?"



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LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	FLEETWOOD MAC — TUSK	8.00	5.99
2	2	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74
3	8	ROD STEWART — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19
4	4	THE POLICE — REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74
5	5	ABBA — GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.59
6	3	THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74
7	9	STEVIE WONDER — SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS	8.50	6.50
8	10	THE BEE GEES — GREATEST HITS	7.99	5.99
9	6	THE BOOMTOWN RATS — THE FINE ART OF SURFACING	5.30	4.05
10	NEW ENTRY	THE JAM — SETTING SONS	5.06	3.81
11	7	THE EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.75
12	13	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.49
13	18	10C.C. — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19
14	15	DONNA SUMMER — GREATEST HITS	6.50	4.75
15	52	HERB ALPERT — RISE	4.99	3.74
16	11	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74
17	12	BLONDIE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74
18	NEW ENTRY	TOM PETTY — DAMN THE TORPEDOES	4.69	3.44
19	19	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
20	NEW ENTRY	DR. HOOK — SOMETIMES YOU WIN	5.29	4.04
21	17	THE COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
22	14	MANHATTAN TRANSFER — EXTENSIONS	5.00	3.75
23	NEW ENTRY	DIANNA ROSS — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.49
24	16	SANTANA — MARATHON	5.29	4.04
25	20	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74
26	NEW ENTRY	THE STEVE HOWE ALBUM	5.00	3.75
27	26	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
28	NEW ENTRY	STEVE FORBERT — JACKRABBIT SLIM	4.99	3.74
29	21	STATUS QUO — WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.30	4.05
30	23	TONY BANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.65	3.40

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
31	30	RY COODER — BOP 'TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
32	NEW ENTRY	JANIS IAN — NIGHT RAINS	4.99	3.74
33	31	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74
34	32	GARY NUMAN — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75
35	NEW ENTRY	HALL & OATES — ECSTASY	4.99	3.74
36	28	ELKIE BROOKS — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99	3.74
37	27	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
38	NEW ENTRY	DR. FEELGOOD — LET IT ROLL	4.99	3.74
39	39	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
40	24	QUADROPHENIA — O.S.T.	7.50	5.75
41	NEW ENTRY	FUNKADELIC — UNCLE JAM WANTS YOU	5.00	3.75
42	43	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
43	34	BARRY MANILOW — ONE VOICE	5.00	3.75
44	33	MARIANNE FAITHFUL — BROKEN ENGLISH	5.00	3.75
45	35	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
46	22	BONEY M — OCEANS OF FANTASY	5.00	3.75
47	NEW ENTRY	GODLEY & CREME — FREEZE FRAME	5.06	3.81
48	37	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
49	25	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.29	4.44
50	NEW ENTRY	SCREEN IDOLS — PREMIERE	5.29	4.04
51	44	THE STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	3.74
52	29	MOTORHEAD — BOMBER	5.29	4.04
53	NEW ENTRY	LITTLE BO BITCH	5.29	4.04
54	45	STIX HOOPER — THE WORLD WITHIN	4.99	3.74
55	48	GANG OF FOUR — ENTERTAINMENT	5.29	3.99
56	47	COZY POWELL — OVER THE TOP	4.99	3.74
57	58	BOB DYLAN — AT THE BUDOKAN	7.99	5.49
58	46	THE THREE DEGREES — 3D	4.99	3.74
59	NEW ENTRY	AMII STEWART — PARADISE BAND	5.00	3.75
60	49	STYX — CORNERSTONE	4.99	3.74

Forthcoming Attractions Little Feat, Neil Young, E.L.P., Fast Product, Marvin Gaye, The Damned, Pink Floyd, Alex Harvey, A.W.B., Barcley James Harvest, E.L.O., Jimmy Buffett, Hugh Cornwell, Buzzcocks, Robin Trower, Secret Affair, Simple Minds.

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THRILLS

All Pompous Pigs And Posing Prats Beware!

Left: The Victor Aaron Kay
Below: The Victim. California Governor, Jerry Brown.
Pix: Joe Stevens.

The Pie Man Cometh!

THE PIE MAN of Manhattan (Aron Kay) broke into the flying pastry trade three years ago while freelancing for Pie Kill Unlimited, a pie hit service.

For fifty bucks, plus legal fees, Aron would supply the confection and the thrust. Paid in advance, he'd deliver the goods upon the unsuspecting victim at a wedding, bar mitzvah, or the office.

Back then, he'd willingly accept an ounce of pot in lieu of the fee. Nowadays, though, because his targets are more specialised, he does his messy work purely for the love of it.

Who is The Pie Man? Why does he throw baked goods at famous people? And how does he manage to get away with it.

Thrills tracked The Pie Man down in his flat off the Bowery in lower Manhattan. Amidst posters of Karl Marx, The Clash, Che and Debbie Harry he let the pie out of the bag.

Pie Man: "I'm a member of YIPPY (Youth International Party) which is an anarchist group dealing ruthlessly with capitalistic racist scum. Whether they be the Nazi Party, David Rockefeller, Margaret Thatcher, or old boy John Tyndall (National Front) we're after them.

"We're out for social change and human rights for all. We believe in people's rights to screw any way they want to — if people want to be bi-sexual that's their prerogative. We also believe in the total repeal of all marijuana laws, as well as those for organic drugs like LSD, Peyote, Mushrooms, etc.

"In short, we are an anarcho-communist organisation out to put an end to imperialistic bullshit. We have been working with RAR and others to deal with these problems. In America we have low-lifes who thrive on burning crosses on the lawns of black people, and get their rocks off by shooting four civil rights marchers in Greensboro, North Carolina, because they don't believe non-whites have a right to live like everyone else. We're opposed to the Klu Klux Klan idea of a super white Aryan race."

Thrills: You've bombed with custard pies celebrities from various media. Who've you hit so far?

Pie Man: "I've pied Senator Moynihan, the ex-UN Ambassador. I've paid William F Buckley, snob-pig columnist and brother of Senator James Buckley. I've hit Nixon bagman Tony Vlasewicz, anti-feminist Phyliss Chafly, ex-New York Mayor Abe Beam, Watergate burglars E Howard Hunt and G Gordon Liddy.

"I've blasted ex-CIA head William Colby, who was the architect of the military coup in Chile in '73, and Andy Warhol, who had dinner with the Shah of Iran. Timothy Leary ratted on his lawyers and the Weather Underground, (late 60's student radicals) so I threw Tim some cheese cake, the rat. Last week I wasted California Governor Jerry Brown."

Thrills: What does one have to do to qualify for a pie-ing?

Pie Man: "Pomposity, violation of human rights. That kind of stuff will get a qualification. Margaret Thatcher for example, would be a worthy candidate for a custarding. Her siding with Bishop Muzorewa's lacky Zimbabwe-Rhodesia government, leaves a lot to be desired in terms of leadership. And she's a spear-head of the British right wingers.

"John Tyndall could use some pie, maybe blackberry to give him a change of complexion.

"The Queen would turn green if smacked with some Irish Pudding, and Ian Paisley could use some for his racist rap, which might be sublimated with pie.

"In the U.S. Presidential candidates like Ronald Reagan and John Connelly, and any Rockefeller, are all potential targets. Nixon, I'd love to pie that man! It would be difficult though. He's got armed agents protecting him."

Thrills: What about the Shah of Iran?

Pie Man: "Maybe the delivery boys, who I read are delivering cakes and things to him, can lay a bit of pie on him. My anti-Shah cynicism doesn't mean that I mean promote the Ayatollah Kockamami *(sic)* who is no better — just the Shah again in drag."

Thrills: What about pie-ing those in the music business?

Pie Man: "Yeah, well, Mick Jagger, the culture vulture, deserves a lacing of cake. That song 'Miss You' degrades black and Puerto Rican women. Paul McCartney needs a whap in the mush for being so cutesy, and Bob Dylan, the Jesus freak, would require an aphrodisiac filler to get him back to his old self again.

"Bill Graham, Ron Delsener, all rock promoters here and in England who rip off the culture, exploit our music, and sell it back to us, those people should be made to eat cake. They need to be humiliated."

Thrills: Beside the humiliation, not to mention the cleaning bill, what is the long-term effect on your targets?

■ *continues over*

Swell Maps Stomped

THREE MEMBERS of Swell Maps, Nikki, Biggles and Jowe were set upon and badly beaten up by a group of nine youths after leaving Rough Trade to catch a train for Aylesbury where the group were due to support The Gang of Four last Saturday. Jowe and Nikki were hospitalised after the attack and though Nikki is out with nothing more serious than some stitches and a black eye, Jowe will be in for at least ten days. He sustained three cracked ribs and may have a punctured lung. There was apparently no motive for the attack, which took place in mid afternoon. The three were hit with their own intruments and one guitar was completely smashed.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

Southall: Convictions Continue

PARANOID readers may be interested to hear that the conviction rate at the continuing trials in Barnet of the defendants from the Southall Anti-NF demo has dropped to 69 per cent from the near-100 per cent figure it was reaching some weeks ago.

The present figure, which seems to be the result of another magistrate having taken over on the bench, is still way above the national average, however.

And the manner in which the law favours the evidence — no matter how spurious — of the police still verges on the tragic.

Last week. for example, a Pakistani charged with assault handed to the magistrates' bench a letter that he wished to be regarded as evidence in his defence. The letter was from the defendant's doctor and asserted that the day following his arrest he had been examined and it was found that his head, back and thighs were severely bruised.

The defendant maintained that the bruises were the result of the treatment he'd received at the hands of his arresting officers, two members of the Special Patrol Group.

The SPG officers both swore that the defendant had punched both of them and that he had received his bruises as the result of being thrown against a metal pedestrian barrier. Both officers, incidentally, gave their evidence from the same notebook as only one of them had taken notes!

The fine course of British justice was unaffected by this quibbling, though. "However you've come by your injuries is of no concern to this court," decided the magistrate, fining the defendant £190 and giving him a month's suspended sentence.

In another case a defendant who had been sitting on the steps of a bus had been charged with obstruction. As his "crime" had been spotted by two officers, however, they each had decided to charge him!

He was, therefore given a month's suspended sentence on each of the two charges!

The offices of the Southall Defence Committee, incidentally, have now been broken into seven times within the past three weeks.

DAVID McNEE

THRILLS

Lowry

"Who says they can't move with the times? That's a holographic computer synchronised fifty feet high shower of simulated gob!"

The Pieman Cometh

■ *From previous page*

Pie Man: "When I pied the owner of pig-disco Studio 54 Steve Rubell, the whole scene began to cave in on him afterwards. Disco is dying, and he got caught by the feds for tax evasion."

Thrills: What's your objection to disco?

Pie Man: "Disco is lobotomizing. We declared war on disco last January because it's mechanical and hypnotic. Most of the sounds are created by machines, thereby putting a lot of musicians on the breadline. Rock and Roll of late has been making a front-lash back, because disco is something even Jerry Ford can dance to."

Thrills: Why did you pie Jerry Brown who runs around with Linda Ronstadt?

Pie Man: "Jerry Brown's sense of security wavers, he doesn't attack the people behind the nuclear energy cartel like the banks and corporations who have a vested interest. He's a liberal wimp who wants to cash in on the Anti-Nuke movement. He's done nothing to improve the lot of prisoners in his home state. Fascist psychiatrist experiments are still being conducted on the prisoners of Vaccaville, California.

"In the Presidential campaign, which the British will be hearing a lot of in the next year, there's still no choice, the same rubbish. Kennedy the soft pig, against Connelly the hard-pig.

"In '76 we voted for Nobody, the only perfect candidate. Now we're supporting Abbie Hoffman, one of our founders (YIPPY) who is underground for a phony cocaine bust. (Hoffman was arrested for allegedly selling cocaine to under cover agents and skipped bail). He could call up radio stations while on the campaign trail. Abbie's probably on 5th Avenue right now in a three-piece suit, and you'd never recognise him."

Thrills: What do you want to say to the young people in the U.K. who are potential Ambassadors of Pie there?

Pie Man: "The kids over there ought to get out and give Thatcher and Company a bit of hell in the form of custard or whatever they may feel is justified. They know how fucked up things are there. Pies are cheap. For Jerry Brown, I purchased a $1.69 lemon coconut number weighing in at approximately 2½lbs. Maybe that's too expensive for the kids so they can steal a can of shaving cream, which could serve the same purpose."

Thrills: Have you had any run-ins with the law regarding your trade?

Pie Man: "Some. For Colby I got charged with harassment, which is a law in New York State. I call it assault with A Deadly Weapon, namely a pie. Colby was a fine of $150.00.

"But I'm quick afoot and don't wait around for tea after I've brought the cake. I can go out of town after a pieing and do something there, nobody would recogise me. When the heat's off I come back to the city for more work. YIPPY's believe in eating the rich and taking back what belongs to them whether it be through free phone calls or shoplifting."

Thrills: I see you're shifting into gear to go into the streets for another pie-ing, so we won't keep you. Anything else?

Pie Man: "Yeah. Anybody interested in writing me for information on organising their own pie throwing operation can write to me C/O Box 392, Canal Street Station, NYC, 10013.

"And to paraphrase an old radical who shall remain unnamed — "Let a thousand pies fly."

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS

Don't Watch That Watch This!

Madness: a quiet night in watching telly.

IN A STATE of near-panic, Madness were to be clocked last Thursday scouring the Derby townscape with intent to viddy their own sweet selves on *TOTP*.

But no TV was forthcoming. They tried everything, poor sods, but neither love nor money was sufficient to sway the heads of the native burghers. In one pub, garrulous geek Chas Smash generously offered to stand the clientelle a double apiece if they'd see fit to forsake *Sapphire And Steel* for that nutty sound on the Beeb, and was promptly accused of underage drinking.

Undaunted, Smash and his ribald crew hurtled from pub to chippie to chinoiserie in a desperate search for a tube, eventually locating one in a lone portakabin on the city's ring road, the haunt of a troop of cab-drivers.

Thrills is led to believe that something of a party was the outcome, the cabbies becoming converts to the sound of ska, gladly giving these real live pop stars a metreless trip to the King's Hall gig and receiving free singles for their pains, no less.

Smash — heart of gold, this boy — went on to suggest the patronage of the said cab firm to his audience, these Derbyside rudepersons evidently being a little more 'upmarket' than most in their modes of post-gig transport.

Studio 54: Day Of Reckoning

NEW YORK's little home away from home for the rich and beautiful is looking more like the House of Usher these days than the world's trendiest disco.

Last weekend owners Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager pleaded guilty to skimming $750,000 off the club's 1978 profits and failing to pay some $350,000 in taxes.

Speculation in New York claims that, prior to the guilty plea, there was some intense behind-the-scenes plea-bargaining between Rubell's and Schrager's lawyers and the U.S. Attorney.

The defendants seemed confident at the outset that they held some powerful cards. In addition to stirring up the scandal over White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan and his alleged coke usage (*NME* OCtober 27), they had apparently provided the Justice Department with a list of celebrities and politicians who had been given gifts of either cash or drugs.

In an article in *New York Magazine,* investigative journalist Henry Post, with bombshell timing, broke the results of his own three month investigation into the high society nightspot two days after Rubell and Schrager had entered their pleas of guilty.

According to Post, the cocaine gifts were part social-climbing, part good business and part high power manipulation by Rubell: "Studio 54 bought the loyalty of cafe society with free drugs and gifts, thus ensuring a pool of glamorous and powerful friends."

Despite all that Rubell and Schrager thought they might have going for them, the Justice Department wasn't buying. Superstar drug antics simply weren't that interesting.

In the words of an unnamed Justice Department official, "they blew it".

Meanwhile, the State Liquor Authority continues to breathe down the club's neck and seems within an inch of pulling Studio 54's liquor license and forcing the closure of the gilded niterie.

Rubell and Schrager will be sentenced on January 18th and it will be interesting to note exactly what penalties the judge hands down, particularly in the light of the four months that Chuck Berry has just served for an offence that involved less than half the amount, and with no smell of conspiracy.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

Now Wavis Meets The Sweeney!

AS a postscript to last week's *Thrills* story on the earth-shattering meeting between cuddly screen-gem Anna Ford and South Shields degenerate Wavis O'Shave, let us unveil the story of Wavis and the Sweeney.

Apparently, after leaving the *NME* offices, Wavis and manager Arthur 2 Stroke took a taxi back to the Wavismobile, wearing the ever present 18" false noses. When they got to the car, the dyslectic duo endeavoured to find their path onto the Westway, took a wrong turning and pulled up to consult the *A—Z*.

Suddenly, with much screaming of tyres, a Ford Granada pulled up beside them and three burlies leapt out and demanded our pair to exit the Wavismobile like, erm . . . NOW!

These fine upholders of the (Willie White-)law, on spotting our heroes in Fulham attired with the aforesaid probosci, had assumed that these two innocent victims of circumstances were disguised to take part in a security raid, or even . . . a bank job! On searching the car, they found a baseball bat and a chair leg wrapped in Christmas paper, which as Wavis revealed, quite truthfully, were presents for his family. The Old Bill was not entirely convinced until silver-nosed, sorry, tongued Arthur explained that they were merely pop people pulling publicity stunts. Exit all, laughing, except for the stern warning "not to waste the police's time with silly games."

CRAPPER OF THE YARD

THRILLS

Silicon Chips — Lying Tonight?

WOULD you take a lie detector test? If you are an American businessman you may have to — without your knowledge!

A U.S. firm, Telestar Inc., have recently taken out full page ads in U.S. publications to promote their 'Ultimate Truth Machine' (trade mark). It's a very portable, very cheap (149 dollars) lie detector.

The traditional lie detector of the movies, the polygraph, utilises voice stress, pulse rate, skin temperature and conductivity, and omission of alpha waves from the brain.

Telestar's product, however, relies purely on voice stress analysis to determine yeah or nay. They tell us that it is an indispensible aid to the businessman in dealing with people he does not entirely trust. Furthermore, they state that "you can prevent dishonesty, simply by letting everyone know that you own a Truth Machine."

And they also tell us, 'it's entertaining!' "Because it can pick up and analyze any audible statement, use of the Truth Machine is limited only by your imagination, seeing the meter go wild when politicians give their 'candid' views during television press conferences can provide you with hours of amusement."

MIKE ROCHIP

THRILLS

Meet the Pre-fabricated Four!

L. to r: Tony Kishman, Louis Colucci, Jimmy Poe, Michael Palaikis. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

John, Paul, George, Ringo refuse to stay out of the picture.

WHEN towards the end of the '50s British Variety was on its last legs, a cheap way of half-filling provincial theatres was with Disco Doubles — a string of unknowns who offered passable imitations of the popular singers of the day. There's practically no difference between that little caper and *Beatlemania* — a rather pointless All-American concoction which has just been transferred to London's Astoria Theatre.

Beatlemania revolves around four musicians who bare a physical resemblance to The Fab Four and devote two hours to reproducing an uncanny aural simulation of Lennon and McCartney's Greatest Hits.

In a saloon bar atmosphere, this crew would promptly get bottled for their audacity. However, accompanied by often out of sequence projected visual aids the more gullible are prepared to fork-out up to £6.50 for such a redundant vicarious thrill. Some even go so far as to buy the (un)original cast album.

Just to confuse the issue, there are actually two imported sets of Fab Fours. On Sunday, I saw the reserves play, but got to speak to half of the First Team. Michael Palaikis portrays John Lennon but looks more like John Denver. Tony Kishman is cast in the role of Paul McCartney and could even prompt Linda to ask for proof of identification.

Obviously, they're not about to bite the hand that's fed them for the last couple of years but, when challenged, they'll concede that whilst it takes a certain talent to be able to re-produce such Beatle accuracy, in many ways it's a futile means of self-gratification.

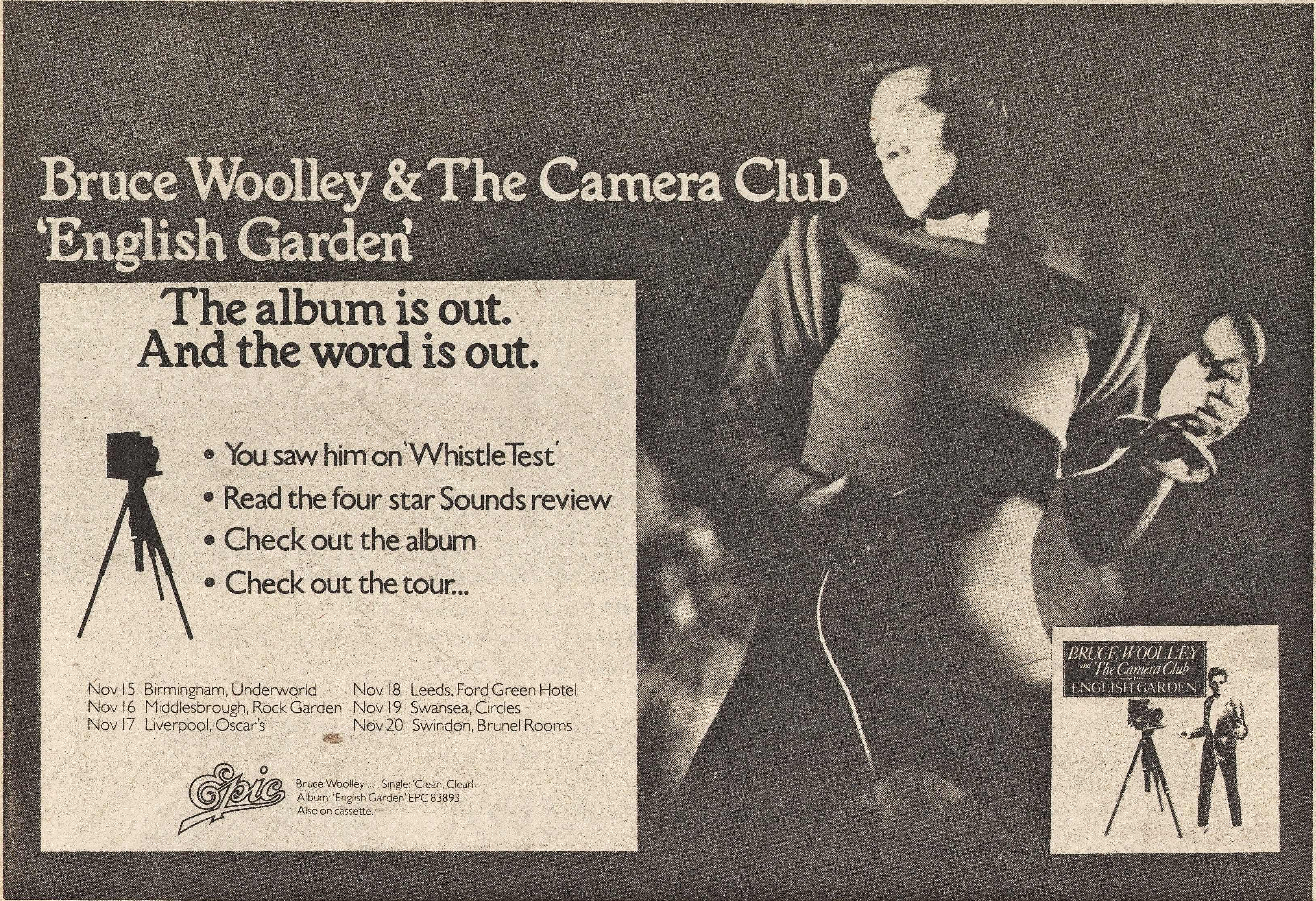
"But," argues Paul's doppelganger, "to accept a role like this is just one step in each of our careers." It's Lennon Mk.2 though who nails the morbidity of such a project to the wall.

"We're doing it for the audience. The Beatles never peaked and when they broke up they left the world still wanting more and, as most people never got to see them in person, just to see four people portray them is more than enough."

Talk about the one-born-every-minute theory. But then, it doesn't need me to tell you that Malcolm McLaren has already plundered that aspect of blinkered fandom. I wonder, how long it will be before we see adverts for Pistols' look-alikes appearing in the classifieds?

ROY CARR

THRILLS



There's an infra-red beam set into the head of the Aiwa LP3000.

By tracking across a record it can find any track you wish to hear. You simply programme it to play the tracks you want; in any order, and then repeat them when you want to.

The arm moves laterally across the record, so it plays the record in the same way it was recorded, reducing tracking error to a minimum.

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SACKED!

Willie De Ville in "services no longer required" shock!

"IT'S just like school when you get down to it. Record companies aren't looking for artists. They want to put a label on you. It's the usual thing with straights. If they don't know what to do with you, it puts them very uptight."

The first time I met Willie De Ville he had a record company and the record company had a label to hang on him. Mainly on the strength of his having a single cut on a Max's Kansas City compilation album, they had filed him under punk. He was being promoted as the grown-up juvenile delinquent who still knew the feel of a switchblade and the beat of the street.

Capitol was pretty pleased with what it had. In Willie De Ville they thought they had a punk they could handle.

He was as close to looking like the archetypal rock star as you could get without actual cloning. In company, he was Elvis Presley polite and, above all, he was clean and neat in his James Brown suits and Italian shoes. No safety pins and Nazi armbands.

It became clear, however, a few days later at his Rainbow show that Willie De Ville had a will of his own. An audience that had only been prepared for Mink De Ville by a single *Top of the Pops* airing of 'Spanish Stroll' were treated to a performance of 'Stand By Me' from one of the purest voices since Ben E. King.

The cultural rearrangement that audience was put through was awesome to watch. They'd come along expecting a cross between Lou Reed and a Lord of Flatbush and discovered Willie's undiluted R&B, ballad soul.

In the intervening two years, Capitol had two albums from Mink De Ville which did very nicely, thank you, and also put the band through a near-horrific touring schedule that left them, in Willie's own words, "tired and bouncing off walls."

At the beginning of this year, Willy started work on a third album, looking forward to it as the one that would put him firmly on the international rock map.

The preparations for the album were painstaking. Working with veteran writer Doc Pomus, (who, along with Mort Shuman, provided Elvis Presley with a half dozen or more early hits) the songs were written, rehearsed and put into basic arrangements in New York.

The next move was to take the whole package to Paris and record the final version.

"I knew there was this French string arranger, Jean Claude Petit and he was the one that I was going to work with."

Despite record company opposition, Willie went to Paris, but work didn't progress as fast as Capitol might have wished. This was partly due to Willie's perfectionism.

"I didn't go all the way to Paris to settle for what sounded good, I was only going for what sounded right. I wanted an album that people would listen to in ten years' time."

Despite numerous problems with both the band and the producer, Steve Douglas, nine months later the album was finally complete. The Mink De Ville saga was ready to move into another stage. Then, instead of the hero's welcome that any artist likes when he brings in the new product, all he got was a curt phone call telling him that Capitol no longer required his services and that they were releasing him from his contract.

In other words, Willie De Ville had been sacked.

It's never easy to find that you've been fired, especially when you have some hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of album in the can and its only future seems to be to gather dust on a shelf in the bowels of a record company.

"When the record company steps back, all those wet handshakes that have been coming at you for the past two years turn into guys saying how they never liked you anyway — troublemaker!"

Capitol's main problem seemed to be that Willie De Ville lived too damn close to the switchblade image with which they'd originally promoted him. A nasty rumour quoted a highly placed executive as ranting, "I don't care how many records he sells, I don't want him on this label!"

All this could easily be interpreted as the whining of someone who's just been dumped by their label because they turned in a duff album. In the case of Willie De Ville, however, this is simply not true. Listening to the tapes of the work that was done in Paris, you immediately realise that you're not hearing run of the mill product.

It isn't instantly commercial. It certainly isn't the Knack. There are the tough ballads and the hardass R&B that we've come to expect from De Ville and his men, but beyond that, other influences jostle for space to develop. There's a cajun track, complete with accordian, there are New Orleans style keyboards and the Jean Claude Petit string arrangements that were the reason for going to Paris in the first place lend a warmth and drama to the vocals that make them well worth the trip.

It's an unusual album, but that's no reason for it to be consigned to the dumper.

A couple of weeks before this interview, Willie seemed about as far down as one can go.

"What hurts is that I really think this album is the one. Everyone does it on the third. The pity is that these squares can possibly hang up my record for five years."

But with hints of a new dawn on the horizon, Willie has regained a lot of his control and determination.

"When it comes down to it, going with a record company is like taking a loan out on the bank. They want to know if you're working, if you're reliable, the whole thing."

With a couple other companies interested, life doesn't look so bleak. The question of the album still has to be resolved, and that frustration is still there, but, in the meantime, Willie De Ville has plenty to keep him occupied.

Right now he is rehearsing and playing try-out, out-of-town dates with an all new band. Early reports claim that, if anything, they have more power and cohesion than the old Mink De Ville. The proof, or otherwise, of this will be revealed to New York at a Waverley Plaza date at the end of the month.

As well as live work with a new band, Willie will be going into the studio with Jack Nietzsche to record sections of the soundtrack of the new Al Pacino Movie, *Cruising*.

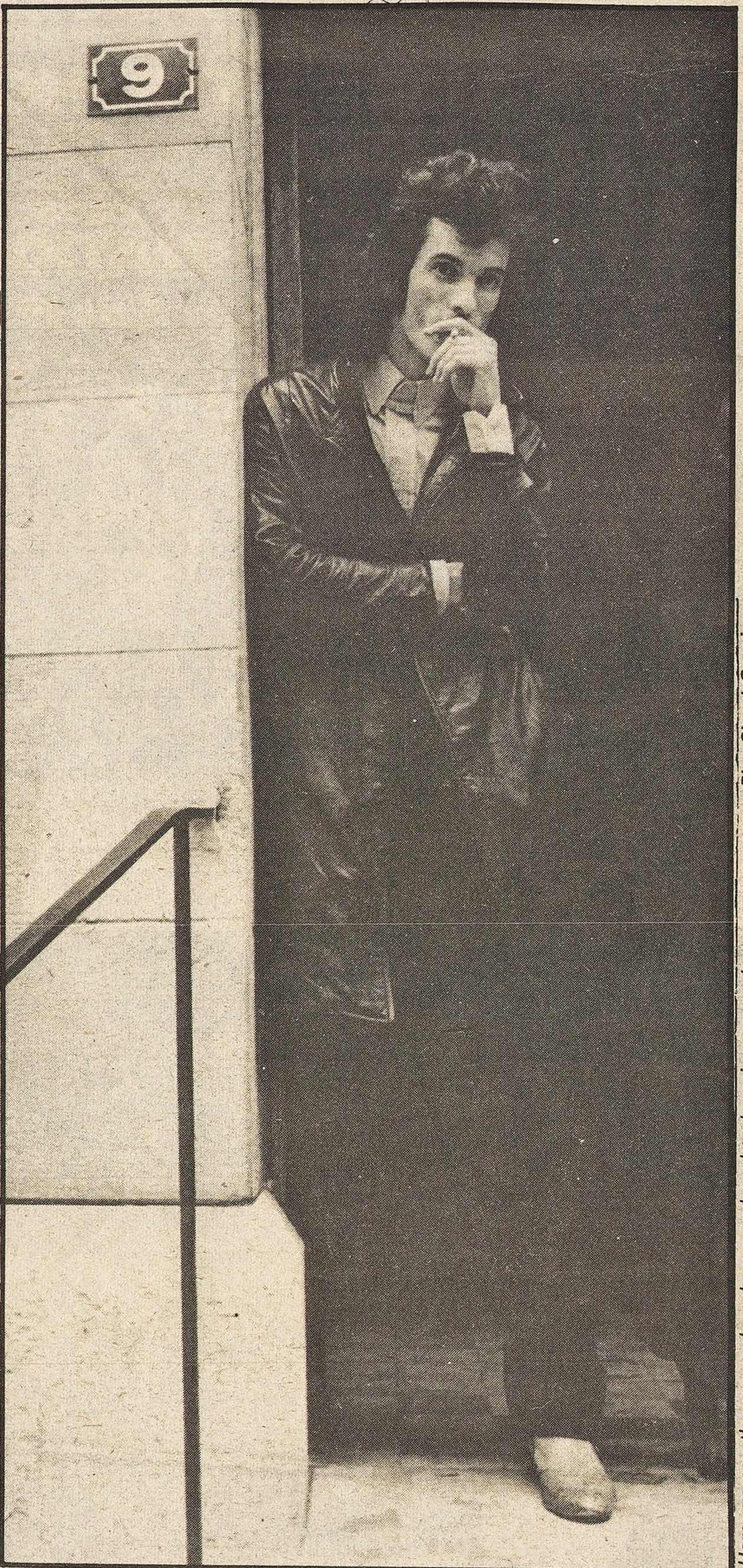
It may not be a substitute for an important album, but it helps.

The moral of this story is that if you're a budding rock and roller and you want to get on, then love your label and be nice to the people at the company, otherwise you might end up like Willie De Ville.

Or would that be such a bad thing?

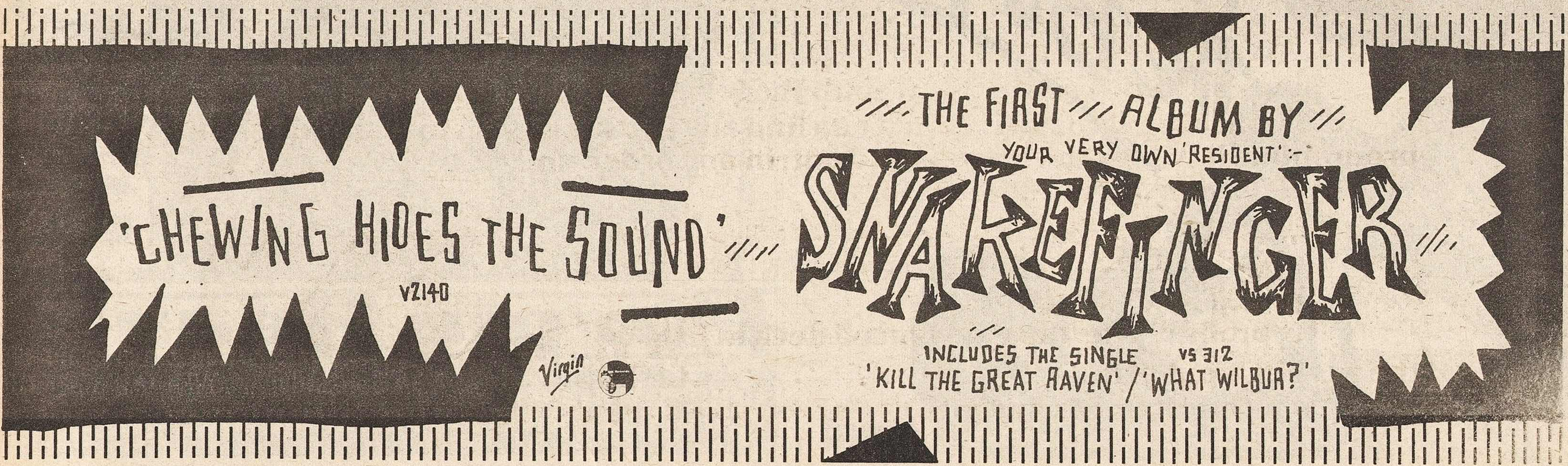
MICK FARREN

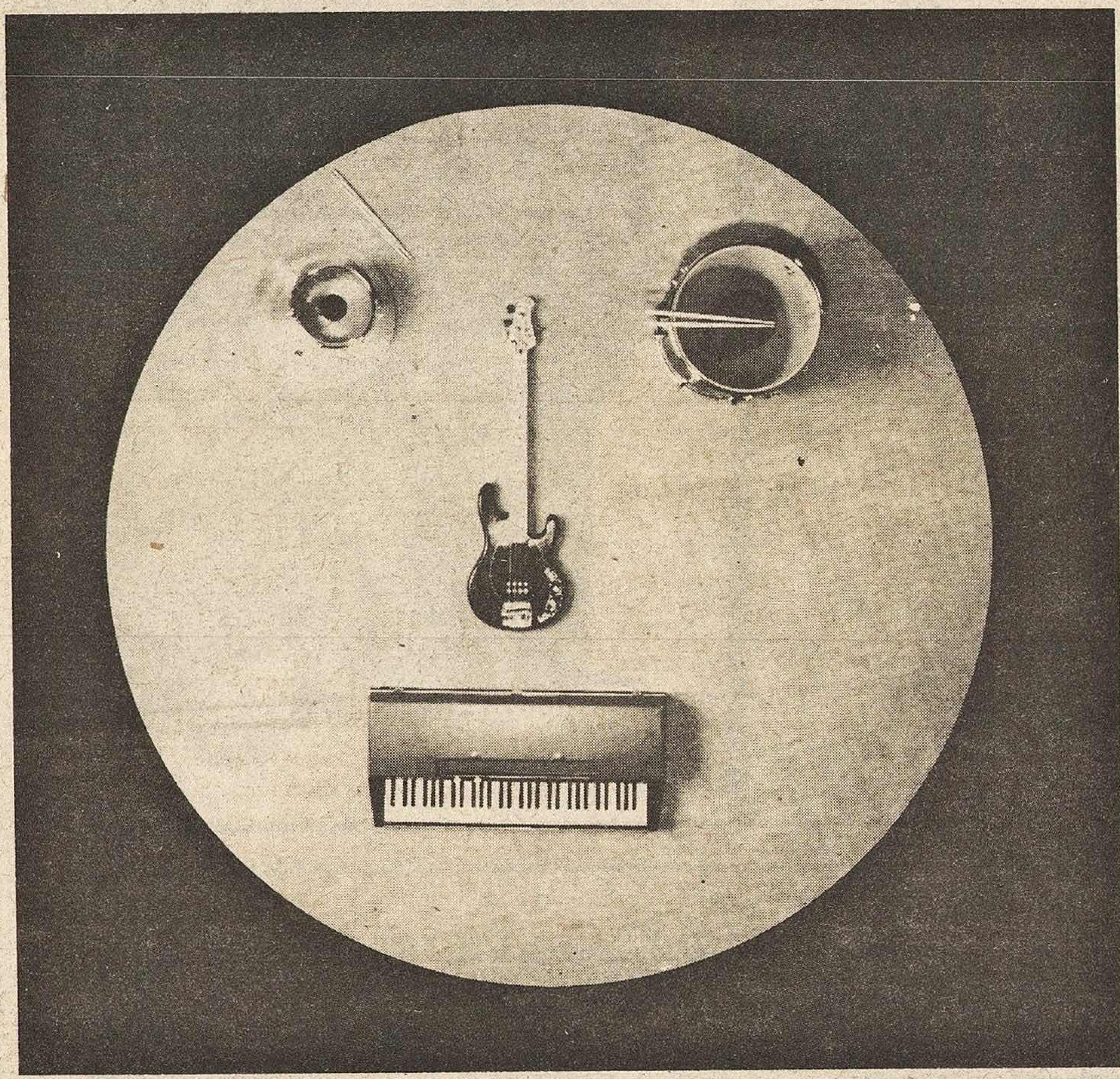
THRILLS



Here we see the unemployed man reduced to hanging around on street corners. Pic: Claud Gassion.

The Lone Groover — **Benyon**





DANGEROUS VISIONS

Above: Cleese, Palin.
Below: Frankie Miller. Pic: Pennie Smith.

JOHN CLEESE on *Life Of Brian*: "Four hundred years ago we'd have been burnt at the stake for this. I like to think we've advanced since then."

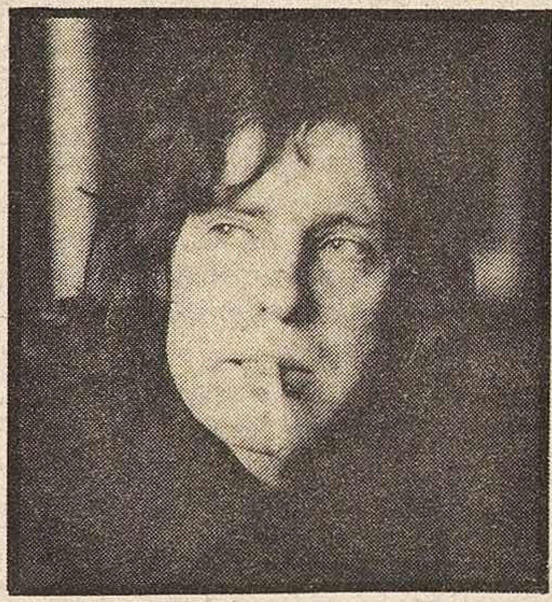
But Malcolm Muggeridge was there as conclusive evidence to the contrary.

The confrontation between Muggeridge, Mervyn Stockwood (Bishop Of Southwark), Cleese and Michael Palin was that rare event — a chat show that was great television. They were of course talking about the Python's new film.

It is not my place here to either praise or criticise Jesus, only to criticise Muggeridge. Mug is a chat show regular on the strength of something he once was, an irreverant castigator of pompous fools such as he now is. He no longer offers any evidence of a perceptive mind lurking behind his blinkered, complacent obsession.

He wasn't easy to argue against but who could argue against a man who happily contradicts himself (the film's main attraction was the lasting fascination of the crucifixion story/fourteen year olds might be adversely affected) delivers the most outrageous generalisations (all great works of art have a Christian influence) and doesn't even listen to what you're saying anyway? Cleese did try to point out gently that Mug's assessment of a work of art's greatness depends on how closely it conforms to Mug's own thinking, but this benighted soul has long been lost to the voice of reason.

Any unholy venom flying around came from the Men Of God who called *Brian* "cheap", "squalid" and "tenth-rate" but the cheapest moment of the show in fact came with the worthy Bishop's bitter reference to



Frankie Miller plays hard but fair. Muggeridge puts the boot in.

"thirty pieces of silver". It was the Pythons who showed the patience of proverbial saints, remaining pleasant but pertinent throughout and allowing Mug to rabbit on interminably just as you or I would allow and aged grandfather to have his say even though we've heard the story ten times before. But Cleese has one of the most expressive faces on television and when he glanced towards Palin we could see the unmistakeable exasperation of a man trying to reason with the unreasonable. I'll leave the last word to Cleese (something Mug would never do): "It's all rather like a Python sketch."

Ah, how it all takes me back to the furore in the early '70s when Billy Connolly released his crucifixion number containing such epic events as Jesus offering to turn the water into wine only to be told to put his pound in the kitty like everyone else. Which brings us not terribly smoothly onto the new Peter MacDougall play *Just A Boy's Game* featuring the acting debut of another Glasgow punter, Frankie Miller.

When speaking normal dialogue Miller was not totally convincing, but as a Glasgow hardman — thanks to the superb talents of director John McKenzie — he was stunningly authentic.

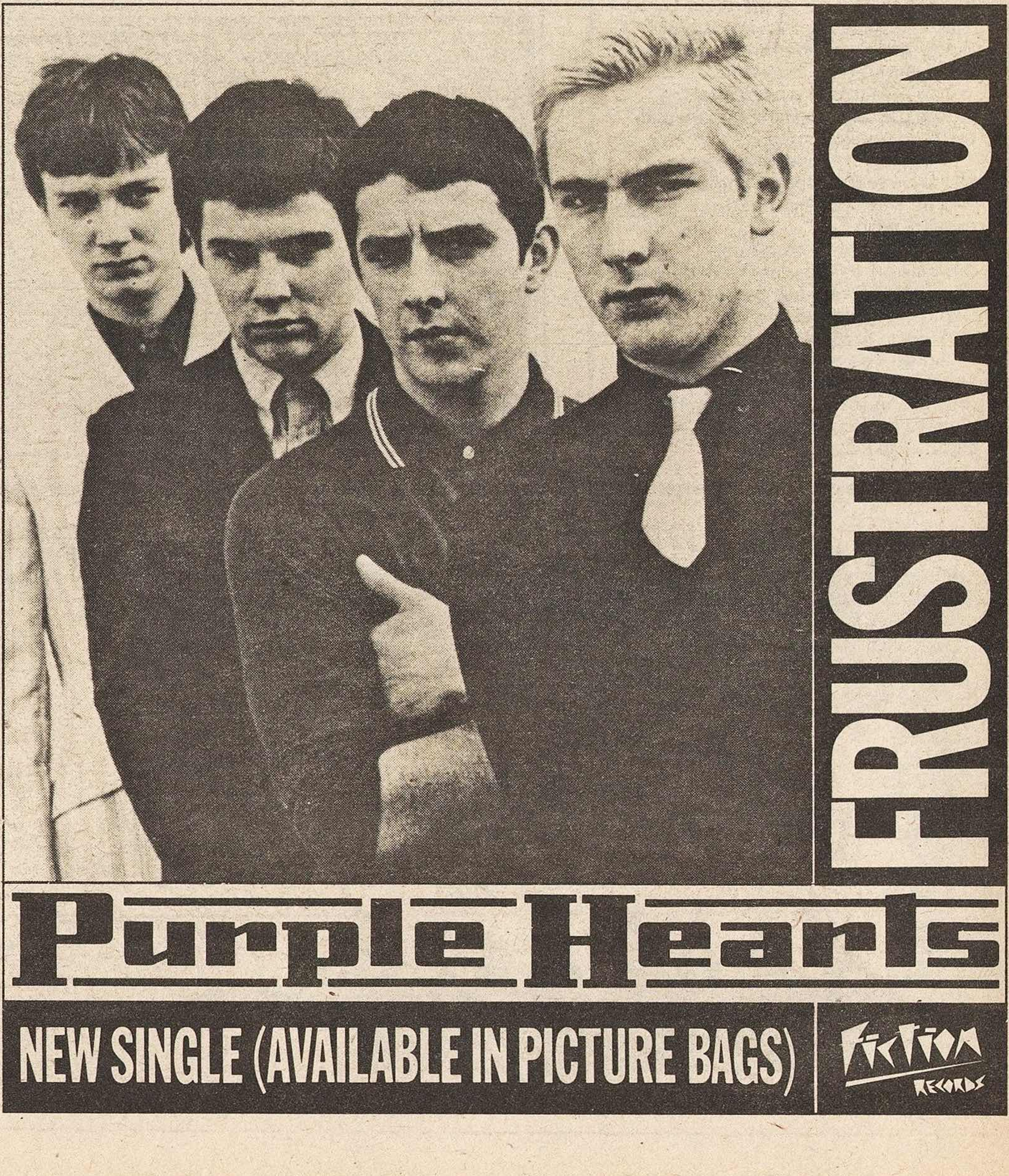
The plot resembled that of many a B picture Western with the gunslinger trying to live up to the reputation of a famous forebear and unable to hang up his guns because there's always some youngster out to prove himself against him.

Here, admidst some sparkling dialogue we had Miller as Jake, the hard man, seeing his best pal killed after a fight caused by Jake's own reputation. Jake goes home to see his dying grandfather, now a shadow of the man he admires most, expecting to find some fellow feeling with this hard man from another generation. MacDougall's greatest achievement, essential to the success of the play has been to somehow make Jake a sympathetic character but now he offers no death-bed sugar coating for the bleakness of his work.

Grandpa lifts his head with a great effort only to say "I was never fond of you. And in my day I could have *killed* you." With both hard men neither showing nor knowing any emotion to dent their reputation Jake gives a one word response — "Cheers".

As a play this didn't quite reach the high standards of MacDougall's award winning *Just Another Saturday*, but it helps to show the potential wealth of writing talent available to television, our most despised but most influential medium.

STUART JOHNSTON



THE JAM
SETTING SONS
November
18 • Art Centre POOLE
20/21 • Apollo Theatre MANCHESTER
22 • Civic Hall WOLVERHAMPTON
23/24 • Gaumont Theatre SOUTHAMPTON
25 • Bingley Hall BIRMINGHAM
26 • Trentham Gardens STOKE ON TRENT
27 • Royal Hall BRIDLINGTON SPA
29 • Deeside Leisure Centre LIVERPOOL
30 • University LANCASTER
December
2/3/4 • Rainbow LONDON
6/7 • City Hall NEWCASTLE
8 • Apollo Theatre GLASGOW
9 • Caird Hall DUNDEE
10 • Odeon Theatre EDINBURGH
11 • Queens Exhibition Hall LEEDS
12 • King Georges Hall BLACKBURN
13 • Sophia Gardens CARDIFF
15 • Centre BRIGHTON
16 • Guild Hall PORTSMOUTH
18/19 • De Montfort Hall LEICESTER
21 • Pavilion BATH
NEW ALBUM
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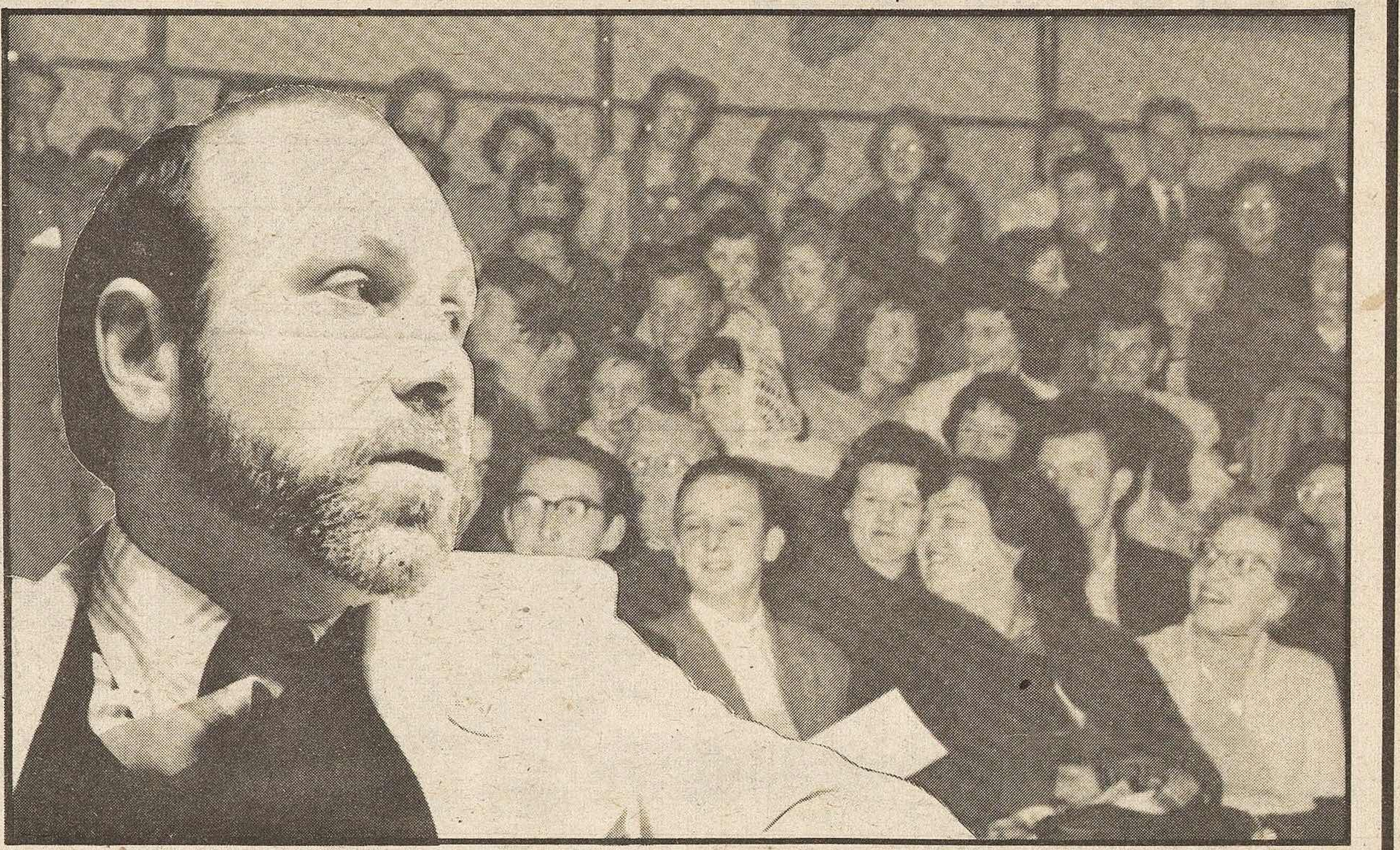
Hell Is A 'Two Ronnies' Audience



Tim Hauser gazes out on the barren wastelands. Hauser pic: Pennie Smith

IT'S ABOUT twenty miles to the next seat and at least a hundred and fifty to the stage. Whenever there is applause it sounds clipped and conspiratorial, each person keeping both eyes on the hands next door so as to be sure to stop the instant everyone else does. The hall is cold and the group desperately search the wastes for some sign of life. They know there's life out there — they can see its breath — but though the Odeon is full and the collective happy, it seems that each person's soul has been handed to the hatcheck girl or maybe the gruff security on the way in confiscated emotions that might be prone to blow up. Either way, the zomboid stares go straight through their object and pretend to register some interest and all those ears are deaf to any subtleties, magic, brilliance or bum notes that their four pounds has entitled them to. Everybodies just watching some live TV and thinking about this good time they're involved in, maybe deep down they're urging this show to end so they can get on with the major part of concert going — telling everybody at the office what a jet-set night life they live.

The Manhattan Transfer are a neat outfit who've just released a brave if faulted album. The four members deeply love music, are almost religious about jazz and realise the dreadful blunder they made when they were advised to be the regular guests on the comfy *Two Ronnies* show. On their last tour they played The Palladium to a crowd of crazy camped kids who hollered and danced to the ManTrans sharpened trad madness.

In between they captured the mums'n'dads with the awful 'Chanson d'Amour' and all those kids saw their parents giving the thumbs up to these — on the surface — clean cut hams and decided that The Manhatten Transfer were square as dice, Jack. After the frustrations and irritations of the Odeon show, Tim Hauser and Alan let some of it pour out over a few pints of what I believe was served as lager. Hauser — always referred to as the old guy — punches against the trap.

"Nobody need tell us that the worst bit of advice we ever took was to do that series, man . . ." he earnestly begins in the hardnose end of New York tone, ". . . we were told that it was 'a top show here' but not to what audience it was top. And so what we got is playing to crowds of, I mean real lunatics every place in the world and then getting here and facing what may politely be called a sedate audience."

And if not politely?

"Hey, look," he says leaning over the Formica, ". . . those bastards are not our people. A group onstage must feed off the energy generated from a crowd, that's the only chance a live show has, to continually build and generate that electricity. But here? We go out there and its like acting out a fuckin' play, we may as well have a tape loop of "Chanson" playin' round and fuckin' round. And the real frustration is knowing that it'd be easier if we weren't filling the halls, man, at least then we'd be in fighting mood, but goin' out dere and being greeted by this, I dunno, ready-made easily pleased bunch of mainly moms'n'dads . . . I mean where do ya fuckin' start with those guys, man?"

At one point in the show Hauser takes a break to tell 'his' public about their version of the jazz classic 'Body And Soul'. He, at some length, tells of the revolutionary construction that Eddie Jefferson — the bands guiding light to a great point — had brought to the genres vocalising and how MT were making a departure by doing the song in four-part harmony. To this, and to other strokes of inspiration in the set, the mass respond with an unspoken chorus of "Well, that's nice, dear, but any chance you could do 'My Way'?

I wonder if the group are aware that they are so very much on the outside of rock'n'rolls fences of what's cool.

But Bournemouth is beautiful — Manhattan Transfer

"Well sure. We're always held up as a manufactured big buck machine, just so much slick showbiz. Not everywhere of course, like I said we play mostly to kids, but the press don't care for us at all. Like *Rolling Stone* said we were racists for dressing fancy and stealing black jazz. Those fuckin' assholes at *Rolling Stone.*"

It's also a mistake to assume that because of their early image that the band come from some kind of satin comfort cloud that drifted down into showbiz land. Around a table all four members prattle as you'd expect four Jewish New Yorkers whose past employments included bricklaying and hacking a yellow cab around NY. (Gag: And that's just the goils.) They also feel their alienation from the rock fold is much to do with the average rock punters total lack of confidence in anything other than media-fed heroes.

Hauser again: "Let me tell you, it's not only here that there's an anxiety among rock'n'roll fans. The paranoia about who's cool is running world wide . . . it's just that in Britain we've been locked out totally, man. Oh, I forgot . . . Bournemouth, for some reason, was crazy, that town had a wild time . . ."

And so Manhattan Transfer are still playing to a capacity of the elderly, each night dad'n'the kids are sitting through sections of Eddie Jefferson, Weather Report and Bernard Herman waiting for the inevitable blander band to break through (resign). In five shows ManTran have changed their set as many times in an effort to balance things, but sadly it looks as though the demand for the mundane will beat down their ideas and fire. 'Chanson d'Amour' for days and days and days. Misplaced Manhattan Transfer, 'struggling' jazz in exile.

It's goodnight from me . . . and it's goodnight from them.

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

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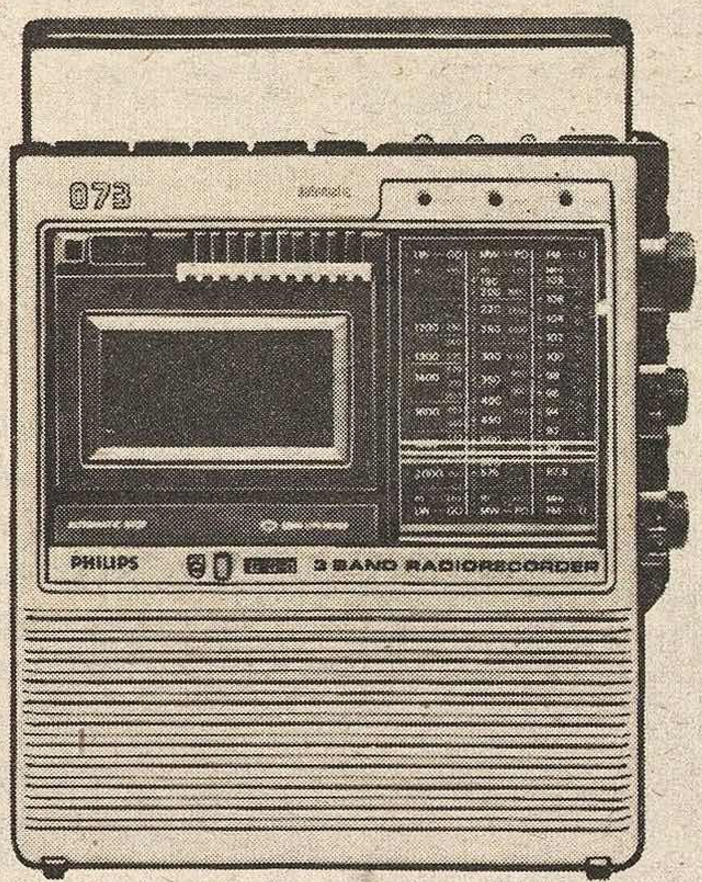

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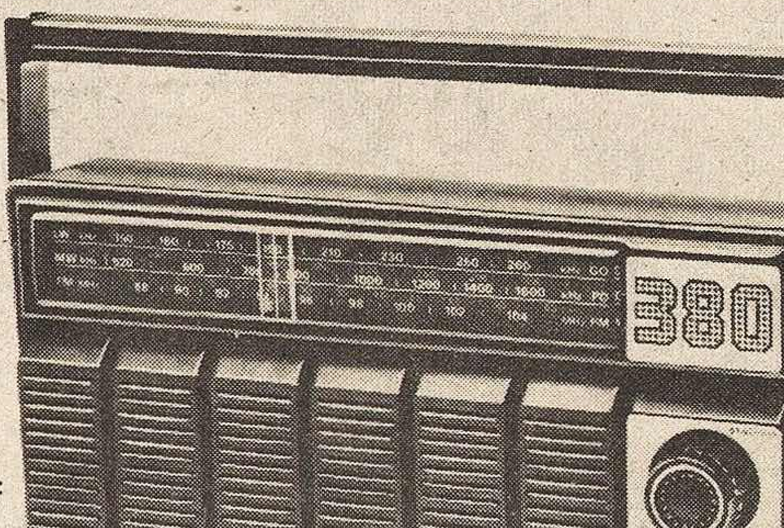

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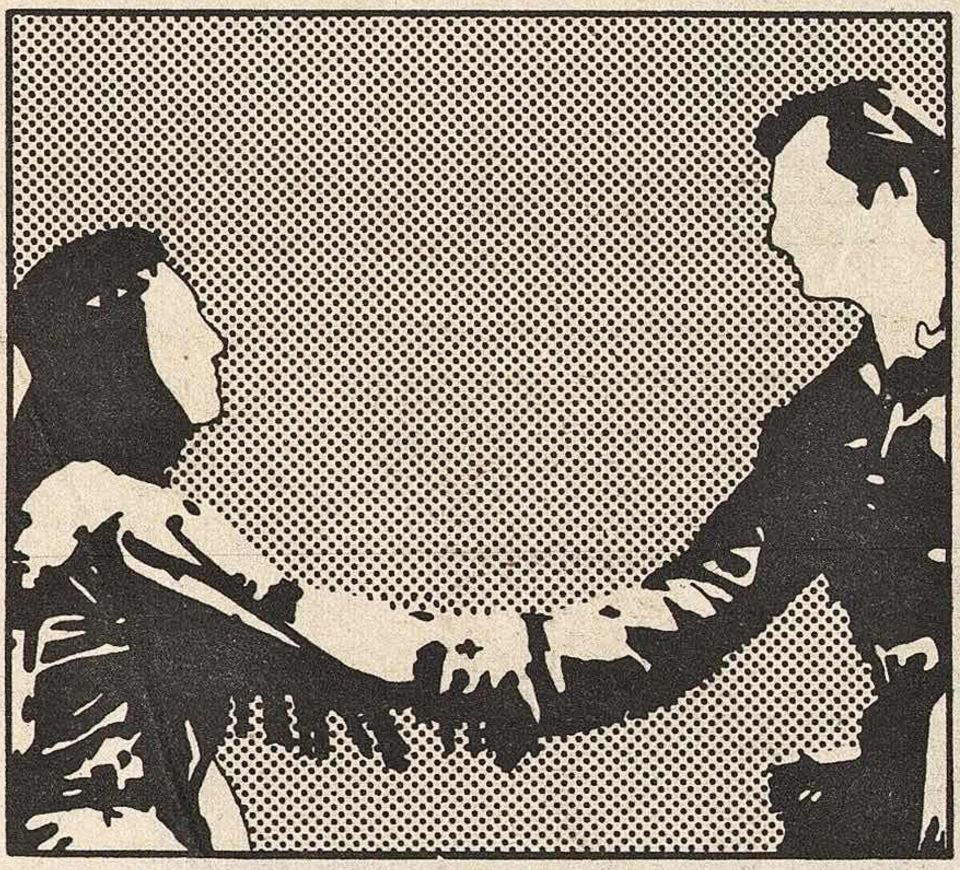

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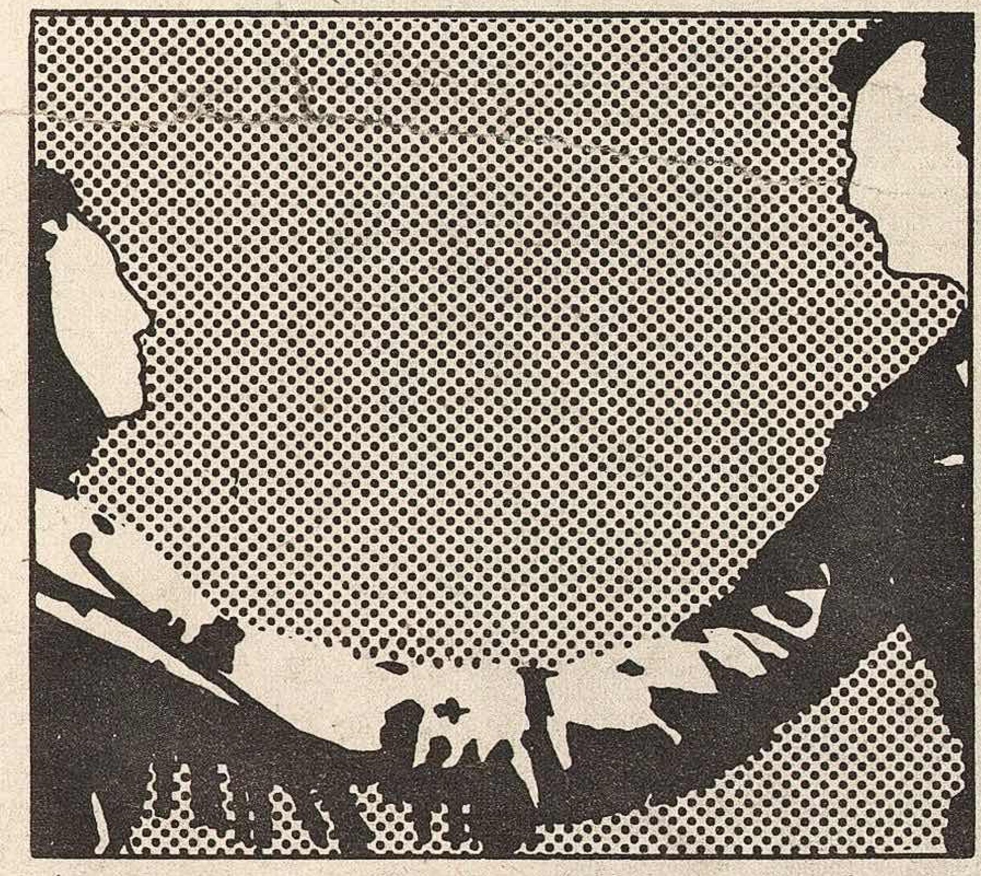

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Motels
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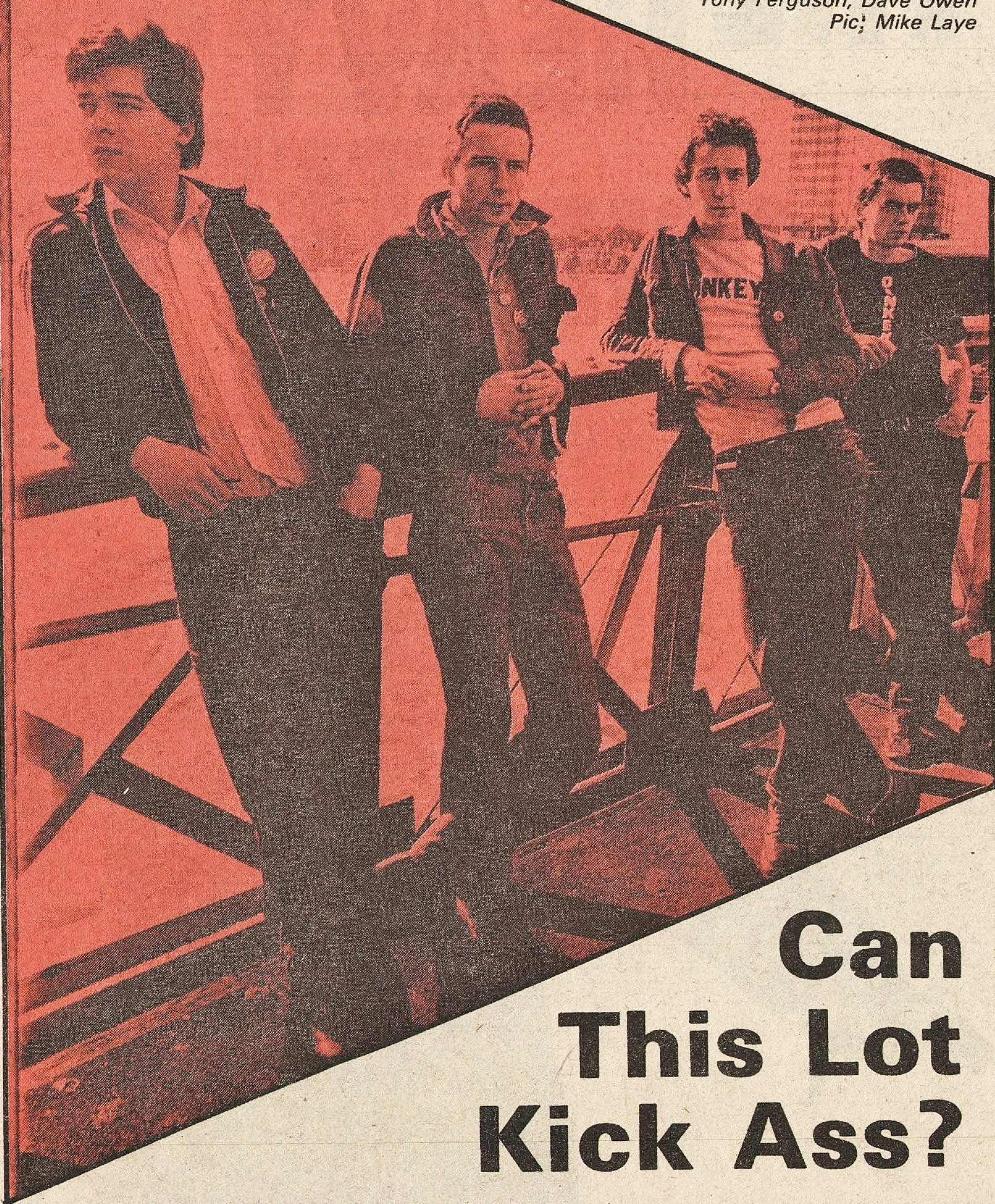
The Donkeys

Deanne Pearson avoids the temptation of horrendous puns in her relentless search for truth



L to r: Mark Welham, Neil and Tony Ferguson, Dave Owen
Pic: Mike Laye

Can This Lot Kick Ass?

I KNEW where they were and they knew where I was, because their manager had been flitting between the pub where I'd been waiting for the past hour, and the pub where The Donkeys were holed up, filling themselves with beer before the interview. In the end I went down and hauled them out myself.

I wasn't surprised by their timidity after their discreet, weak-kneed set at the Marquee that evening, when they looked ready to flee the stage at any minute, should 999's nouveau punk audience show any signs of antagonism. But the crowd were more or less indifferent. It was a far cry from the amenable Chords and Undertones fans that they had played in front of last time at the Marquee, when they apparently went down a storm.

Onstage they reminded me of the Woodentops. All four Donkeys — Mark Wellham (drums), Dave Owen (bass and vocals), Tony Ferguson (rhythm guitar and vocals), and younger brother Neil Ferguson (lead guitar and lead vocals) — moved like stilted puppets, shuffling round their microphones and mumbling bashfully between numbers to their unreceptive audience, who gazed intently past them at the dressing room wall, where 999 might already possibly be.

Neither did The Donkeys' music attract much attention. They play good pop/rock, ranging from less riotous Ruts to less distinctive Undertones, which leaves a rather bland, inbetweenie sound with some imaginative arrangements and boppy harmonies that suggest that with a little more confidence they will ride the recent 'lightweight rock' tidal wave well.

"Look, can't you just drop the interview?" Mark asked once we were all finally assembled in our arranged meeting place. "Say you've never seen us and then come halfway through the tour? We barely had time for a sound check this evening. We were unprepared, and a 999 audience isn't really our sort of audience."

The Donkeys were about to embark as support on the Stiff Little Fingers tour — and they thought they had problems with a 999 audience! Looking at the four weedy specimens before me I had serious doubts about their chances of survival. Mark, in particular, is a legend unto himself. I've never seen such a soft, flabby drummer, without a single muscle to disturb his baby fat smoothness, and found it difficult to believe he'd even had the strength to take over from the drum tapes The Donkeys used when they first started playing about 10 months ago — in Wakefield, Yorkshire.

None had been in bands before, they admitted, after being exceedingly coy about their ages (21–25) but all had "messed about" with instruments until they were brought together by songwriter Neil Ferguson, ex-farmer and mental hospital orderly (a possible clue to the origin of The Donkeys' name? — They offer no alternative explanation). They caught the attention of first Rhesus Records, in Manchester, and then Decca, via Jonathan King, who spotted them supporting The Undertones at the Marquee six or seven weeks ago.

Rhesus had previously released a 5,000 limited edition of their single 'What I Want' at the end of June, which all sold out, and Decca have now taken it up on a licensing deal.

Things are looking good for The Donkeys, and they may find themselves invited to appear on *Top Of The Pops* sooner than they think or hope. I would say watch out for them with a little more confidence if I thought they'd turn up.

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MADNESS

! LIVE : FRI 16 NOV → ELECTRIC BALLROOM
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Left: Jo Broadberry. Below: Lo Operator. Pix: Tom Sheehan.

A child's guide to wheeling and dealing

YOU MAY not have heard of Local Operator, and if you have, chances are you won't have heard their music. This is no devastating loss to contemporary western culture, but at a time when the British rock scene is in something of a trough with only a smattering of new homegrown bands working against the general drought, Local Operator are at least reasonable contenders. Reasonable enough, certainly, for Virgin Records to snap the group up as they push ahead in what appears to be a Richard Branson manoeuvre to corral all burgeoning young talent.

So you could commence by placing L.O. alongside the diverse likes of The Ruts, Human League, Interview, Skids, Cowboys International, et al, ad infinitum.

Or you could zero in on a four-piece band fronted by rhythm guitarist Jo Broadberry, whose boundless adrenalin and virtual inability to play in any other rhythm style than a revved-up Marleyesque on-beat has caused the band to utilise reggae rhythms, not in the 'strictly roots' fashion, but more in a buoyant jerky style, effectively sculpting a feel of their own as opposed to simply apeing the medium.

Their sound is essentially based on a surprisingly supple rhythm section in drummer Dave O'Regan, whose percussive style reminds one of a juvenile Ritchie Hayward and whose ample face beaming under an electric shock of blondish hair makes him look like a hedgehog, and the agile, intuitive bass patterns of Mike Shiner, who's visually a dead ringer for Blockhead bass supremo Norman Watt-Roy. The pair mesh in perfectly, backing up Broadberry's wired-up rhythm playing, whilst lead guitarist Jeff Cooper is an intriguing musician simply because he plays so sparingly, adding low-key guitar embellishments that form a well-balanced foil for Broadberry's relentlessly energised performances.

Although, as is the case with any such performer, Broadberry is on one level only as good as his band, the fact remains that Local Operator is very much his enterprise. The band's name is his, all the material is his and he has that irrepressible hunger inside him to succeed — a forceful ego-drive that keeps the whole group buoyant.

Broadberry himself is a highly impressionable character, and although it lends him a certain charm, it is easily his most unsettling weakness. Handsome in a diminutive speedy fashion, a nest of tangled black hair hands over the forehead of a well-structured face that gives only the slightest hint of his Irish nationality. Recalling his past, it arises that his father was the main driving force in an unorthodox splinter group of Catholics and that his was a constrictively stern upbringing involving abstinence from such fripperies as rock music in his teenage years. His father eventually left Ireland under somewhat bizzare circumstance, leaving Broadberry to make his own way in life.

In fact, for someone who's 27 years of age his knowledge of rock is extraordinarily limited. When asked about influences, he cites the years of '75 and '76: albums like Nils Lofgren's 'Cry Tough', Little Feat's 'Last Record Album' and in particular Patti Smith's 'Horses' . . .

"It was the intensity of the album," he remarks excitedly, "that really blew me over. The way she took chances, the breadth of vision, the sound — everything knocked me out."

Broadberry talks in long gulps and rushes of words that pour out so fast from his lips, they almost collide into one another or else threaten to get blocked up on a stammer. He is a desperately impatient man when wired up, verbally uncoiling ream upon ream of self-assertive banter which would sound obnoxious were he not so naively earnest about it all.

"I want to be the best there is. That's my goal and that's what I'm going to achieve with Local Operator."

The other members of the band simply sit around and nod encouragingly. Because even though their leader's drive for greatness has so far only displayed itself in terms of burgeoning potential — at his best, he is simply good right now — his talent has become a cause celebre amongst certain music biz insiders.

Alan Edwards, PR for The Stranglers, Blondie, etc, caught Local Operator live some time ago at Kilburn's Moonlight Club and was so enamoured by what he heard that he offered his publicist services to the band, plus any extra-curricular help that might come in helpful. He recalls being greatly impressed by "a really strong combination of intelligent lyrics and good varied dance music that had its own identity. They were the only new band I saw that I reckon had something potentially exceptional to offer."

Edwards drew a smattering of scribes to see the band, and was officially employed in that capacity until he fell foul of Virgin Records. "Virgin's attitude," he claims, "is one of animosity to outsiders handling their acts. Certainly they didn't like my involvement with the group at all." Edwards no longer has any professional dealings with the band and expresses concern that the combination of Virgin "not really *nurturing* the band like they should" and "the influx of money that came in (from the Virgin advance and Broadberry's own publishing deal — another Virgin purchase) may have knocked things a little out of perspective."

"Certainly I feel that all involved with the group should have a very serious think about the immediate future."

ANOTHER current PR — Chrysalis Records' Hugh Briley — had a greater proximity to Local Operator, particularly in the early days when he played the drums for them. That was over two years ago, after which a split occurred, with Broadberry travelling off to Amsterdam for an extended sojourn whilst Briley ended up at Decca.

The Local Operator instigator, long returned from the land of tulips and having got together the current four-piece, later contacted his former percussionist for help in getting a foot-hold in the music business. Briley ultimately became Local Operator's manager, investing "as much money as I could" alongside guitarist Cooper's financial contributions to keep the group afloat. The group played the Rock Garden and fairly quickly started gaining interest from record companies, with Arista and Virgin the front runners. It was Briley in fact who worked out the Virgin contract, refusing to get the band trapped in "one of those 'Mickey Mouse' deals. They do try it on" — and instead, getting what he claims to be a good deal, even getting the usual eight-album Virgin deal down to six.

Briley however was fated to be ousted by one John Gatwood, also known as Johnny Rubbish, failed comedian and one-time Stranglers protege. Gatwood had quickly latched on to Local Operator, turning up to gig after gig and hitting it off especially well with Jo Broadberry. A musicbiz entrepreneur who along with lawyer Nick Pegrift was already managing the ex-Damned contingent of The Edge, he was, according to Briley, "always in there, hustling, until on the morning of the Virgin contract signing the band and Briley met up in a pub and Hugh, who'd made the classic error of not signing a contract with them from the outset, was informed that Gatwood had been chosen as the new manager.

Briley looks back on the whole let-down with surprisingly little animosity. The band speedily re-imbursed him for every penny he'd ever invested in L.O. and he sees it all in retrospect "as a good thing, all in all. No money was lost and I've made a lot of good new contacts."

BROADBERRY goes out of his way to impress upon this writer just how committed Gatwood is, with his songs and the band itself.

"He came to every gig. He was incredibly enthusiastic, which is obviously important for a manager."

But where Broadberry's self-assertiveness is almost charmingly naive, Gatwood's boastful contentions regarding Local Operator can verge on the obnoxious. On our first meeting, he enquired whether the band would get an *NME* cover out of this story, which instantly made me well wary of him. Gatwood makes no bones about the fact that "My hero is Jake Riviera", but he appears to see only one dimension of Riviera's managerial expertise: the obnoxious loudmouth who always gets his way.

Yet Broadberry always has a defence for Gatwood's mouth-offs. "You got to understand his sense of humour takes a bit of getting used to," is Jo's statement here.

Meanwhile upstairs the band are putting the final touches to their now-current single 'Law and Order'. As Broadberry sings — his voice on pitch and dealing with the song's tricky dynamic —each take is followed by howls of encouragement from most of those present. Broadberry's vocals are good, yes, but this tooth-grating sycophancy is truly hideous to behold and I start to have serious doubts about the insularity of the band and their friends, and their apparent intoxication with the whole record advance wheeler dealer situation.

Simon Draper, Virgin's A&R kingpin, is cautious as ever on the subject of Local Operator. He is however *very concerned* about "all this talk about Virgin's Mickey Mouse deals. It's just not so. Also, we're always pinpointed as the company who sign virtually any and every new band, which is just not true. Our rate of new signing is statistically no higher than any other active label. They just do it more quietly perhaps."

But as for Local Operator, well, Draper will admit that "perhaps their manager led them to think that things would happen much quicker than they are . . . But they're a potentially very strong group. Jo is very strong, he's obviously got a lot of talent and stage presence, while the band backs him up perfectly, I think."

My last encounter with Broadberry and Gatwood is a characteristic study in contradictions. Gatwood talks excitedly about maybe "going to the States. Just leave this country and break the *big* market."

Broadberry meanwhile claims to have been "sickened by that scene in the studio when you were there. It was just so over the top, it was pointless," and "depressed by the final mix of the single 'Law and Order'. It just hasn't got the sound we should be getting. I don't even want it out."

Neither, apparently, did Draper and Branston, who deliberated awhile until finally going ahead. A picture sleeve was granted the product, but it wasn't so much released as it just escaped. Meanwhile I'm wondering just what is going on here. A firm strategy is needed, a strong-willed discerning record producer equally so, and I wonder just how long Local Operator will remain just that. A small, sweet noise straining to be a shriek.

NICK KENT

STARJETS
NEW SINGLE
Schooldays
Taken from their recent album 'Starjets'
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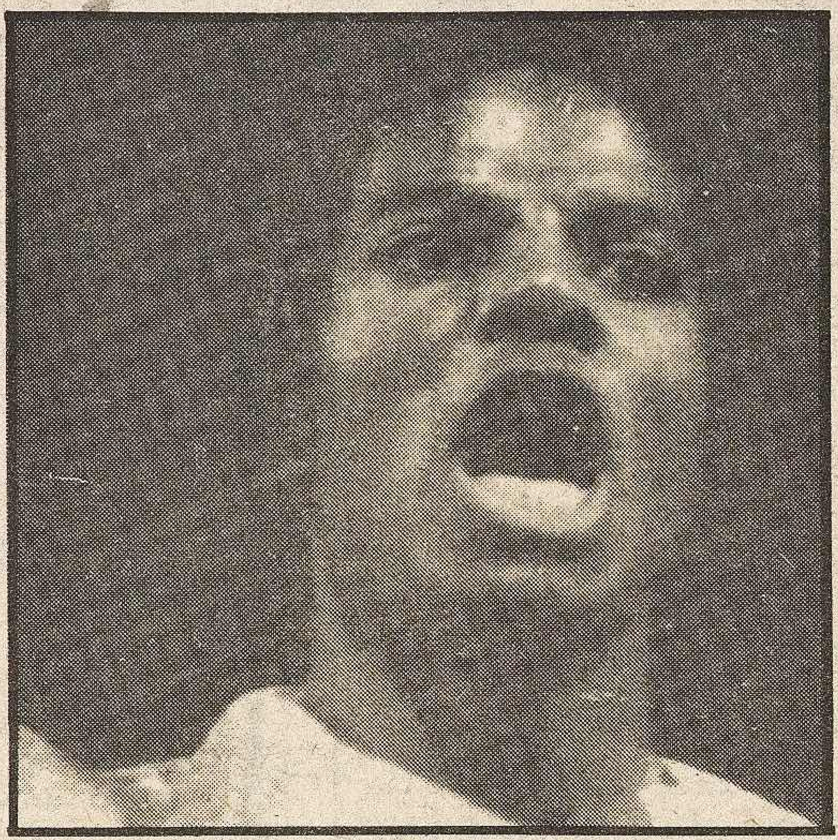
SINGLES

ESCAPIST!

REGAL!



OFF THE WALL!

BLONDIE!

DEMENTED!

AWESOME!

ANTI-WAR!

RIGHT ON!

All human life is there (left to right, top to bottom): Debbie Harry of Blondie; Rico; Michael Jackson; Wendy Wu of Bl— sorry, The Photos; Mark Stewart of The Pop Group; Ian Curtis of Joy Division; Richard Jobson of The Skids; Ian Hunter of Bristol City. Pix: Gus Stewart, Jean Bernard Sohiez, Simon Fowler, A.N. Photo, Len Hooper, Kevin Cummins, Skids, Stevenson.

● ***THE SINGLE***
JOY DIVISION: Transmission (Factory). *Dance, dance, dance to the radio!* A bass guitar slowly stirs and quivers. A relentless, dipping riff gathers momentum and sweeps its way into a spiralling electric guitar as a distant drummer pumps out strict Can doublebeats . . . with impeccable timing, Joy Division are into their long-awaited third single just in time for the finish of their mammoth trek around the country with Buzzcocks.

But why let the small matter of a slightly miscued release date spoil the party? This is an awesome disc, easily the most powerful dance-floor record of the week. It scales the heights that fellow Mancunians Magazine merely hinted at in 'Shot By Both Sides', Howie's one and only post-Buzzcocks moment of glory, and comes parachuting down the other side.

Ian Curtis doesn't sing so much as provide regular Iggy-style grunted vocal interjections while the simmering production — again the work of Martin 'Zero' Hannet — is crisp enough to push 'Transmission' into the chart — with the right breaks, this could easily be a hit! It certainly cannot be dismissed as just another good single by a provincial band on a nice little independent. Joy Division, not to mention Factory, are contenders.

THE PASSIONS: Hunted (Fiction). What some doctors would term 'a grower'. On first hearing, The Passions seemed to be mimicking their influences — in this case dub reggae — a little too slavishly for comfort, the entire song being constructed around a simple bass / drum rhythm. The shackles of doubt, however, are dispelled after a few more plays. The sparse sound and Barbara Gogan's fragile, eerie vocals give it a feel totally its own with a dash of evil added by an ominous echo. The mounting claustrophobia carries on over into the lyrics: *"Survival is hard in the city / Find me a place where no people go / Feel like I'm a hunted woman in the city / Feel like someone's trying to get me."*

Nice town, eh?

VIVIAN WEATHERS: Just A Game (Island 12"). Linton Kwesi Johnson's bass player and a talented multi-instrumentalist and songwriter in his own right, Vivian Weathers is one of the up-and-coming British reggae individuals well worth keeping tabs on. This, his first single for Island, probably gives a far better indication of what he is capable of than the disappointing album he cut for Virgin last year. A love song, rendered as a lilting ballad with a sharp rock steady readjustment, it shows him in fine voice. The credits read like a Who's Who of some of the classiest names on the home reggae front with Dennis Bovelle at the mixing desk, LKJ getting a co-production credit, Janet Kay providing backing vocals and a couple of members of Matumbi helping out on drums and keyboards.

THE POP GROUP: We Are All Prostitutes (Rough Trade). Uneasy listening single of the week and The Pop Group's finest record yet with, strangely enough, Blackbeard at the controls again. Whereas The Pop Group's Radar album was far too private and indulgent an affair for my liking, this single mixes just about the right amount of self-indulgence with pure outrage and common sense realism.

Musically, it is a demented slice of ramshackle primal funk driven along by a crazed guitarist midway between Steve Cropper and a circular saw colliding with a corrugated iron wall — The MGs were never like this! Lyrically, they seem to be moving into Gang Of Four territory: *"Capitalism is the most barbaric of all religions / Department stores are our new cathedrals / Our cars are martyrs to the cause / We are all prostitutes."* The Pop Group mean it maaaan.

BLONDIE: Union City Blue (Chrysalis). Of course, if The Pop Group's vision of the real world gets a bit too heavy, there's always the soft-focus escapism of Debbie And The Blondies to soothe the soul. Blondie make good singles, sometimes even great singles. This particular effort, lifted, naturally enough, from the 'Eat To The Beat' elpee, belongs firmly in the former category. A scant song dressed up in a lavish Spectorish mix by that old cynic Mike Chapman, it is based on the film in which Debbie Harry plays one of the leading roles. As far as the recent Blondie album goes, the only thing open to question seems to be whether or not Chrysalis are going to top the four Top Ten singles they milked from 'Parallel Lines'.

THE PHOTOS: I'm So Attractive (CBS). If imitation is a sure sign of flattery, The Photos are to Blondie what The Jags were to Elvis Costello. Their ironic little song couldn't have been any more contrived to sound like a certain Ms Harry of the parish had CBS plotted the vocal track with a slide rule on one of their sales graphs.

A friend once conned me into going to see this group with promises of Undertone — like pop treasures. The last thing I expected was a washed out '77 punk band — Satan's Rats to be precise — jumping belatedly on the Blondie bandwagon. But that's what I got. The saddest thing is that they don't even clone well. Singer Wendy Wu's voice is far too harsh for the soft pop they seem to be striving for, while the three ex-Rats backing her possess nary an ounce of deftness or originality in their playing.

And was not the Third Law Of Punk something like Thou Shalt Not Contrive To Sing In An American accent?

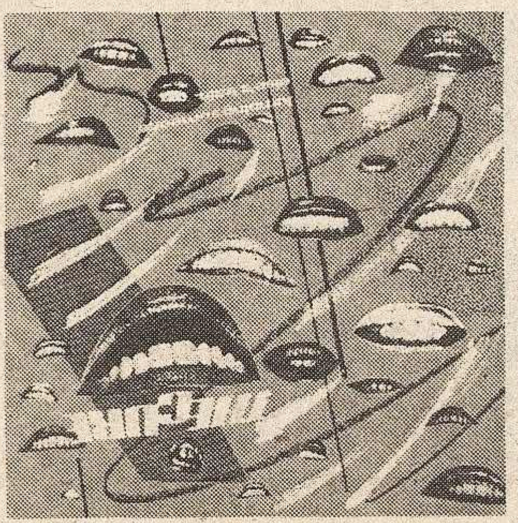
THE SKIDS: Working For The Yankee Dollar (Virgin). Aha! The poor maligned Skids. Why is it that Dunfirmline's favourite sons get such a rough ride from the music press?

I reckon it could be that their faults are so glaringly obvious that few people have tried to see beyond them. Richard Jobson has penned his fare share of pretentious lyrics and the band's records are usually over-produced, this one being no exception. But too many critics seem to let these flaws cloud over The Skids' attributes, the greatest of which is their ability to concoct a stream of excellent singles.

'Working For The Yankee Dollar' is the latest in the chain that began two years ago with 'Charles'. It is a rousing anti-war tirade with all the customary Skid trademarks from the terrace chants to Stuart Adamson's highly individual approach to his guitar. Packaged as one of those value-for-money double singles, 'Dollar' is coupled with a no-messing godawful version of Mott's 'All The Young Dudes' that is salvaged only by the adapted line *"Who needs TV when we got Subway Sect!"* David Bowie and Ian Hunter would turn in their graves.

MICHAEL JACKSON: Off The Wall (Epic). Simply not in the same class as the magnificent 'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough', this finds young Mike slipping into a somewhat more laidback groove while he whitters something about leaving the nine to five up on the shelf, with the Christmas market obviously in mind. Still, The Jacksons' rejuvenation remains one of the more welcome success stories of the past 12 months. Nah true?

■ *Continues over*



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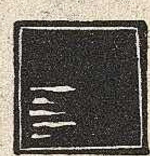
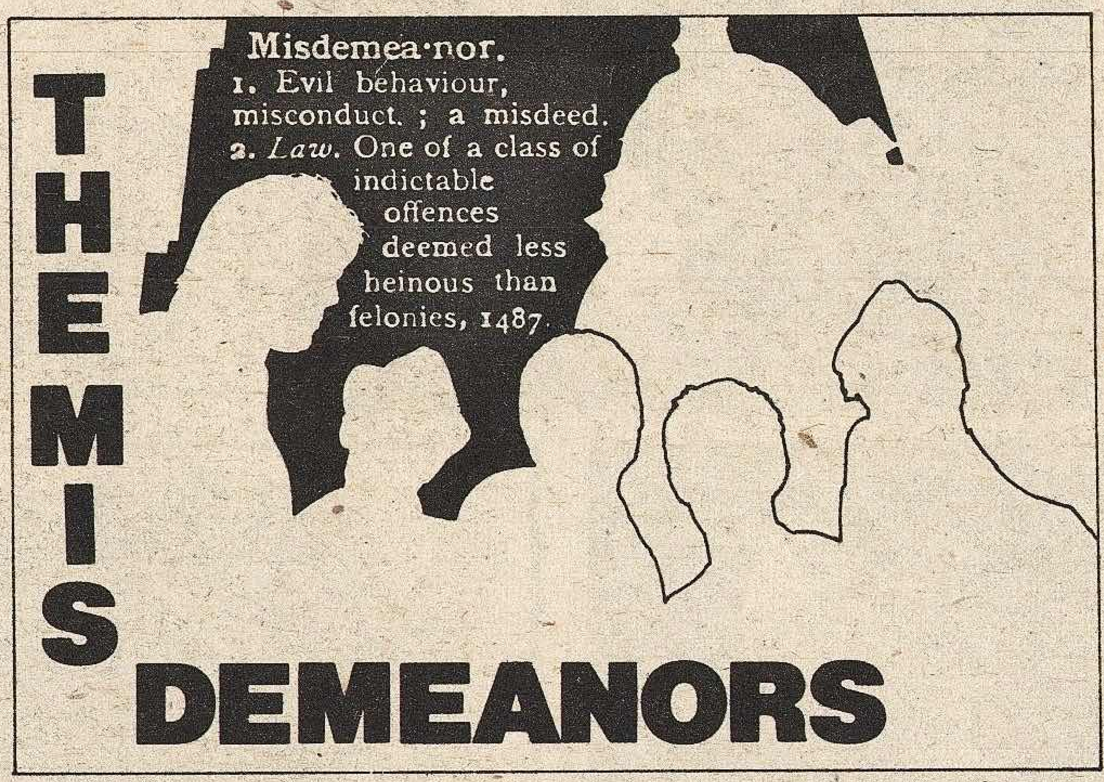
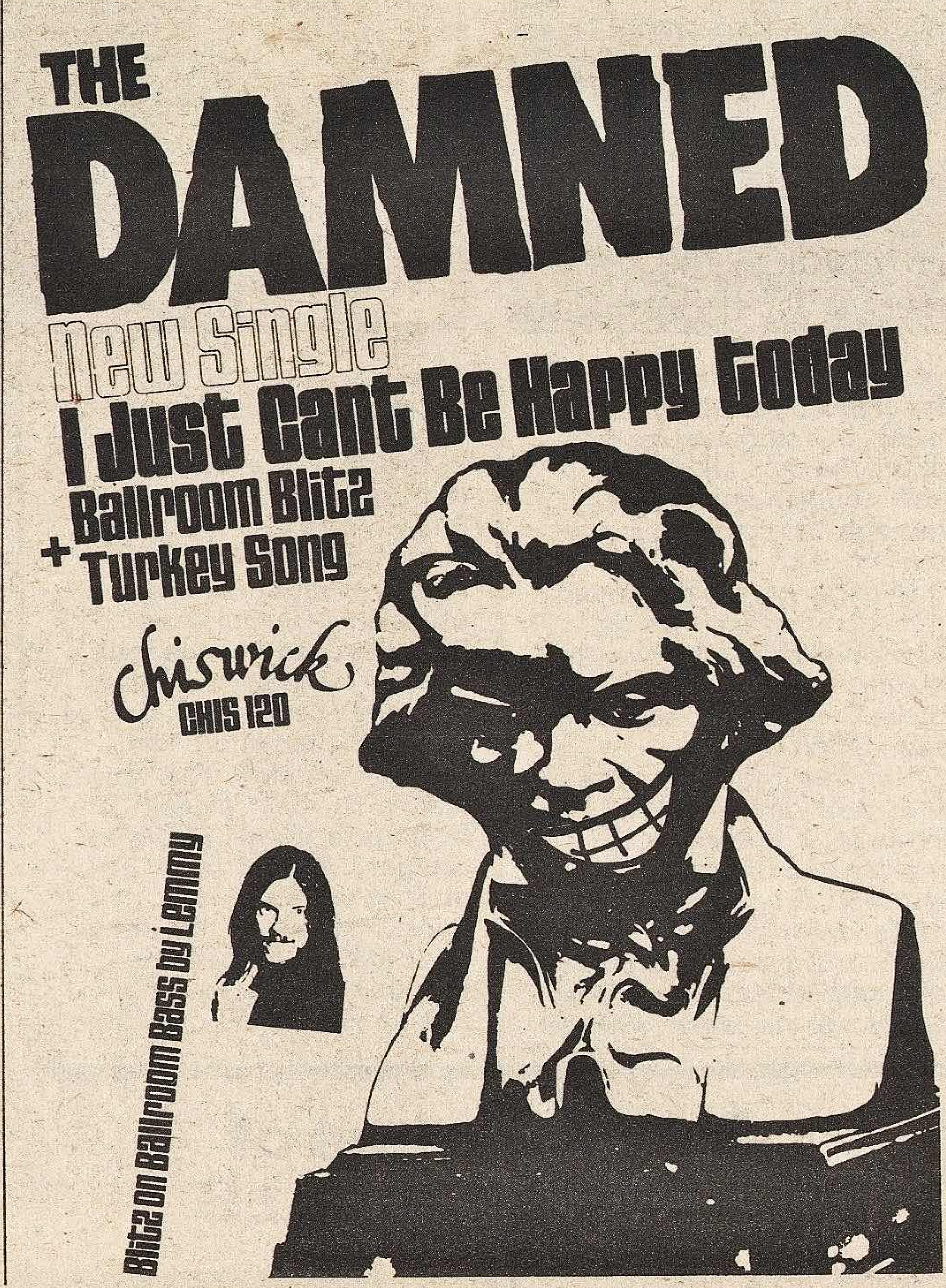


TWO NEW RELEASES FROM STORTBEAT RECORDS. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS THE SPELLING MISSTEAKS'POPSTAR' EP (BEAT7), AND THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS THE LICKS'1970's'EP (BEAT8), THE RRP OF EACH IS 95p, WHICH IS PRETTY GOOD CONSIDERING THE CURRENT ECONOMIC CLIMATE.

DISTRIBUTION: SPARTAN RECORDS.





SINGLES

■ From previous page

RICO: Children Of Sanchez (Island 12"). The same goes for this geezer, one of the acknowledged greats of Jamaican music finally getting some of the recognition he deserves from the pop/rock audience thanks to his involvement with The Members and The Specials.

Live, Rico and his band sometimes sound terribly cluttered due to the profusion of various players on stage at the same time — twelve-piece reggae bands can sometimes become unwieldy. But that does not apply to this regal, brassy 12-incher, largely just the man himself with his trombone, though sidekick trumpeter Dick Cuthell seems to be lurking somewhere in the background, piping up impressively from time to time. The cut, however, does veer on the long side. Judicious editing would make for a prime 45.

FRANK WILSON: Do I Love You (Indeed I Do) (Tamla Motown). Back in the early and mid '70s groups of strange men in V-neck jumpers and four-button high-waisted baggy trousers (Dutch pocket and pleats optional) could be seen shedding a bit of joy into what were basically grim, dark days by performing razor-sharp acts of athleticism and gymnastics to records like this. You remember backflips and the footsie don'tcha?

This, allegedly, is a record the North of England has been waiting two years for. Originally set for release by the Detroit label in 1965 but inexplicably withdrawn at the last minute, this slice of northern soul stomping magic is now properly available — only a handful of copies escaped last time. It's re-release won't be good news to the collector who supposedly paid £500 for a copy recently, but for the rest of us it is a treat. It's a sad reflection on the current state of business that the two best Motown records I've come across in recent months are this and Barbara Randolph's re-released 'I Got A Feeling'; both are over 12 years old.

Play them next to the latest Secret Affair single and cry.

IAN HUNTER: Cleveland Rocks (Chrysalis). *"All the little chicks with the crimson lips go Cleveland rocks! / Living in sin with a safety pin goin' Cleveland rocks!"* Yeah, Ian, right on, er, man. Just try telling that one to David Thomas next time you visit Ohio.

THE CURE: Jumping Someone Else's Train (Fiction).
CULT HERO: I'm A Cult Hero (Fiction). Two new Cure singles on the same label in one week, showing just how much the band have come on in the past year. I mean, it's a long way from the Laker's Hotel, Redhill, to Hammersmith Odeon with the Banshees.

The sardonic attack on fads, 'Jumping Someone Else's Train', lacks the compassion that distinguished 'Boys Don't Cry' and there are hints that the formula is wearing a little thin, but it's the best of their new songs. 'Cult Hero' is a bit of discofied studio nonsense concocted by the group and a drinking buddy that should never have seen the light of day.

However, I await the impending addition of an organist with interest — it should give them the fuller sound they need. And surely sooner or later, whether it be with The Cure, Passions or Purple Hearts, Fiction are going to have a hit.

LOW NUMBERS: Keeping In Touch (Warner Bros). Well-known Hersham celebrity square Jimmy Pursey's latest attempt at playing record producer and one of the best new mod singles to date. Unlike the parka-clad pack, The Low Numbers are aware of the virtues of trying to transcend the obvious Jam / Small Faces / Who starting block and have come up with an excellent single, taking a wry poke at the fashion whirl in the process. Check it out pronto, Tonto.

THE TEENBEATS: Strength Of The Nation (Safari). Not so Brighton's Teenbeats who, with the mod vinyl deluge now in full flow, follow up their carbon cover of 'I Can't Control Myself' with the latest slavish mod call-to-arms. The Teenbeats are still worth catching live, but as far as empty anthems are concerned, you can count me out from now on.

SPELLING MISSTEAKS: Popstar EP (Stortbeat). The Spelling Missteaks are witty and enthusiastic enough but the messy production does them a grave disservice. Nonetheless, the extremely active Stortbeat label is far and away the best thing to come out of the godforsaken rathole of Harlow new town, with the obvious exception of Glenn Hoddle, since they built the place.

TRAX: Home EP (Lonely).
FUN FOUR: Singing In The Showers (NMC). The pervasive influence of The Skids' raucous cut-and-thrust finds voice in these two bands of melancholy soldiers from north of the border, and not for the first time, either. It's the guitar sound that has it — a wild hybrid of Buzzcocks and the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, if you get my drift. Two fine singles from Glasgow (Fun Four) and Dunfirmline (Trax) respectively.

ALTON ELLIS: La-La Means I Love You (DEB). As sweet-voiced sentimental reggae balladeers go, they don't come much sweeter and sentimental — or, for that matter, much older — than Alton Ellis. Here, he updates his cover of the old Delfonics hit. If you're in the mood for this sort of stuff, I can suggest nothing better than Alton, though the new version, replete with syndrum saturation and disco / reggae backing track, has nothing on the man's original Treasure Island rock-steady cut of the same song.

TRUE CONFESSIONS: Give Him A Great Big Kiss (Bomb import). Putrid Canuck re-hash of trashy '60s pop classic, done midway between Snatch and The Flying Lizards, and only part-saved by the great question-and-answer line *"I hear he's pretty bad . . . . 'Uh, well, he's GOOD-bad, but he ain't evil!' "*

POINTER SISTERS: All Your Love (Planet). Phew! Talk about reinforcing sexual stereotypes! *"Come on Daddy / Love me Big Daddy / Show me what I need to know / Let your little love light go!"* croon the sisters Pointer over a heavy boogie riff so leaden that even The Atlanta Rhythm Section would have written it off as a bad job. The Pointers should have stuck to rehashing the '20s (or was it the '30s?). At least they did that with a bit of style.

SONIA JONES: Brian (Warner Bros). Records of the book of the film never live up to expectations and the Python team are no exception. No doubt this lament will go down a treat with the bearded, bedenimed slightly whacky university types who see fit to murmur things like "Lemon Curry?" into their real ale. The rest of us lesser mortals will have to be satisfied with the film.

Arturo the man with the lead guitar in Pinpoint. The amp is a Vox AC30 Combo. One of them plays through the other and there's no prizes for guessing which

Anyway our story starts at the Nashville in October. We decided that as Arturo needed an amp and we had one spare maybe it'd be an idea if the two of them got together. So we pitched up at the Nashville with an AC30 and a couple of Escort rehearsal amps.

Pinpoint were a little bit magic and Arturo said I like the amp and we said keep it and give us some nice things to say about it in an ad and he thought for a bit and then said OK because it's not so bad really which was roughly when we switched on the tape recorder which we left running.

Arturo's amp. A love story.

...the first guitar I ever owned was a Vox Clubman... cost me seven pounds and it had a socket like a television aerial. It was ridiculous really... my brother played in groups years ago... taught me three chords and it just went from there...

What other gear... did I have? All sorts. A real mish mash... for a long time though I've had my eye on an AC30... preferably an old one although when I've played the new ones there really isn't that much difference...

well they haven't changed it in fifteen years... No it's the same circuitry...

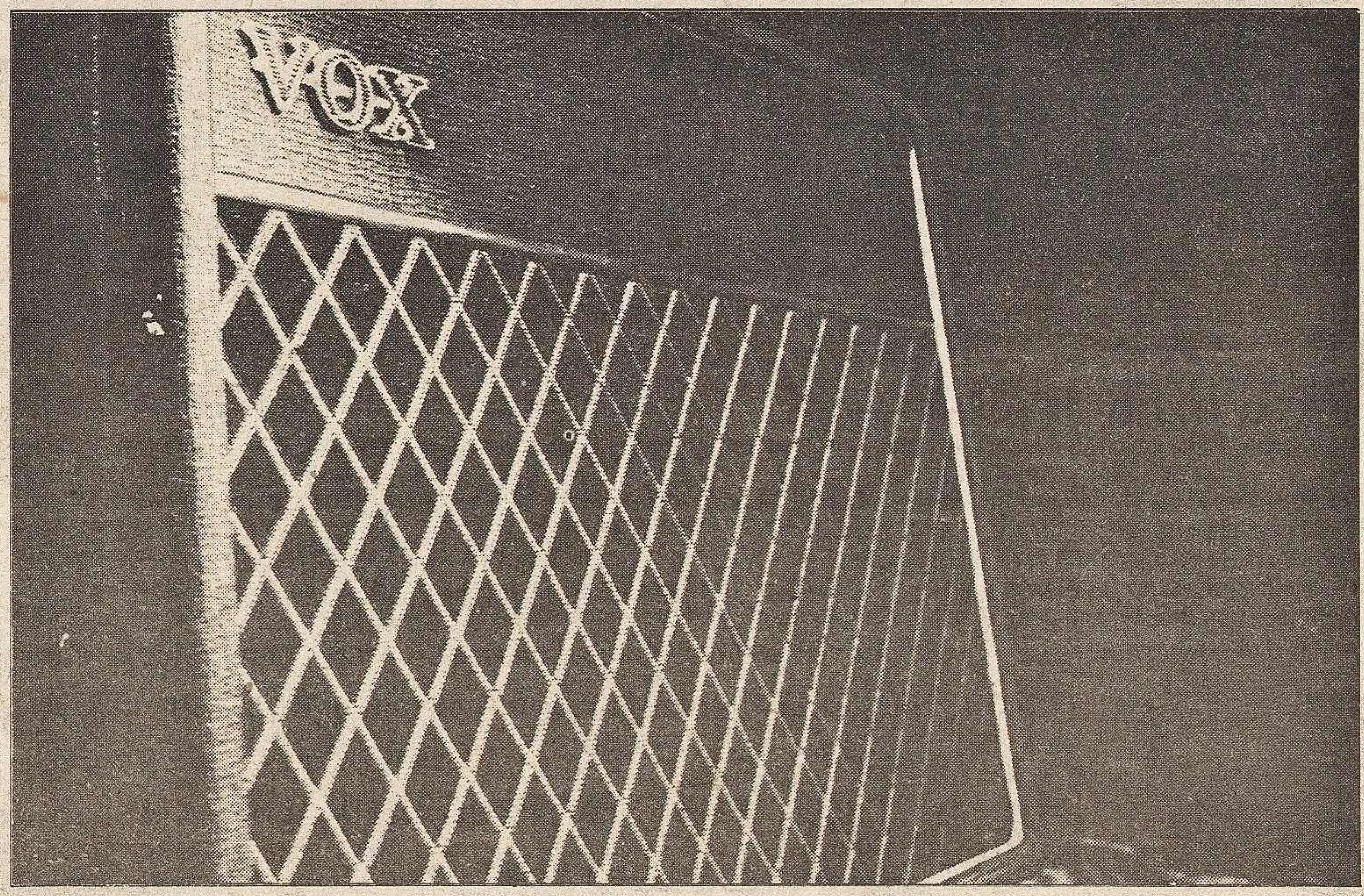
all that's missing is a few kick marks... no well it'll get like that after a few gigs now I'm using it...

was that the first time you'd set up with it..? yeah... yeah it was... I was really pleased with the sound... really punchy... I use a Gretsch Roc Jet which is really an old guitar as well and it sounds really good... I think too many people are using the same guitar and amp setup and the sound is too similar in a lot of groups... the thing about an AC30 as well is that it's small... you don't get as much spread so the vocal mike and the drum mike don't pick up as much... the overall sound's not as mushy as it used to be...

how do you find working in the studio?... depends on the producer... you can hear every single beat... every single note... the first time you're in a studio is the first time you really hear yourself... there's no way though you can sound as raw in a studio as you do live... no way...*

what's the most frustrating thing about playing live... touring?... getting to a gig at five and not going on stage 'til midnight... and having to kill time in a town you don't know with no money... most of mine goes on the motorway services... eating sometimes and playing Space Invaders...

when you were doing the tour with the Members did you have any hassles?... None at all... we had a really great time... I think that the people who you do get like that... they think you don't deserve a soundcheck or whatever... have something seriously wrong with them... it's silly... everyone's a support band sometime....



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FROM THE ALBUM
Skids: Days in Europa

No one's gonna pull the wool over these boys' eyes

Life is just a series of misunderstandings

Punishment of Noyer by Paul du Punilux

Brian and Jimi do what all rockstars do in hotel rooms. Don't they? Pic: Chris Horler.

IF YOU got a 'message', sneered Telegram Sam Goldwyn, then use Western Union. Stuff the others and all their high-falutin' notions; Sam's films were gonna be Entertainment, strictly and nothing but.

If you want to keep the plebs in their place, said someone else, then treat them like you'd grown mushrooms — kept in the dark and fed on bullshit.

And thirdly: "We could just sing about the personal things, like love and relationships and stuff, but in the end, y'know, everything that's personal is tied up with everything that's around it, the whole society and that. I know it's two levels, but it wouldn't be honest for us to try and separate them." It was Nev from Punilux who said that.

Of course, some people would tell you that Nev and his fellows do talk a lot of cobblers anyway (you know, more songs about robots and police-states, this-ism, that-ism, ho-hum and yawn). Whereas others don't even know what they're on about at all. Against such sheer wrong-headedness must your average non-bland experimental uneasy-listening and socially-aware working band labour almost daily.

Being misunderstood is only one of the punishments of being the Punishment Of Luxury. This article could well be another.

Punilux are four distinct individuals — and will soon be five, after the return of co-founder Mal to give them extra guitar strength — called Brian Bond (keyboards, voice and visuals), Nevilluxury (guitar), Jimi Giro (bass) and the most recent recruitment, Steve Sekrit (drums). They're Geordie in origin, theatrical by background and committed in outlook. They also made one of the best albums of this year, called 'Laughing Academy', and they've just been on tour to promote it. We caught them at it in Shrewsbury, but their troubles didn't end there.

Like Las Vegas, Shrewsbury is a bad place to run out of luck. But it's here we find them, straight after an acrimonious split from their management, almost out of money and about to find out that their Polymoog, crucial to the group's sound, will pack in halfway through the soundcheck. As they can't tamper with the thing for fear of voiding its guarantee, and because Polymoog hirers are thin on the ground in Shrewsbury after six o'clock, the set's best songs will have to be dropped.

All in all, it was to be that kind of a night. You don't go to the Cascade club, Shrewsbury, because it happens to be Punilux on this Wednesday. You go because it's the place you always go, the only place, where you can hang out and dance to the DJ and all the rest of that teenage stuff. Two-tone ska and mod seem much favoured by the current clientele. Of all the matters in hand at those shadowed tables, in the darkness which surrounds the blue-white glare of the dance-floor, the political nightmares and satires and psycho-dramas of Punishment Of Luxury don't figure all that highly.

True, the band's *noise* acquitted itself honourably enough, with its urgency and imagination and skillfully-contrived sense of panic, drawing the curious closer. But still you were left wondering if anyone saw much more in them than good rock'n'roll and strange costumes. Punilux are open propagandists, which isn't a dirty or deceitful thing to be, and yet nobody throws bottles at them; somehow this suggests that they're not really getting their points across.

WHEN Punishment Of Luxury (the name is taken from a strange and enigmatic old painting in Liverpool's Walker Art Gallery; its stern and moralistic overtones aren't entirely accidental) first came together, all long-standing musicians of similar mind and shared involvement with local theatre, they saw it was the spirit of punk that currently stalked the land.

"Where we started," as Bond recollects, "at a pub called the Bluebell in Gateshead, everything was very polarised. You either had to be punk or you had to be completely different. It seemed like there was no point in between."

So Punilux set out to create one, in its way even more extreme. Nevilluxury continues:

"It would have been easier for us all to wear black, to do the punk thing, 'cos everyone used to shout all the time for punk, y'know, and the temptation was just to go bang-bang-bang, and they would have loved it. But we wanted to try and get a bit more rawness, a bit more wildness into it — like, to 'do their heads in', if you see what I mean, to the best of our abilities so that they are *cleansed* in a way, even prepared to kick my teeth in — to evoke some sort of change, to *force* it if possible, even if it forces back at me. I'm a magnet for it."

Now even with his impenetrable north-east accent (so impenetrable that all quotations in this piece are approximate), Nev reminds you of nothing so much as a mild-mannered school teacher, albeit one given to bouts of intensity and radical earnestness. His matter-of-fact attitude to the very edges of extremity seems all the more unsettling.

Brian Bond's no great believer in cosiness, either; he fixes you with a discomforting stare and speaks in the kind of clinically clipped tones which always seem to hint at some suppressed derangement: "The people from the record companies have a very interesting term for anything which isn't safe and normal — they like to say that it's 'left-field'." He mimes a small shudder of revulsion. "I think that's a very revealing phrase in terms of the way they see things. It's out to the left and best avoided.

"It seems there's this enormous blanding process at work everywhere, just as in music you're under pressure to tone things down, to make them acceptable. It's like, the more softly they can train Margaret Thatcher to speak, the easier it will be to push through these cuts, all the repression. People will accept that more easily."

The Punilux stratagem of artistic extremism may yet prove ineffectual — and critical reactions have tended to extreme themselves where Punilux are concerned — but their work's too intelligent to fall into the trap of crassness.

AND THEN they climb into a minibus, drive across the miles to a glitzy disco club in Chesterfield where they will go through it all again.

"Those fuckin' smoothie disco

■ *Continues over*

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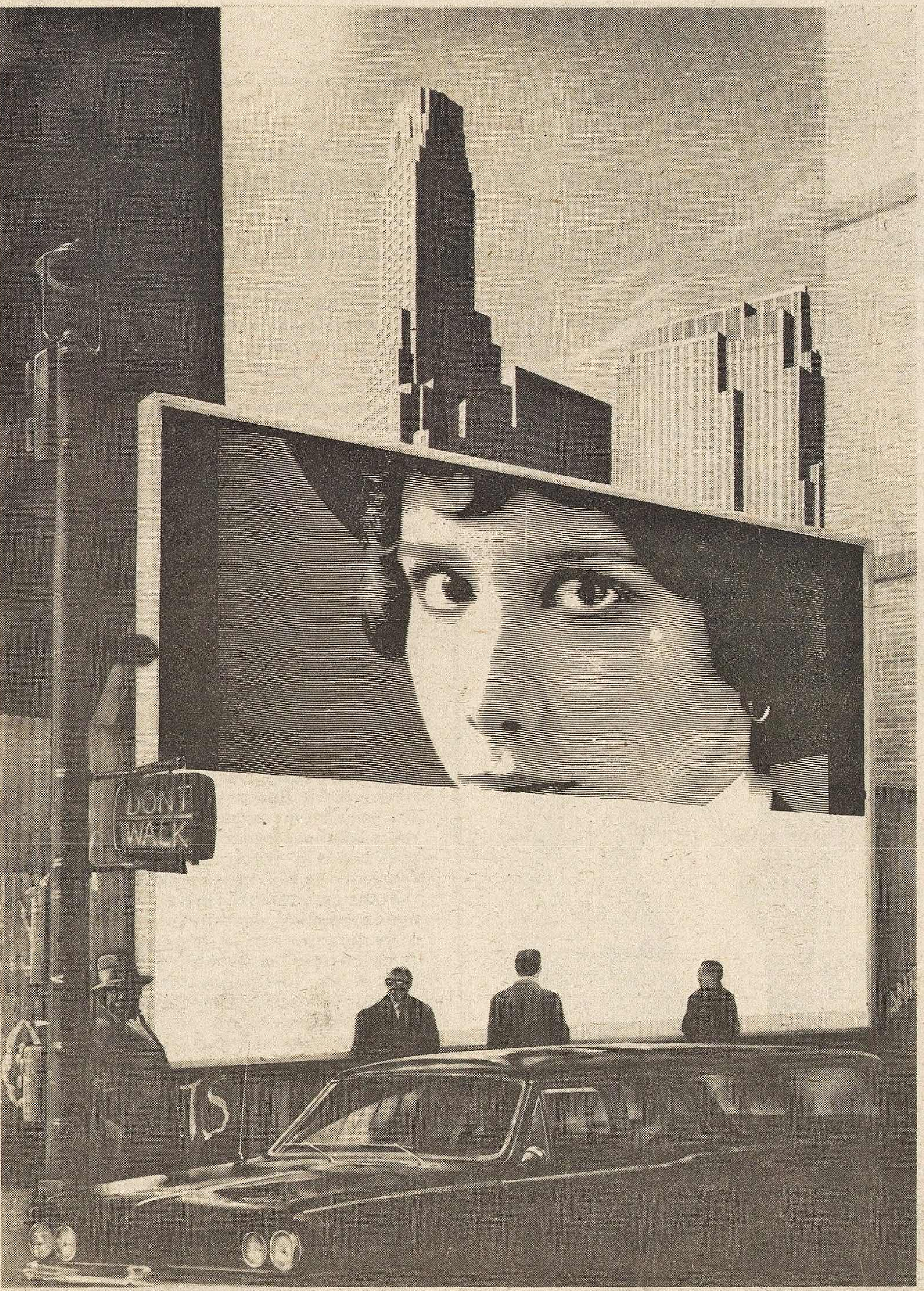

MORE PUNISHMENT

■ *From previous page*

kids," thinks Jimi Giro with bitterness, "who just go round thinking they're so hard, they'll always pick on somebody different, like gays." Giro is very much the earthy element in Punilux, less inclined to theory than to specifics, though no less passionate.

"As soon as I look at them I know what they're feeling. They just radiate hate; I can't stand them . . . I got my face kicked in one night for lookin' at this lass what I know and I said 'Hi' and her lad comes over — a big fuckin' six-foot beast — and BAAM! They don't know their own minds.

"It's gonna be the same with the mods: 'Mods and rockers'. Hate just comes in and they'll beat each other up and someone'll die, just for a silly trend what goes to their fuckin' heads."

Divide and rule, distract and pacify . . . these are the themes that preoccupy a lot of Punilux work, songs like 'Pouf', 'All White Jack', 'British Baboon' and 'Babalon'. And even though they're quick to say that music is more than a mere vehicle for them, that it's the central concern they all share, messages are very important to them; hence their extensive use in the past of theatricality. This hasn't always been successful. 'Pouf', for example, often went wrong as Nev explains: "It's a good song, but with a lousy PA — and we always had a lousy PA — people cannot hear the fuckin' words, and they think it's putting down gays. We had a lot of really reactionary people coming to gigs and calling for it, and that wasn't what we wanted. So we dropped it."

Brian: "People would come down and say 'Aa, let's hear 'Pouf'' and just chant along, singalongapouf. They completely misunderstood." And at one university gig "as a larger introduction than usual I said 'If there's one thing I hate more than dagoes, blacks and jews...' and the President of the Union came storming up after and said, 'D'you realise that three black people walked out?' "

Or then there's 'Obsession'. On record it's a chilling and perfectly executed drama, re-enacting the disordered frenzies inside the mind of a psychopath. But on stage: "That used to be more theatrical in the early days in that each time we did it there had to be a victim. We'd either use a dummy or else we'd take a girl from the audience. They reacted very strangely ..."

I do believe he doesn't quite see why.

"It was me attacking this dummy or girl, covering her in a cloth, and then a vigilante would come up behind me, to a chant of 'castrate rapist' and, er, we used to have this sausage, with tomato ketchup on it, we used to hold it up—"

"Was this sausage cooked?" asks photographer Chris Horler. It was uncooked, for added realism.

"But *then* everyone came to see us just for the rape scene in 'Obsession', so we got that problem. People were asking for it with a horrible look in their eyes.

"It was too comic, you see."

You don't say, Brian?

"Throwing this sausage out into the audience, and the audience throwing the sausage back again — any possible seriousness we wantec to get across in the song was destroyed instantly. Five minutes of build-up, just blasted through."

Visuals remain important to Punilux but, wisely perhaps, future emphasis will switch to letting the songs speak for themselves.

AT CHESTERFIELD Fusion club the band receive their ultimate accolade — when one youth turns up and dances through the set in his very own home-knitted Punilux hood. Earlier, as I'd worried about this excellent group not really getting through to an audience, this wasn't quite the kind of success I'd had in mind. But I suppose it's preferable to the only other brand of success they've encountered in the past, namely of enraging spectators to the point of violent hostility.

I thought Jimi Giro explained it best. "Really, we're just dreaming. It's just like a dream. I go to bed and I canna' dream 'cos I've dreamed it all during the day!"

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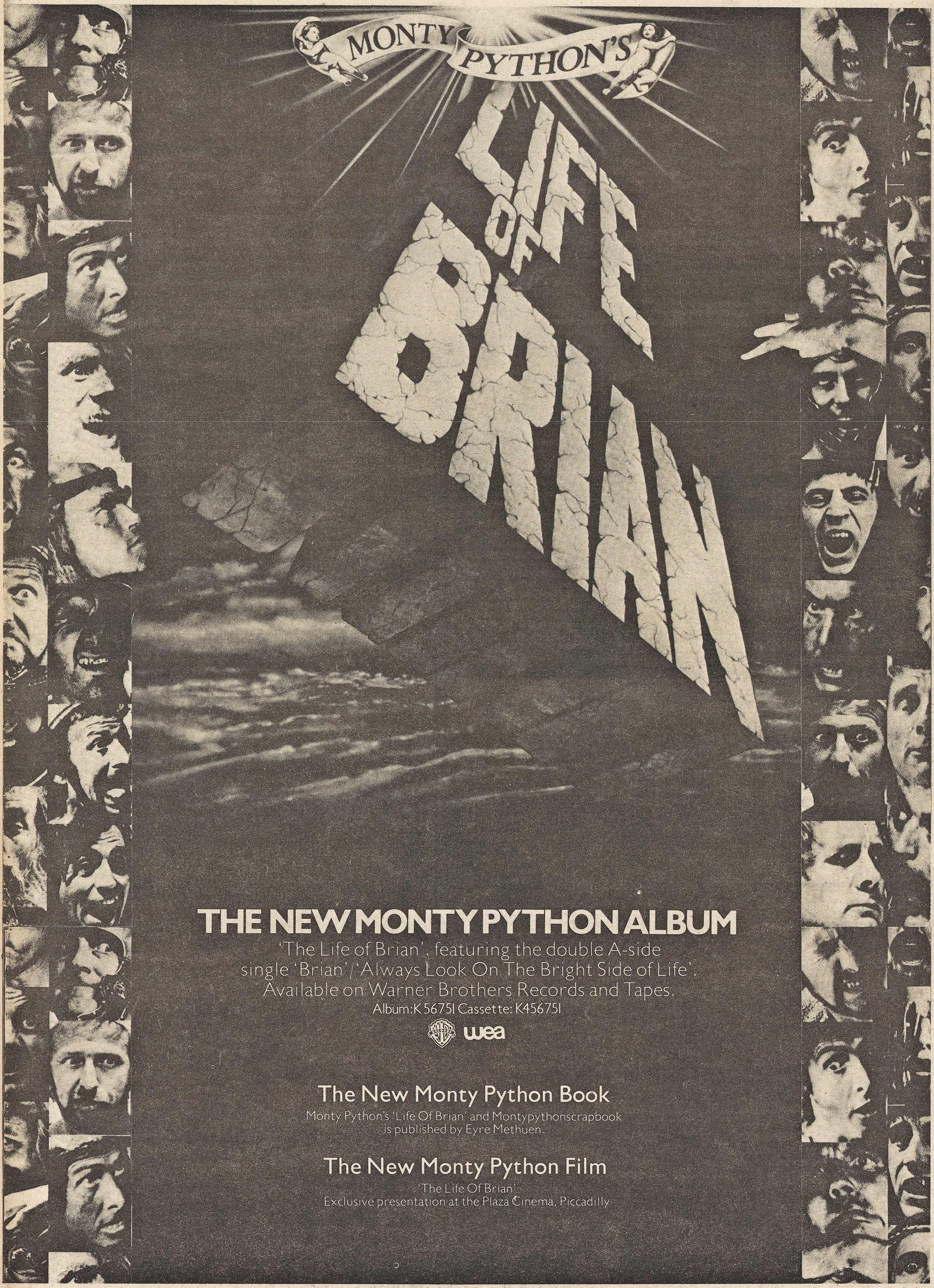
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Silver Screen

The loneliness of the all-nite writer

"You write a part and it reminds you of you — so you might as well play it yourself."
— NEVILLE SMITH

NEVILLE SMITH, in a voice which does nothing to belie his Liverpool-Irish origins, is telling me what's wrong with British television. Particularly a Sunday night series called *Shoestring.* That really gets up his nose.

Eight years ago, Smith wrote *Gumshoe,* an Albert Finney detective homage that knew what it was on about. It even had those original green-covered Penguin crime thrillers in it. It's generally considered to be one of the very best British films of the '70s.

And now along comes *Shoestring,* with a hero called Eddie (just like Finney) who's undergone psychiatric treatment (just like Eddie).

"I'm tired of being associated with it," he says, angrily pointing at nothing in particular. "Show me a character called Shoestring in the telephone directory and I'll believe there's someone called Shoestring. I'm sorry, I don't believe it. There are some ideas that sound good at three o'clock in the morning when you're drunk that shouldn't reach paper, never mind film, and *Shoestring* is one of them."

Have you seen it, Neville?

"No, I'm down the boozer. I'm not sitting still for someone called Shoestring, whatever the quality."

Sometimes he sounds dead dogmatic, does Neville, but that's just his biting Scouse delivery. Really, this 39-year-old actor-writer is pragmatic as hell.

"What's sad about British television is that the best things on it are American — *M.A.S.H., Rhoda, The Rockford Files.* Thank God ITV is back, we've got *Lou Grant* again. W Stephen Gilbert said that the three greatest lies are 'The cheque's in the post, I won't come in your mouth, and British television is the best in the world.' When American television is good — like *Rockford* and *Lou Grant* — we don't approach that standard. We make better crap than they make, but they make better good stuff."

Exempt from Smith's general criticism-comparison are what he calls the 'one-offs' like *Play For Today,* "which we do very well."

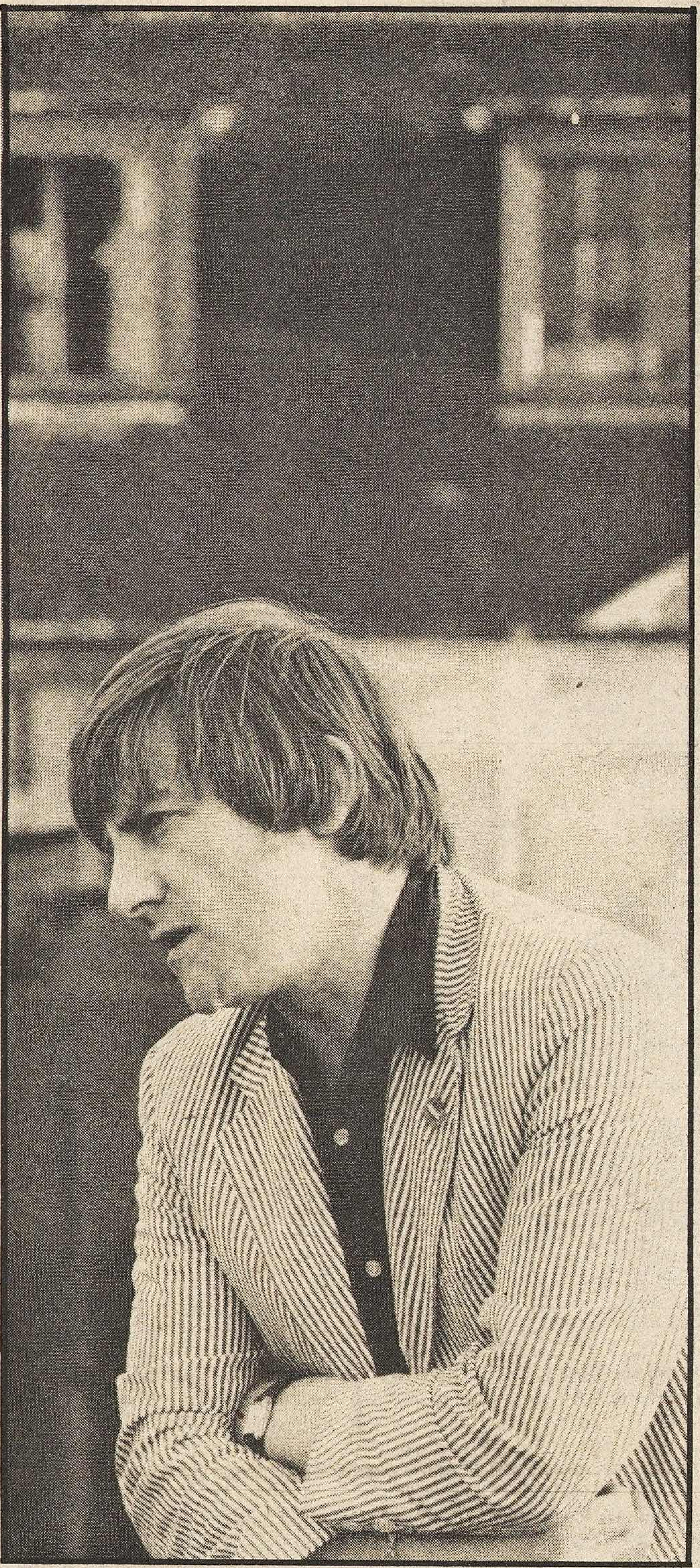
Well, *he* certainly does. Most recently he wrote and acted in *Long Distance Information,* a funny-sad little film (the 'little' is not derogatory) about an Elvis freak who runs a radio phone-in show on the King: "I waited around for a decent tribute and none came. I thought someone ought to do one."

Like *Gumshoe,* it was directed by Stephen Frears, who also worked on Smith's *Match Of The Day.* Ken Loach directed two other Smith TV films, *The Golden Vision* and *Once In A Lifetime.*

Invariably, his work is distinguished by its 'realness', an ability to make fascinating something basically mundane and to be simultaneously amusing and affecting. Alan Bennett has that, too, in a different, more directly humorous way. It's a rare gift, and one which is criminally under-used by our so-called film industry.

How come, for instance, the writer and the director of *Gumshoe* have yet to make another feature film (as distinct from their TV work)?

"I don't know," he says. But he does really. "It's not that I didn't get offered work. I wrote them, but they never got made. After *Gumshoe* I wrote a western that never got made. Robert Benton *(Bonnie And Clyde, The Late Show)*



Neville Smith, actor, writer and all-round good guy.
Pic: Tom Sheehan

told me that out of 15 films he and David Newman wrote, five got made. And they're terrific writers — a third got made.

"You either get offered re-writes or things that no sane person would dream of accepting. Not because you're snotty about what you do, but because you *know* it isn't you. I was offered to write for Linda Lovelace. As long as I portrayed her talent, I could write what I liked. I mean . . . it's a joke. The last thing I got offered was a Joan Collins movie. To write it. Well . . ."

He chokes back a half-laugh, shrugs and mouths the word 'silence'. He says he's now so underwhelmed by offers he's going to Denmark for a while to teach film: "I don't want to teach film, I want to make film. But I've got to keep the family going."

He chooses the words 'make film' deliberately because although primarily a screenwriter, Smith is well aware of the collaborative nature of film-making and he's incensed by what he considers to be the undue importance placed on the director's part in the process. An intermittent believer in the auteur theory (Director = God), I accept the bait. Taking a flick at random, what about John Ford's *The Searchers,* I say. That's a John Ford film, isn't it?

"It's a Frank S. Nugent film," he says, emphatically. "No, really it's a Ford-Nugent film. *Gumshoe* is a Smith-Frears-Finney film."

The books will credit Frears.

"No, I'm right, you're wrong. It's not history, it's stupid critics. *Long Distance* is a Smith-Frears-Richard Eyre-Nat Crosby film. It's *all* about collaboration. It's not about auteurs, that's absolutely — "

What about Hitchcock, then? Who wrote his bloody films?

"Ernest Lehman — "

But who remembers him?

"The fact that you can't remember who wrote Hitchcock's films is not the screenwriter's fault, it's the film books'.

"Until you show me a director who also writes, produces, edits and scores his film and then does the publicity for it, then there's no such thing as an auteur."

Publicity aside, Chaplin did all that.

"Ah, but the important thing is in the writing, isn't it? Chaplin *wrote* it. The people who invented the auteur theory were the French and because they couldn't understand the dialogue, only the pictures, they credited the director. Very interesting this, because they think a screenwriter only writes dialogue. The best screenwriters write pictures, too.

"It makes me so angry because film is the one medium where a collaboration takes place. But because journalists, like everyone else, need heroes, someone has to be singled out and that's the director. There's an old gag about the guy driving in Bel Air and he says 'Oh, there's Otto Preminger's house . . . or is it a house by Otto Preminger?' You know, these guys not only claim authorship, they claim ownership, which is worse. It's pathetic.

"You can fuck up a good script but you can't make a good film out of a bad script. Have you ever noticed that if a director, a darling of the auteurs, makes a bad film, the critics say 'What a pity he had such poor material'. They never say 'What a pity the writer had such a shit for a director'.

"A lot of writers in Hollywood have become producers, like Robert Towne *(Chinatown, The Last Detail),* to protect their material. The director always works in company, the writer alone. And that's why I feel sorry for writers when they're least credited."

Neville Smith, though, is in a unique position to protect his work because not only is he an actor — a good one, too, as anyone who saw Alan Bennett's *Me! I'm Afraid Of Virginia Woolf* will know — but he works only with people he respects, like Frears and Loach.

He started TV acting as the perennial tearaway in plastic jacket in things like *Coronation Street, Emergency Ward 10* and *Z Cars.* He thought he could write stuff at least as good, so he put pen to paper: "And you write a part and it reminds you of you, so you might as well play it yourself."

And all he wants is a bit of respect for the hard graft that goes into writing.

"It's the job everyone can do, right? Everybody thinks they can be a writer. 'Hey, this is a great line for you'. It's like people go up to comedians and say 'There's these two dykes in a khazi sucking off a monkey . . .' And they tell him the most outrageously filthy joke and say 'Just clean it up a bit and you can use it.' I mean . . ."

He laughs and then furrows that beat-up brow. "I'd love to meet directors who are told 'Here's a lovely shot you can use'. I really would."

Monty Smith

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Zulu Dawn

Directed by Douglas Hickox
Starring Burt Lancaster, Peter O'Toole and Simon Ward
(Tedderwick)

NOT that I saw it, mind, but Cy Endfield's extravaganza *Zulu*, an eye-boggling rendition of the 1879 Battle of Rorke's Drift, was — by all accounts — a bit of a stunner. Remember this was back in '64, it then being deemed a worthy pursuit to stretch cast, budget, sentiment (and credibility) to the very limits of 'Epic' technical excess.

That Douglas Hickox sees fit in '79 to set up location in Africa, with a payroll the length of The Transvaal, and record further sepia-tinted footage of massed scurrying hordes of token natives clumping their hoary, feather-bound feet, waving riffy-looking zebra-skin shields and whooping it up like a troop of 'lunched' gibbons, proves he assumes — and quite correctly — that there's still a section of the populace genuinely gormless enough to find such a spectacle impressive.

Here's this drift: playing loosely on White Man's current guilt-conscience as regards the exploitation of The Native (Aborigines, American Indians, etc.,) it's an irksome saga of the failed march of arrogant Imperialism over ethnic perogative, a ham-fisted portrait of the heinous injustice both within Victorian martial hierarchy, and in Disraeli's whole political invective. They're British, and it's a *damn* disgrace.

It's viewed lamely through the eyes of every standard 'epic' component, the Big Names here being the gaunt, soulless general (Peter O'Toole, wasted) the grizzled old war-dog (Burt Lancaster, fatuous) and the humanitarian, upper-class berk (Simon Ward, nauseous), some of whom are to suffer a fair lambasting when showers of tribal spears leave them looking like so many hedgehogs.

And not before time, I might add.

Mark Ellen

Sybil: Sally Field does her Jack Nicholson impression.

Sybil

Directed by Daniel Petrie
Starring Joanne Woodward, Sally Field and Brad Davis
(Barber Dann)

COMPLETED about four years ago for American television *Sybil* concerns the same case of multiple personality that formed the basis of the script for an earlier film, *The Three Faces Of Eve*, with two significant differences.

An ironic sense of casting has Joanne Woodward, who played Eve in the original, portraying the psychiatrist in this movie, while the producers feel that a contemporary audience is now prepared to accept the fact of many more personalities than the first example. According to the records, a total of sixteen personalities were involved although in this heavily cut feature we only witness seven or eight.

"One of the most exciting, horrific yet profound and tender films of the decade" exalts the press handout with typical hyperbole, and it is interesting that such a flawed film still manages to pack a fairly powerful punch.

On the debit side, the mere fact of cutting a TV two parter of about 200 minutes down to feature length of near 130 creates gaping chasms in an already complex narrative. At one point during the dialogue, for example, Sybil reveals that not all of her alternative characters are female: a fact that screams for further investigation, yet ultimately becomes a red herring due to the exigencies of extreme editing. And the decision to cast Joanne Woodward as the psychiatrist was, in retrospect, a terrible mistake. She brings to the role a depth similar to that achieved by Julie Andrews in *Mary Poppins*.

On the credit side, however, there is enough to render the movie more than watchable, and right at the top of the list is Sally Field's performance as Sybil herself. She is ugly, beautiful, pathetic, strong and mysterious in turn and quite simply confirms her position as one of the most sensitive and gifted American actresses of her generation. Laurels too for Brad Davis as the guy next door and Jane Hoffman in the supremely disturbing role of Sybil's mother.

Daniel Petrie opts, rightly I think, for a thriller/horror construction reminiscent of Hitchcock's approach to *Marnie* which it closely resembles as each succeeding revelation becomes even more appalling and cathartic.

The final flashback is truly not for the over-sensitive. The overall effect is lessened unfortunately by the frequent lapses into sentimentality and the total falls short of the cohesive weight carried by, say, *The Miracle Worker*. There is a telling moment between Woodward and her psychiatric guru, Dr. Lazarus, who on hearing the facts of the case warns her protegee, "Don't fall in love with her illness." I would suggest that with unintentional irony the film does just that.

Neil Norman

On The Box

NME's guide to television films

Friday, November 16
EAST OF EDEN: Elia Kazan's overwrought version of the John Steinbeck potboiler made an overnight star of one James Dean back in 1954. Still, by virtue of his seemingly inexhaustible repertoire of incoherent sub-Brando histrionics, Dean was apparently able to goad Raymond Massey into a magnificent performance as the crusty old patriarch. Also notable for a grimace-inducing study of pubescent sexuality by Julie Harris in her famous twee period. No one ever remembers who played Dean's goody-goody brother. **(BBC-2).**

Saturday, November 17
TEXAS CARNIVAL: Not exactly *Dallas* with songs, but if it's raining outside and you can't stomach another *Grandstand* you could do worse that tune in to laugh at Howard Keel and Esther Williams in this ludicrous 1951 Charles Walters musical western. **(BBC-2).**

Sunday, November 18
DAWN PATROL: Not many people know this, but Errol Flynn won the First World War for us as well. Here he's a hell-raising (but of course) RFC pilot who sobers up (unlikely, this) when he's promoted. His old mate David Niven is on hand, too, under the direction of Edmund Goulding (1938). **(BBC-1).**

JUGGERNAUT: More stiff upper lips in Dick Lester's peculiar 1974 thriller as explosive devices are bandied about an already-depleted ocean liner. Keeping the quivers at bay are Richard Harris, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins and, as the alcoholic captain, Omar 'Whatever Happened To' Sharif. Roy Kinnear's good. **(BBC-1).**

THE DEATH OF RITCHIE: Bobby Benson as a young junkie in Paul Wendkos' laugh-a-minute 1976 TV movie. Dad (Ben Gazzara) is too busy to deal with his son's addiction so guess what happens in the end. The title's a big clue. **(ITV London only).**

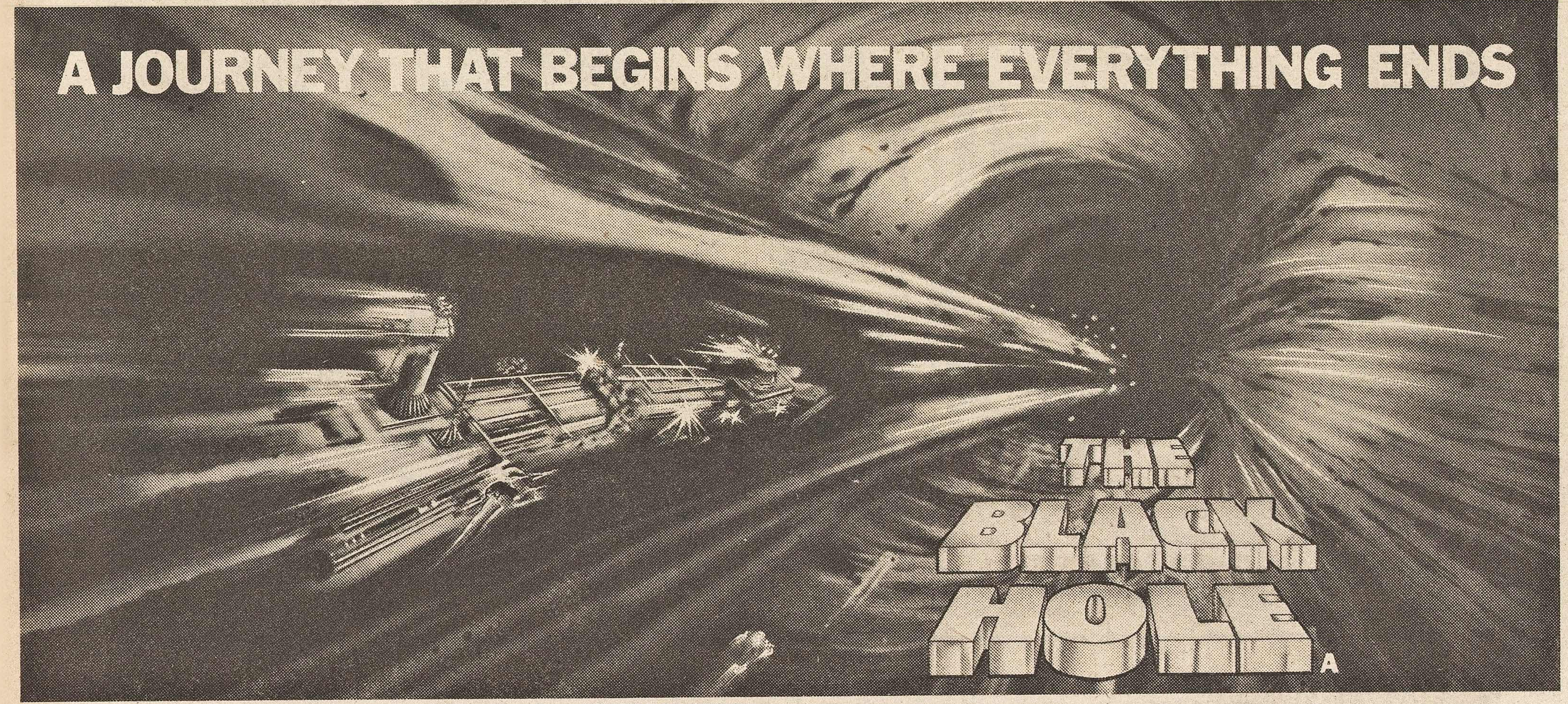
Monday, November 19
ANY OLD PORT: Thank you, Beeb programmers, for putting on this series of Laurel and Hardy two-reelers at tea-time when lots of us are doing a bit of honest graft. Others this week: *Below Zero* (Tuesday), *Come Clean* (Wednesday), *Busy Bodies* (Thursday) and the truly classic *The Chimp* (Friday). **(BBC-2).**

Tuesday, November 20
THE DOUBLE MAN: Curiously flat Franklin *Planet Of The Apes* Schaffner spy thriller, made in 1967 when this sort of thing was all the rage. And Yul Brynner and Britt Ekland do make an unlikely couple. **(BBC-1).**

DESPERATE WOMEN: Dan Haggerty and Susan Saint James lost in a desert which appears to be populated entirely by misfits and marauders. And a few dead Injuns. **(ITV all regions).**

Thursday, November 22
SPARE A COPPER: After their fine Ealing Studio series, the Beeb bounces back with — wait for it — a George Formby season. Groan. Don't hold your breath till the first laugh comes in this 1941 'comedy'. **(BBC-2).**

A JOURNEY THAT BEGINS WHERE EVERYTHING ENDS



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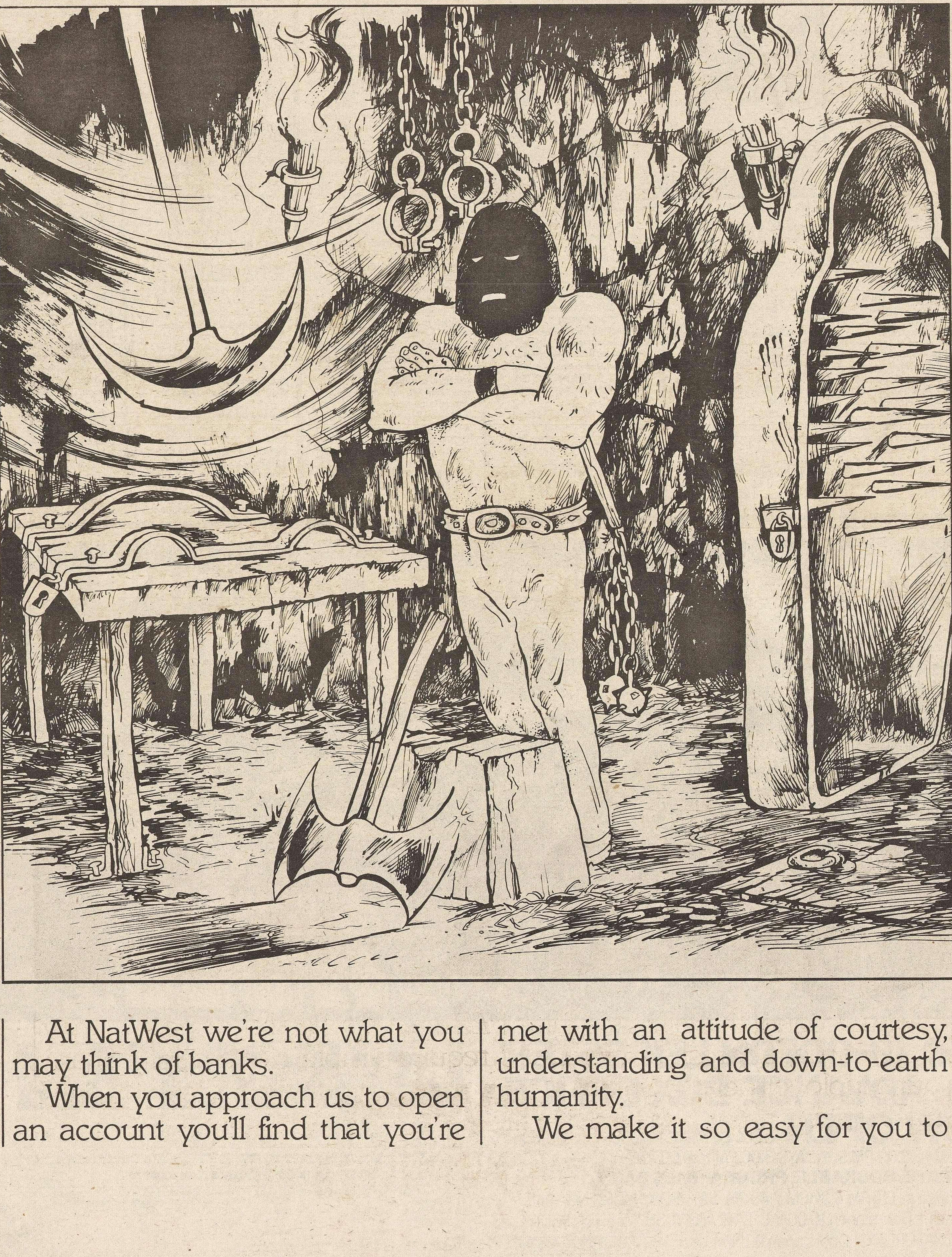

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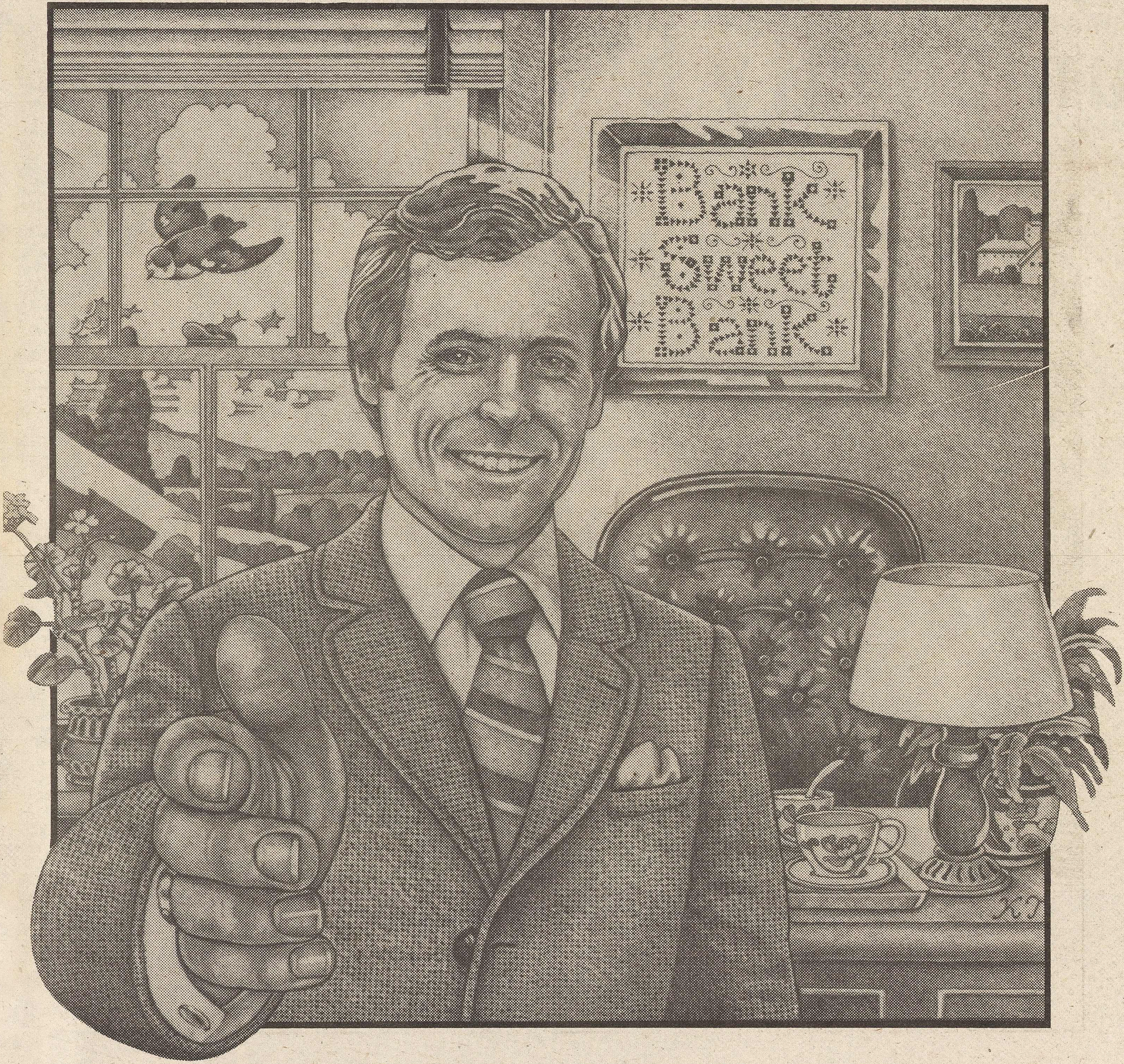

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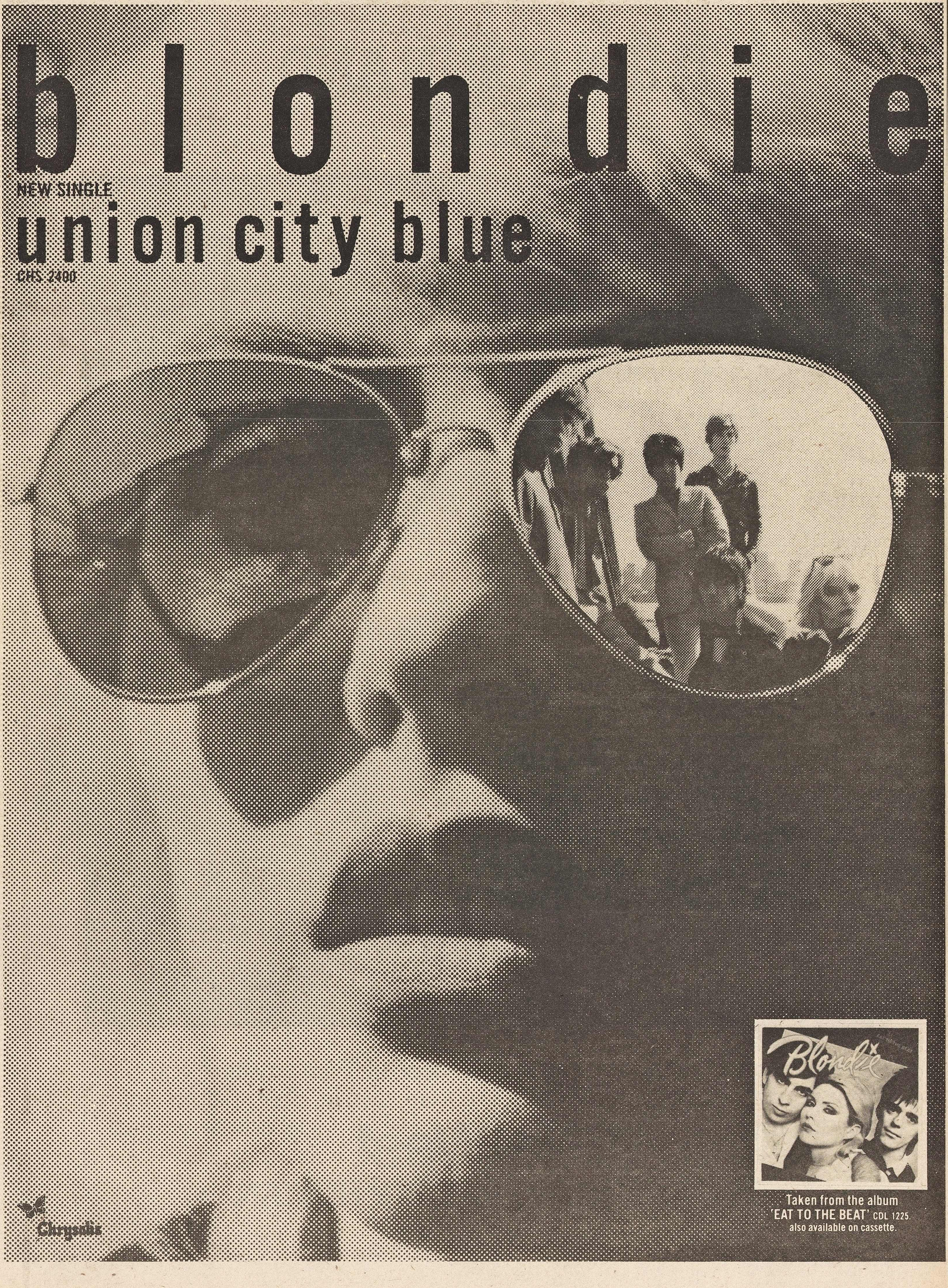
blondie
NEW SINGLE
union city blue
CHS 2400
Blondie
Taken from the album
'EAT TO THE BEAT' CDL 1225.
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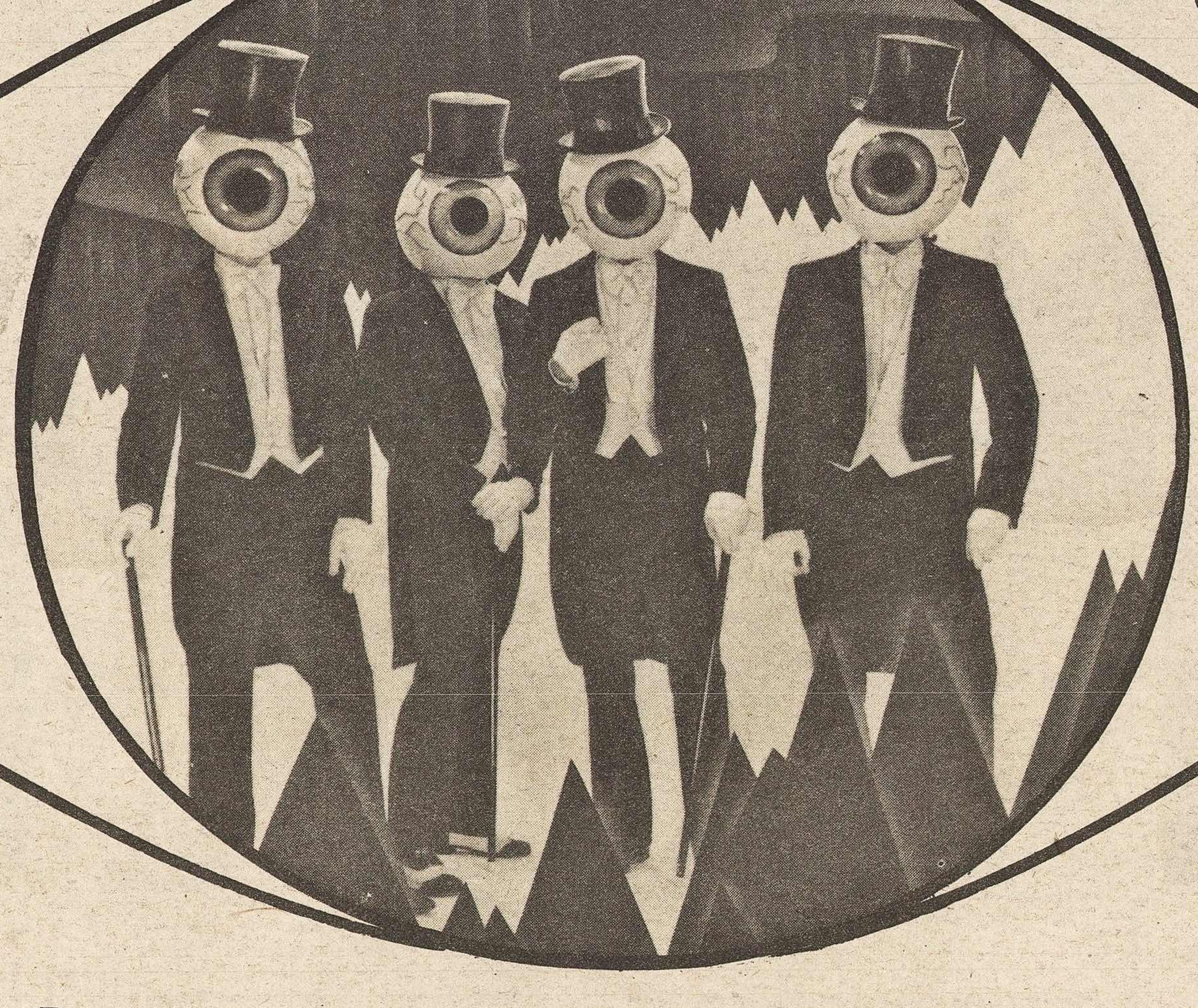
Chrysalis

I LEFT MY ART IN SAN FRANCISCO



Checking out the West Coast's Avant Garde

By Michael Goldberg

The Residents (above) MX-80, Chrome and Tuxedomoon.

SAN FRANCISCO — The true avant-garde is never accepted, barely tolerated. The public has no use for ideas which challenge society's preconceptions.

Certainly the outright hatred which was heaped on The New York Dolls and, later, The Ramones and Sex Pistols — all groups who spat on the status quo of their times — attests to the difficulty of pushing a radical concept on the public. And those groups were merely returning to the basic, raw values which great rock and roll has always maintained.

So imagine the difficulty of developing and maintaining a style of music which has little, if any, solid tradition to fall back on. In San Francisco, a city where the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Starship and Steve Miller can sell out the largest of stadiums, an avant-garde underground has been hanging on, etching out the meagerest of niches so that it can continue a dogged pursuit of rock experimentation.

Carrying the torch for "outre" music is San Francisco's Residents and their parent companies, Ralph Records and the nebulous Cryptic Corporation. For nine long years, the Residents have relentlessly persisted, bowing to no one as they explore a sonic universe of their own devising.

In the wake of The Residents' relative success — though the group is still practically unknown in their hometown, they have been received by a rather large cult spread out across the U.S. and Europe — other equally unique and esoteric groups have been attracted to San Francisco.

Realising that there is strength in numbers, Ralph Records gathered together three of the most uncompromising bands in San Francisco (and possibly on the West Coast): Chrome (with roots in L.A.), MX-80 Sound (who migrated from Bloomington, Indiana, last year), and Tuxedomoon (whose core members came from Denver, Colorado and Chicago, Illinois), and convinced them to join The Residents (originally from Shreveport, Louisiana) in a joint project. The project is a compilation album, 'Subterranean Modern' (Ralph).

"SAN FRANCISCO breeds a different kind of group. Bands that follow their own instincts, not what's popular in England or New York or L.A., "explains Jay Clem, a member of the Cryptic Corp. Clem and fellow Crypitc, Hardy Fox, are sitting in The Residents' newly expanded 16 track studio. The Residents, themselves, are not in evidence.

The Residents, of course, have a near mythic reputation for weirdness. But Clem and Fox look as normal and average as any two guys you might run across on an American university campus.

Clem, a man in his mid-twenties, wears his longish brown hair cut in squared bangs. He resembles a young Paul McCartney. "San Francisco is a centre for experimental music. It's kind of tradition," continues Clem. "Bohemians in the Fifties, hippies in the Sixties. San Francisco draws a kind of fringe people."

"Loonies," offers Fox, a short, thin, bespectaclud man who looks like he should be researching a cure for cancer in some dark laboratory.

"Kooks," laughs Clem. "San Francisco's the kook capital of the world."

"The South in the late '60s was not a pleasant place for anybody who had any kind of offbeat point of view about life at all," says Fox. "So it's not particularly hard for me to see why the Residents were glad to get out of the South."

The Sub Mod album offers three cuts each by Chrome, MX-80 Sound and Tuxedomoon. The Residents — as hosts — include four songs. All the material was recorded specially for the project.

The most controversial aspect of the album is the inclusion of 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco' a rather sickening piece of hackwork popularized by Tony Bennett. None of the groups, with the exception of the Residents, were thrilled about recording the song. Chrome sarcastically included less than a minutes' worth of white noise as their "interpretation". Tuxedomoon recorded a one minute conversation between an unemployed transient attempting to qualify for welfare and a welfare office bureaucrat, while the melody to 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco' is played on harmonica in the background. MX-80 Sound cut the song as an instrumental, giving it a full force heavy metal reading.

"It's not that great a song," says Fox. "Who wants to do something that you don't think is too great? It was a challenge. But it is the official San Francisco song. Sanctioned by the city. So we had no choice."

"I'M DAMON Edge," growled the tall man wearing the white lab coat and wrap around shades. His voice was deep and gruff and ghoulish, like a demented Boris Karloff.

Edge was testament to the existence of Chrome. Chrome is so resolutely underground that those who have heard of them seriously doubt their actual existence. Chrome have never performed live before an audience. They have never been interviewed or photographed. Their records are haphazardly released on their own, rather mysterious, Siren label. Outside of the most dedicated rock fans, few people have even heard *of* them, let alone heard them.

Edge, along with a man in a tan trench coat and shades, introduced as Helios Creed, were in the midst of recording Chrome's fourth album. The third member of the Chrome core, John L. Cyborg, a short man with dark hair and a brooding expression, entered the room.

"Play 'Eyes on Mars' and 'Animal'," said Edge.

Tracks from Chrome's upcoming album oozed from the speakers like an inorganic blob rising from a pool of radioactive industrial waste. The tracks were as disconcerting as anything on Chrome's three previous albums, 'Alien Soundtracks', 'The Visitation' and 'Half Machine Lip Moves.' Only the sound has grown. The material on Sub Mod and the newer pieces represent Chrome's first recording in a 16 track studio. It's the difference between black and white TV and colour. 16 tracks has allowed Chrome to flesh out the subtleties and creeping horror of their excavations into the subconscious. Layer on layer of disconnected/fractured voices, synthesized industrial debris and guitar notes that seem to hang on for eternity, before dripping off the tape. All over a relentless, primitive, four/four beat: the primal rock and roll rhythms retained.

"Real gone," said Edge.

The next day I sit in Edge's two storey house in the desolate back hills of Oakland, a city across the Bay from San Francisco known more for the ageing blues musicians who reside there, than for any post-synthesizer combos. Edge has agreed to give *NME* an interview, the first interview, I might add, that Chrome has ever given. "If you were from *Sounds*," he snaps, "I would have impaled you on my TV antenna."

Edge stretches out on a couch and pinpoints Chromes' relation to the rest of the universe. "There's earth and the Western World. And in the Western World, there are those entertainment zones and performing zones," he explains, magnanimously. "And we're on the outside of that. We're the bad boys. We live a rebel kind of existence. Feel like outlaws. Outside. There's us and them. We're outside of everything."

Edge, who has worked on porno soundtracks and other film scores, formed Chrome in 1976. "I like rock," he says simply. "It's got the primal essence. I wanted to make something which would be a foundation for a unit to abstract from."

He adjusts his shades. "Nobody else was going to release our stuff," continues Edge, explaining why the group puts out records on its own label.

"It was too weird. No record company president in his right mind would have released 'Alien Soundtracks.' It was too gone."

Why has Chrome remained such an enigma?

"We didn't want to kiss ass. Didn't want to have to play some high school social scene for people to like us. And if they really liked us and they thought we were OK, then we'd be let out into the world and it would be OK. Forget it, man! I don't have to ask anybody's permission. I don't care!"

Why no live performances?

Edge gives a sick smile. "We don't think they're ready for us yet."

One wonders aloud what inspires the nightmarish vision that infuses Chrome's albums.

"Movies, women, music and drugs," says Edge.

Drugs?

"We use drugs. Hash and stuff. We use psychedelic drugs. We have psychedlic roots." He pauses. "That doesn't mean late '60s roots."

Chrome begrudgingly agreed to appear on the Sub Mod album, although it was obvious talking to Edge that he doesn't think much of the other groups. Chrome thought the album might give them more visibility.

"We want to communicate," he admits. "We're not some bombed out hippies making tapes just for ourselves."

WE'RE IN the most suburban of apartments, located amidst row upon row of similar, modern units. It's one of those faceless places with stark white walls, built-in fridge and stove, and square, low ceilinged bedrooms. The photos of the Sex Pistols and Clash, as well as the Warhol print, fail to have much impact on the claustrophobic blandness.

It is a rather odd place to find three of the four current members of MX-80 Sound, a group which combines the heavy metal of Aerosmith, the fractured cynicism of mid-sixties Mothers of Invention, the prose vocals of Zappa and Beefheart and the instrumental virtuosity of John McLaughlin.

MX-80 Sound are thought of as a weird group which rarely performs in San Francisco, or anywhere for that matter. A group who rehearse an awesome assemblage of original material in the privacy of a dark rehearsal studio, but never let the public hear it.

But as the group explain there is really nothing at all weird about the members of MX-80 Sound. All work straight jobs so that "we can get away with playing exactly what we want."

MX-80 Sound was formed in Bloomington, Indiana four years ago. Until a few months ago, personnel included Rich Stim, rhythm guitar, sax, vocals; Bruce Anderson, lead/rhythm guitar; Dale Sophiea, bass; Dave Mahoney, drums and Jeff Armour, drums. Armour recently left the group and MX-80 Sound plans to continue as a four piece.

"I just liked to play guitar," says Anderson explaining the group's ordinary beginnings.

Continues over

■ From previous page

"The idea of a group always appealed to me. The magic notion of a rock band."

"Like being in a fraternity," jokes Rich Stim, the comedian/prose vocalist/lyricist. "Special sign. Brothers and stuff. '60s kind of thing. Like a family." He stops himself. "No! Cut the family thing. That sounds too sick."

MX-80 Sound's rare appearances are not, it turns out, calculated. "We're not in our time niche yet," says Anderson. "Performing in front of people here feels real alien. We probably will be playing more in the 80's than in the 70's, which is as it should be."

"We just haven't been accepted here," says Stim.

Actually, MX-80 Sound have never been accepted anywhere. In Bloomington, the group stuck out like Martians deporting on Miami beach. "All they listen to is bluegrass there," says Stim. "People had no concept of punk or new wave."

"That never even made a dent in the mid-west," says Anderson. "Not even a contending phenomena. So they thought we were just weird."

MX-80 Sound should have it. They even got the big shot. Sort of. In 1977, Island Records received a demo and released it in Europe as an album, 'Hard Attack.'

Critical raves met the group's unique sound: Heavy metal meets John Cage for lunch at the tire factory and they discuss mutations and prepared piano.

Above: Tuxedo Moon. Pic: Stanley Greene.

Left: Chrome. Pic: Chester Simpson.

Right: MX 80 sound. Pic: Stanley Greene.

Depressed by the album's failure and their outcast status in Bloomington, MX-80 Sound relocated in San Francisco last year. They expected to be accepted with open arms by the S.F. rock community. Thus far, they have found the punk crowd hostile and the mainstream rockers disinterested. Their hard rock is too sophisticated for new wave and the hard rock audience doesn't know they exist. "We've gotten no media support, so no one even knows about us," complains Stim.

Fed up with trying to perform in front of punk posers and the like, they wrote a song about the local punk club, the Mabuhay Gardens (one of the few places they have played) and its manager Dirk Dirksen called 'Dirk's Dog.'

"Don't ask me why/Are we not men/Cause I just wouldn't know/I'm just a dog/Who lives at a club/Where the punks/And the hard rockers go . . ./Rock an' roll nigger?/Hardly . . /I'd have to get high to be that low/I'm just a dog/Who lives at a club/Where the punks/And the hard rockers go."

"Yeah, that pretty much says it," says Rich Stim.

THEY CALL themselves Tuxedomoon and they are the most electronically oriented and the most popular (locally) of the four bands which comprise the upper strata of San Francisco's experimental scene.

With one synthesizer, a rhythm box, brass and treated guitar, the group offers surreal soundscapes of machines gone mad. *Metropolis* updated for the 80's.

"A couple of people told us they were terrified by our shows," says Blaine Reininger, co-founder of Tuxedomoon, sitting in the living room of his partner, Steve Brown's low rent apartment, located in San Francisco's south-of-Market area, a dumping ground for bums, drunks, junkies and other outcasts.

"And it's true," continues Reininger, "That a number of our songs are based on certain intervals in music that are traditionally known to create tension and fear. There's this interval, the tritone, that was banned by the Church in the Middle Ages. It was considered the Devil's sound."

"But we're not satanists or anything like that," Brown hastens to add. "It's not like we want to inflict terror on people, there's enough of that already. But living in these times, the earth is a real crazy place right now. It can't help but have an effect on us and our artistic product."

Reininger and Brown cite William Burroughs, Bowie, Albert Camus, John Cage, Eno and Giorgio Moroder as influences. Their music is a blend of rock and roll, esoteric electronics and musique concrete. Social, environmental, cultural and political problems are raw material from which Tuxedomoon draws its lyrical ideas.

Bur rather than write prescriptive or even realistically descriptive lyrics, Reininger and Brown prefer to paint abstract, even surreal word pictures. *"Scraps of paper blown by the wind/Headlines scream from machines on the street/Streets are jammed with dead families in cars,"* goes one lyric fragment.

Tuxedomoon have released a single, 'Pinheads on the Move' b/w 'Joeboy (Joeboy the Electronic Ghost)' on their own Tidal Wave Records as well as a 12 inch 45 which included 'New Machines', 'Litebulb Overkill,' 'Nite & Day' and 'No Tears'.

"The sound of a lot of our stuff," says basist Peter Principle who joined with guitarist Michael Belfer just over a year ago," is just the rhythm box and bass guitar. You don't need a lot of synthesizers to make electronic music. We're very stark Proletarian."

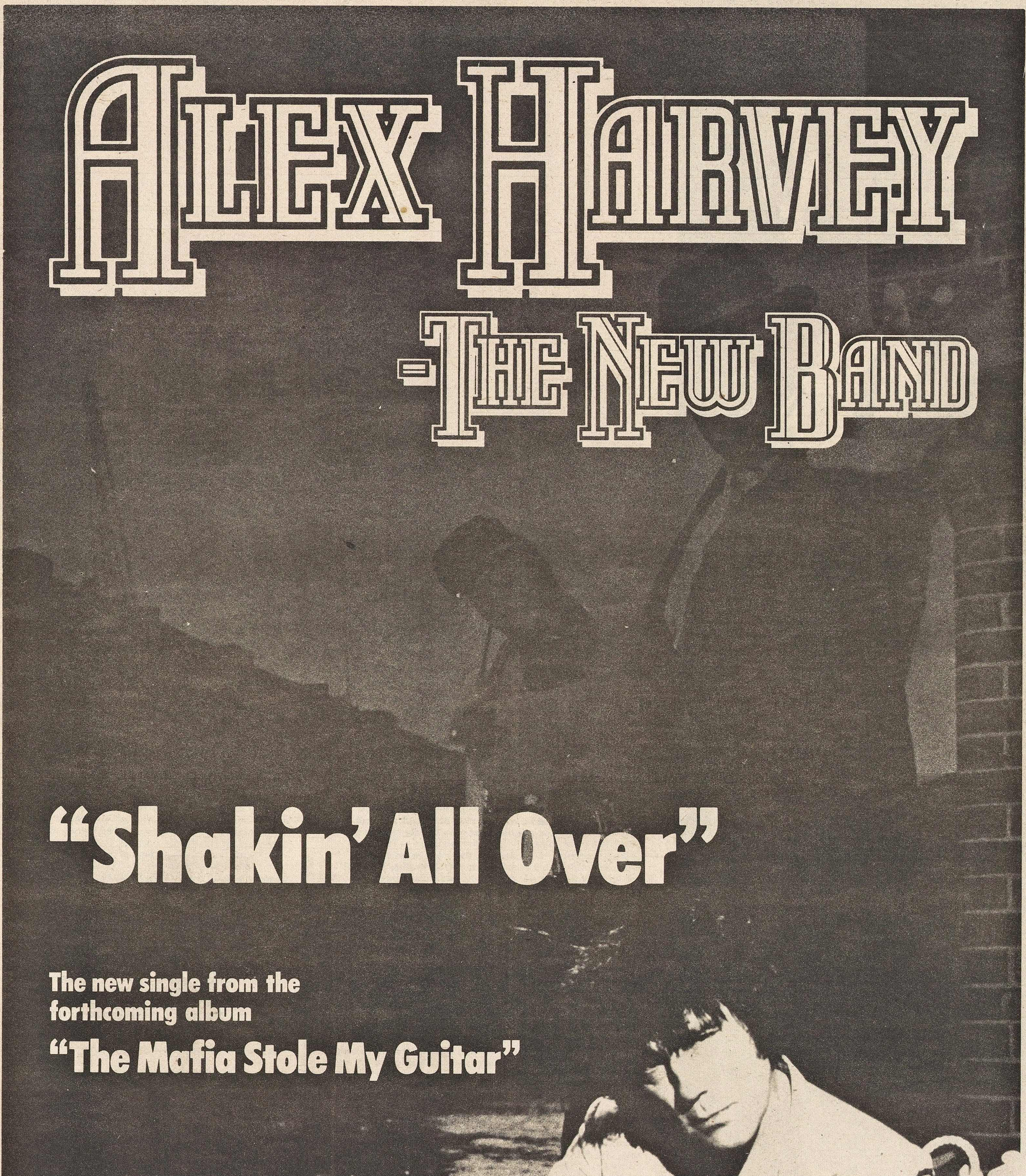
THE RESIDENTS refused to meet for an interview. But then you know all about those mystery men, anyway.

They will persist. Lack of a local audience, lack of media coverage, lack of major record company support will not stop the avant-garde. Already, dozens of experimental groups are following the lead of the Residents/Chrome/MX-80 Sound/Tuxedomoon foursome. Bay Area based groups like Voice Farm, the Units and 2 plus 2 and many others are pushing at the edges of what is currently considered music.

"They're coming out of the garages," says Peter Belfer of Tuxedomoon. Indeed, one imagines armies of guerilla musicians and conceptualists armed with synthesizers, guitars and 16 track recording equipment wrecking absolute havoc on mainstream rock and roll.

And why has San Francisco attracted such a strange batch of rock bands?

"What this city means to me, is the last stand on American ground," said Damon Edge. "People who don't fit in anywhere else come here. That's why the bridge is so popular to jump off. There's no place else to go in America. If you can't relate artisitically in San Francisco . . . you jump off the bridge."


ALEX HARVEY
-THE NEW BAND
"Shakin' All Over"
The new single from the
forthcoming album
"The Mafia Stole My Guitar"
RCA

Roger Daltrey on The Who's first publicity handout: "That jacket was the greatest moment of my career."

THE ACE FAC

Social Revo

The late Pete Meaden was the r
He became their manager, ch
These interviews uncover th

I'm the face baby
Is that clear?
I'm the face
If you want it.
All the others are third class tickets by
me baby
Is that clear?
— Pete Meaden for The High Numbers — 1964.

"TOWARDS the end of his life Pete Meaden told me that he'd read an interview in which Nik Cohn, writer of the story that became 'Saturday Night Fever', attributed the origins of the tale to his own memories of Shepherd's Bush mod society circa 1963.

In particular, it was from this experience that he took the idea of 'the face', an idea which focused itself in the movie when Travolta swept into the 2001 Odyssey disco to hushed whispers and respectful glances. Travolta was The Face.

The connection Meaden was making was that if The Goldhawk Club equalled 2001 Odyssey, and if The Face equalled The Face, then Pete Meaden was John Travolta. The last time something like this had happened was when The Who released 'Quadrophenia' in 1973. He had listened to it and thought: "I am Jimmy. Townshend's writing about me!"

Even if neither connection was justified, Pete Meaden deserved to feel that he was the stuff of legend. After all, it was he who saw the possibility of calculatedly making a rock group the focal point of a teenage revolution — The Who being the group, the mods being the teenage revolution. Without his style, his 'suss', it's doubtful whether The Who would carry the cultural weight they do today and it's doubtful whether modism would have spread so far, so fast.

What Meaden had was a flair for image, a love of music and a gift for gauging the spirit of the times. What he didn't have was organisational ability and a tough business edge. His shortcomings saw him virtually giving The Who's management away just as the group were making it on the strength of his ideas.

I first met Meaden in the summer of 1975 when I was researching for a book, 'A Decade Of The Who' (Fabulous Music Ltd). After a series of 'phone calls I tracked down the man nobody had heard of for years. He was a patient in a mental hospital just outside London.

Our first talk together on the 'phone got us off to a good start and resulted in the two interviews combined below — one of which took place in my flat, the other back at his room in the hospital. He'd talked to the press only once before and it was as though all the accumulated history was bursting out now he'd found someone to listen. He also seemed to feel that he'd found an opportunity to establish his role in the history of The Who.

Later I talked to Pete Townshend who admitted that there would have been no Who as we know them today if it hadn't have been for Meaden. Daltry too was quick to confirm his role. "He didn't really have to force his ideas on us very hard," he told me. "He thought we could pick up on the mod thing and he was very right because mods had no focal point at all and The Who became that, we became the spokesmen. When Kit and Chris took over management they basically just took Meaden's ideas and made them bigger."

I saw a lot of Pete Meaden during the three years following our interview. It was a time during which he pulled himself together after years of drug abuse, a nervous breakdown and a divorce. He got back into the music business co-managing The Steve Gibbons Band along with Who manager Bill Curbishley. A decade or more after The High Numbers here he was back again in The Who camp.

The last time I saw him was in June 1978 when he came along to hear me read my poetry at a small theatre club in Waterloo. He was full of smiles but there was a vacancy behind it all. We went for a drink and his conversation was disjointed, abstract. All I can remember now are some apocryphal visions of the end of the world and some questions about religion; "Who's the one then — Meher Baba or Jesus?"

Within a month he was found dead in bed of barbiturate poisoning. He was thirty-six and back living with his parents in the home where he'd dreamed up The High Numbers and written 'I Am The Face'. The coroner passed an open verdict although close friends feel that Meaden knew too much about drugs to die of a careless mistake.

It seemed a very mod place to die, a cramped terraced house in an Edmonton cul-de-sac, and also a very mod way to die. Before his death he'd been feeding in ideas to the writers and producers of *Quadrophenia*. I think he would have liked the result but I can't imagine him being more than amused at the mod revival; the spirit of modism was after all so much against re-creating the past. Modism was pushing forward.

Where do we begin?

Existing is what it's all about because with society as we know it breaking down, I think that survival is of the utmost importance. It's all very well being immensely talented, having a good time and making great music — but not being able to sustain it. This sustaining bit is the most important of all, and The Who are survivors. That's what I'm interested in, what I've always been interested in. There was a long period of time when The Who didn't have any hit records at all, but their music is survival music, by the pure power of sustaining — sustaining power — that's what you have to say about The Who. This is what I built on in the very first place; I say I, because I think nobody's had more effect on their career, as I did, in putting together The High Numbers. I met them with a guy called Bob Druce and another feller called Helmut Gordon. Bob Druce was an agent who booked them and he said he had a contract on The Who in his desk. I was introduced to The Who by my barber, via a friend of mine who was a mutual friend called Phil The Greek. Phil The Greek was later to appear on television on *Ready Steady, Go!* with a loaded sawn-off shotgun, you know? He was one of the great legends of folk lore and pop history.

Do you think the Mod thing is still alive?

I wonder actually, where all the old Mods went — they're probably all in garages, second-hand car outfits, scrap-yards, something like that. 'Cos there's such a thing as Mod Suss — you know — sussing out a situation. That's what Mods are about — suss out a situation immediately, its potential, controlling it. Rather than letting the potential control you. So I would think they'd get in the car game — that's where most money is made very quickly.

Are you in touch with any of your old mates?

Yeah, one's a coke-dealer, one's in prison, and another one's the guy who appeared on television with a shotgun, with The Who, on *Ready Steady Go!* who was the greatest Mod leader of them all — Phil The Greek. Pete Townshend and I talk about him often.

The black girls are Mod chicks of today — those little spade chicks you see running round in stacked heels and wedges, wearing sort of Ossie Clarke clothes. The blacks were always there in '64, there weren't so many of them — they were late-night kids like us — you'd go out on a three-day bender, you know? Hit out on a Friday night, high on speed, down to *Ready, Steady, Go!*, down to the Scene Club, dance all night till Saturday morning, Saturday you'd go shopping, to buy a pullover, or scarf, or something — pair of socks, 'cos your feet hurt, dancing all night in Desert boots, and then all through Saturday night again at the Scene Club all through to Sunday morning, that's when the come-down comes down, 'cos you can't sustain it much more than three days, two nights. Three days and you start heading home to Mama's place, you know? 'Cos you live at home, you can't afford to live anywhere else apart from Mama's place, and then you crash, round about Sunday morning, if you can get a lift home to North London, where I was. And that was the life — it was the most amazing sort of life you could imagine — it was so amazing.

What do you mean when you say 'you got The Who together'?

I got them together, in that I loved the life so much, I got The Who and I dressed them up in Mod clothes, gave them all the jingoism and all the paraphernalia of Modism, boxing boots and fashionable things, right on the button, timing just right, 'cos timing is where it's at, you know?

You were already a Mod, by then?

Yeah, I was a Mod, it was my life. There was a little club called

E'S FORGOTTEN STORY

lution on Speed, Side Vents & The Scene Club.

man who introduced The Who to the hardcore mod cult of 1963.
ristened them The High Numbers, and wrote their first record.
e sometimes disturbed visions of one of the leaders of the original mod movement.

By STEVE TURNER

the 'Scene Club', just a Ham Yard, off of Great Windmill Street, and there, on several nights a week the greatest records you can imagine were being played. There were records like 'Ain't Love Good, Ain't Love Proud' by Tony Clarke, Major Lance's stuff, Smokey Robinson, early Curtis Mayfield's Impressions stuff, you know, which was eminently danceable by people who were not emotionally involved with other people. There was a lack of women in those things, I mean we all dig women, but if you're in the West End, you know that you pay for your women, and well, you don't get them, 'cos the girls that come up are mysteries, right. You get the girls that come up and dance around, little girls that just dance around in the pubs, just having a little dance around, just having a little groove. The records were played very loud over those big speakers, like fairground speakers, and in a small room, which was what the 'Scene Club' was, with concrete walls, so it comes bouncing back, hitting off the floor — there was no wooden floor, hits off the ceiling, so you're getting saturated with sound, and then they start pulling down all the stops, you're getting a psychedelic record in '64. So you're picking up on the body all the time, this is what Mods are about, they're very physical people. Drynamil is a drug for Mods, because it's a functional drug, it's a drug you can work on, you can steal in the shops on it, do all the things you need to do, you can dance on it — you lose all lack of confidence, you lose guilt. It opens up the capillary vessels in the body, so you become aware of your system, become aware of your body, therefore, with the aid of this drug you have your own society, you have Nirvana, in a single little purple pill. Plus you got good togs, which is your clothes, you have the confidence, plus you have the sustaining power three days up, two nights up. I think it's a groove, I think it's fabulous, man!

When did you first notice all this happening?

When my doctor gave me Drynamil for anxiety. She gave me the original Drynamil, the original Purple Hearts. And I went back that night to my place, my parent's house where I was working from, and I got out the pills and I took one, it was just like medicine, you know, it doesn't do anything. It's probably doing something physically way down in your system and you don't notice it. Then suddenly Bang! I was free! I was unburdened by chains of resistance. I was able to write and draw and do all the things I wanted to do, without the restraints of normal civilisation bothering me, like feeling it's late, and having to go to bed. It was all just as simple as that. I sat up all through the night, and finished the book in that one night.

Were pills very popular then?

No, well this is how I discovered them. This was 1962 actually.

So the Mods weren't in existence then?

No they weren't in existence, but Jack Kerouac was. So anyway, I took the Drynamil. I finished the book in a night, and I was up for three nights trying to wear my energy off. My own personal feeling is that the debt you have to pay for drugs is too much to compensate for taking the drug in the first place, I always say don't take any drugs whatsoever. A few smokes, a few beers, speed a little bit now and again, be careful with anything else. That's all.

Did you sort of think that you were the King Mod at the time?

No. I was the feller who saw the potential in Modism, which is the greatest form of life-style you can imagine — it's so totally free — totally anti-family London — in so much as that there were lonely people having a great time. Not having to be lonely, not having to be worried about relationships, being able to get into the most fantastic interesting, beautiful situations, just out of music. You could dance by yourself, you could groove around. I saw this as a weekend. I mean, imagine this, on a Friday night I would go down to *Ready, Steady, Go!* groove around there, and one weekend I had three people on there, I had The Crystals, Chuck Berry and The Rolling Stones — doing publicity for those three people. They used to say, 'The Weekend Starts Here' and the weekend would begin there, I would take my speed and go down there, I would go up to the Green Room, and watch my people, that I was working for having a great time on the television. There'd be all the faces and people that I knew. A face is just someone you recognise, you might not even know his name, but he's known as a face.

That's why you called it 'I Am The Face'?

Yeah, 'I Am The Face' is one of the people who is familiar. *Ready, Steady, Go!* was interesting in so much as it got the vibe right out, with the right amount of grit edge on it. It was no good trying to get in through the doorman, 'cos there was always so many kids outside trying to get in as well, so you had to thrust your way through that with a lot of hard chat, into the main foyer at ATV House, down there in the Strand, and then you go downstairs into . . . oh you go into the Green Room first, and you have a few sherberts, to round the edge off the Drynamil, and then down into *Ready, Steady, Go!* and there was Mickie Turner and Phil The Greek dancing around with some of the girls and there'd be Sandy Sargent, who is Mickie Turner's wife now, and Cathy McGowan, and there'd be the Stones around, or The Who or Paul Jones, Manfred Mann, and that would be a great foot for the weekend to start off on. That would be a nice edge, like the kickstart on a motorbike — kick it WHOOMP and she starts firing, and you go off into the weekend.

You didn't sleep at all?

No, you didn't sleep at all — you stayed up all night.

You saw The Who becoming a focal point for all this?

Yeah, they were the focal point, because I was thinking about revolutions then, I was thinking about society was great when you had speed, a couple of pints of cider, listen to the music and you can be completely enveloped in music, sounds, and if you could add the visual impact of a really tough group, which was what I wanted then you had The Who, you had the High Numbers in fact, you gotta remember that and not forget. It was known as the High Numbers and that was the focal point of Mod-dom.

Tell you what we never got onto, when you met The Who?

Yeah, I was . . . a friend of mine called Phil The Greek who was the flashiest Mod that I knew, he was the Mod Leader, in so much as that he wore a dark blue suit, mohair suit, and he used to come down with me to the Scene Club, and we used to go to the same barber called Jack.

Did he do some good Mod-cuts?

No, he was just a barber, who would do what you wanted him to do, like how barbers should be. Not like the guy up at Crimpers or something, saying how he thinks your hair should be. Now if you go to those Jewish barbers they do your hair just right, as you ask him. Jack said to me that he knew of a group that was interesting.

Some months before that I'd been thinking out very seriously of how I could get the focus, or the focal point for my feelings and the feelings of mods who used to go to The Scene. The Club was owned by Ronan O'Rahily of Caroline fame, at the time, but it was run by a feller called Lionel Blake. Now that was the real hard core fashion situation, system, call it what you will, position of glory if you like, because I used to go down there, it was very private, if you danced yourself to the music, which was new wave R & B.

I was taking pills, in so much as I'd been introduced to pills by my doctor for the anxiety thing, while I was a graphic designer for John Michael, the clothes shop. I took some Drynamil, and it kept me up for three days, and I zoomed around on that — I had such a great time, fabulous time. I would go out with ten bob in my pocket, and my doctor's pills from the National Health, which didn't cost anything in those days I think, she would give me thirty a month, Purple Hearts, the triangular ones with the line down the middle. So anyway, I was living this lovely life of Riley, where I was just listening to the music I liked, which was very private — I didn't have to get hung up on birds — early Mods never did. Well, they used to go out with birds down at the Tottenham Royal. I used to go down to the Scene Club, and there it was very private, very dark. I used to go down there with Brian Jones, and Chuck Berry I took, a few people like that. The Animals used to play there, but none of that was exactly purism Mod — which was a society unto itself. As I say, Modism, Mod living is a euphemism for clean living, under difficult circumstances. You have your own values, your own set of time scales, your own units of existence, which are to have a good time, because it's alright, as the old Curtis Mayfield Impression song goes.

I'd been knocking around with The Rolling Stones, Andrew Oldham, the manager of The Rolling Stones, who had Andrew Logan, and I was his first business partner in a company called 'Image'. We were doing things, and I went to Spain for seven months, came back from Spain, I met the Stones on my first morning back, they were recording 'Come On' and 'Money', at Decca, West Hampstead, I saw Andrew in the studio, pushing up the control knobs on the deck there, all I could see him doing was bringing up bass lines, and the high treble on the top end of the guitar line, and putting Mick's voice forward, and there was Bill there. He had a great pair of trousers — they were stove-pipe trousers, which I was very much impressed by, 'cos I was very much into clothes. Anyway, so I knocked around with the Stones, and I used to go to their early gigs, and in fact, I lived with Mick for a little while, in Cricklewood, bordering on Kilburn — you can't get much worse than that, as a bedsitter-land, because nothing happens out there, I can tell you. Anyway, I sussed out what the Stones were about, and their appeal, and I saw for the first time in my life, all those little girls screaming at them, and they were just playing their R & B stuff, none of the Booker T. or the Georgie Fame trip, but just doing real good R & B, and there was Mick up there in his gilly jacket but the collar wasn't right anyway. Andrew was making fortunes then, you see, I was doing publicity for people I liked, like Chuck Berry.

So the Stones played down at the Scene Club?

Oh yeah. I used to go down there with Brian Jones, who was a very close friend of mine, he liked to groove around, he used to come down with his snakeskin boots on and his regency stuff and the high scarf and that — regency collars. He'd come down to the Scene Club, and I used to wear Ivy League, which is Canadian-cum-American Esquire Ivy League Jackets — natural shoulder line, you know? I'd groove around in my desert boots, bop around, listen to the music, and Brian came down, and he was top Super Star number 1, coming up fast, and he felt out of place in the Scene Club, it was so clique-ish, so highly identified with themselves. And he was with the hippiest, heaviest outfit in the world coming up which was the Stones, if they didn't fit in, that meant that something was going wrong somewhere.

You say Mods weren't into chicks?

Not too heavily into chicks, no, because chicks you got to remember are emotional distressful situations for a man, and we were totally free because your sex drives, your libido, I think it's called your libido, was turned right down low, well I

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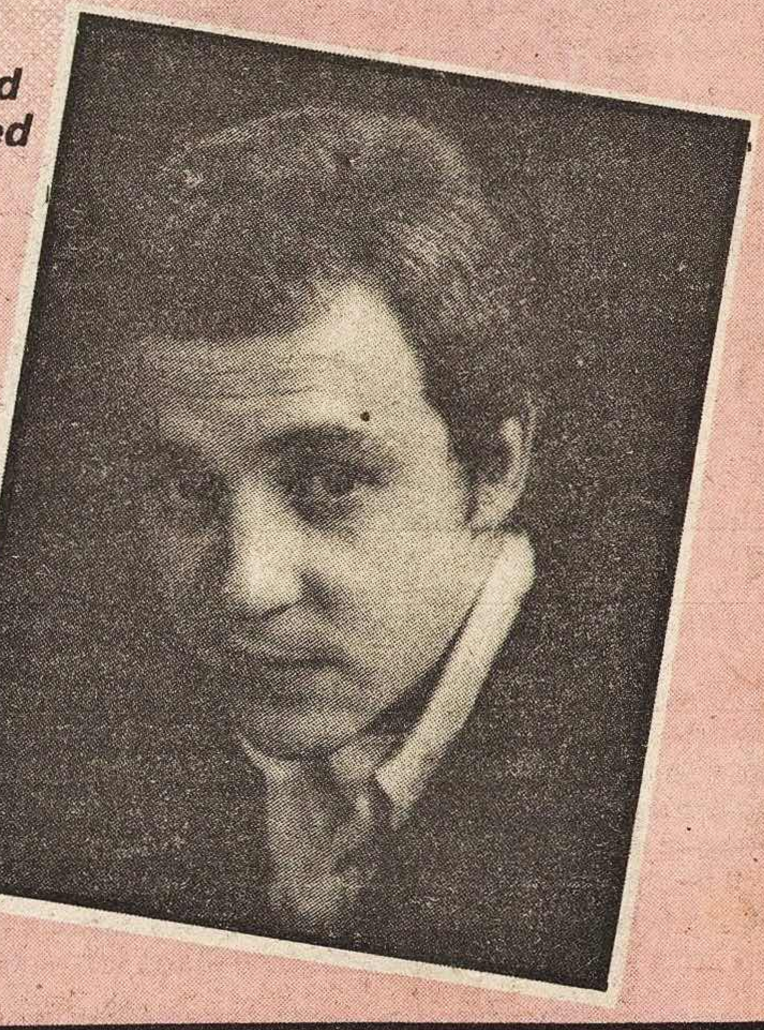
Pete Meaden around the time he managed The Who



Large pic: The Who & Meaden (circled) dancing The Block at The Scene Club.

"I spent the money on clothes togs are the only

From previous page

call it your sexual drive, is taken right down low, by the drug, drynamil. You didn't need to get too heavily into sex, or pulling chicks, or sorts as they were called. Like 'Any sorts coming down tonight? Well, it doesn't matter anyway' was the trip then, it was only a bother when they came down anyway. There were three of them dancing over in the corner.

Were they similarly not into sex?

They were similarly not into sex, they were very matriarchal, they would be looked after and protected, but there'd be three girls dancing together — there's a famous picture of them dancing the block.

Women were just the people who were dancing over in the corner, by the speakers.

So if you took away the dancing and the music . . .

Took away the dancing, well you'd have the West End, grooving around on a Saturday morning after a long night out, all Friday night, 'cos you're bunged out on your earhole about 6 in the morning, it's very cold, grey and dry. You have a couple of drinks, you drink cider or beer with your pill because you know that the tiny bit of alcohol in a pint of bitter makes the barbiturate in the drynamil, Purple Heart, the blue, or the frenchie, or whatever you can lay your hands on — it's just a matter of whatever you can lay your hands on — lay a doobrie on me — anyway so you get back to the West End, on a cold, grey Saturday morning, and you go to some cafe which sells you French coffee. You sat around till the shops opened on a Saturday morning, then you groove around, you go and sit in the park or something, then you go down to Cecil Gee's, although mainly you'd go to Austen's, buy yourself another Arrow shirt, with a button-down collar, and a little button on the back of the collar, then groove around with your new purchase, and it'd be a groove! When you have paradise, on hand, I mean, in most Mod language, 200 Blues in your inside pocket, in your tonik jacket, you'd have sustained relief from the world, sustained release comes when you go down to the Scene Club.

But take away the dance and take away the music, and there'd be no point in the pills?

No, you'd be a Hippy, then. A Hippy doesn't depend so much on music as a Mod does. A Mod needs hard, fast and loose, new wave R & B, you know all that heavy air-base R & B stuff, which we used to play down the Scene Club, 'cos Sandra was the Disc Jockey there, and she had a boyfriend from the air-base who used to lay these R & B Soul records on her.

The pills are directly tied in with this?

Yeah, that gives you the freedom, sustaining power. Imagine having a party which starts Friday night and doesn't end till Sunday morning, and you can have it any time you want it. If you want it to start on Wednesday night, you can . . .

What was your attitude towards your job during the week?

I used to work at an advertising agency during this time, before I first started to be a Mod, and then I split from that, I was a graphic designer.

Did you think it was a cop-out to be in a job?

No, it just used to buy my clothes, and then I became a publicist, I went to Spain.

So you sort of used society in a way?

No I didn't use society, I became a publicist.

You said the thing about a Mod takes what's there . . .

Oh he takes what's there yeah . . .

But a Hippy doesn't?

The Hippy doesn't do anything except vegetate. You move off of various identification points, such as religions, which are easy to identify with, 'cos that's all they are — identification points. They are specifically sculptured and carved by man, to appeal to other men, in a delicious, or sensuous, or aesthetic way, whichever way you want to do it. I mean there's Buddhism, Maoism, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, there's the scientology guy . . . Ron Hubbard . . . and you can pick up on the process people, you can pick up on Charles Manson if you want to. I personally happened to pick up on the Mods.

So it's like a religion?

Yeah, I made an album called 'The New Religion' with Jimmy James and The Vagabonds, which was the real purist Mod band, which was a band which played R & B. I managed them for three and a half years, and that was Jimmy James who had the best voice I'd ever heard — it was the purist thing, in so far as Mod was concerned.

And they were coloured?

Yeah, they were coloured.

Was there no white band that stood for the Mods?

Oh yeah, The Who.

Before that, there wasn't?

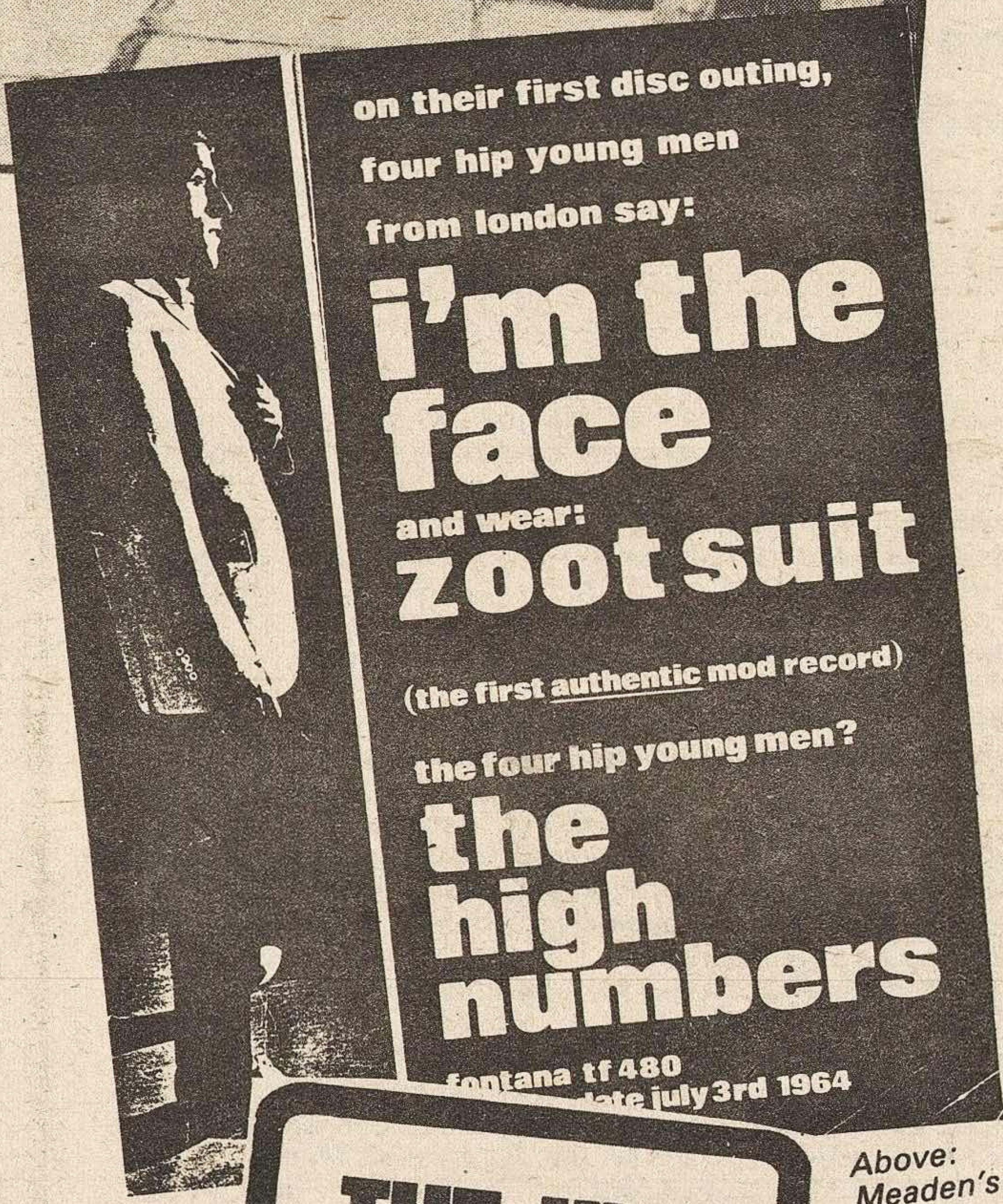
No, before that there wasn't. There was old Chris Farlowe doing Mod stuff, but they weren't Mods, man, they didn't look like Mods.

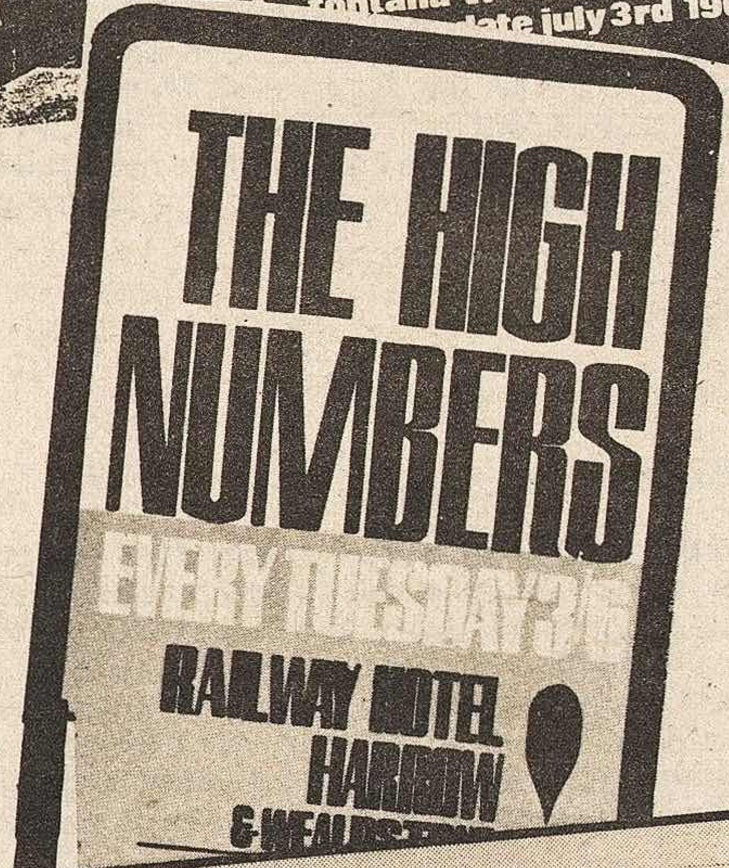
Did you feel there was a need for a group like that?

There was a need for The Who, yeah, coming back to that. Now I had all this life going along for me, which was really having a good time, enjoying myself and existing in a house with other people, where nobody bothered anybody else, but smiled at each other, not in a Hippy way, but a Mod suss smile, like 'I like the suit man, and groove on, you know'.

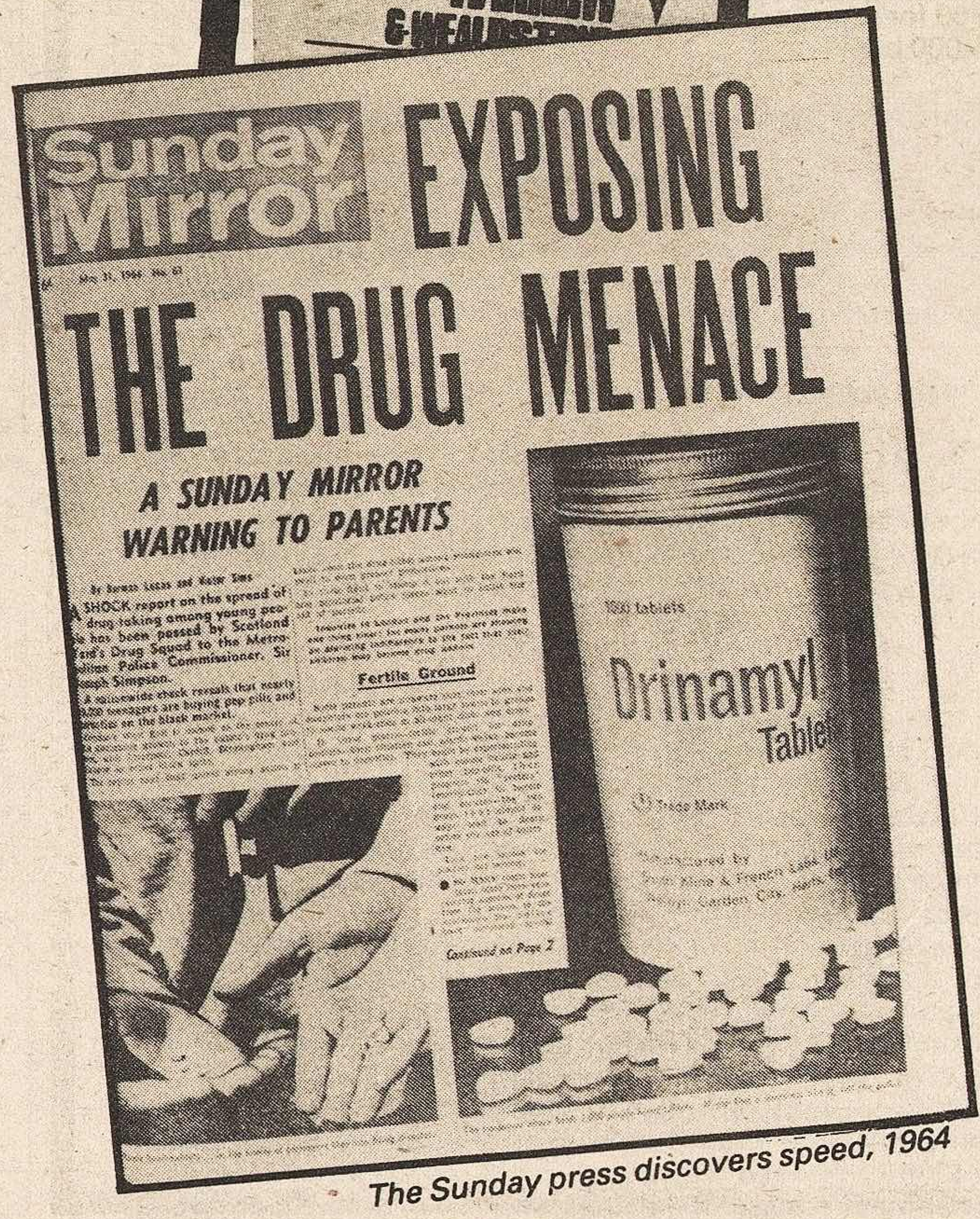
Not too heavy you know. You used to see those three or four Mod kids, up in tonik jackeets, Levi jeans turned up just once,

The High Numbers





Above: Meaden's original hand-out



The Sunday press discovers speed, 1964

pair of desert boots, or pair of hush puppies, and they'd lean forward, they had the energy of leaning forward up Great Windmill Street or down Shaftesbury Avenue, and they'd be four of them just talking and they had their french crews on . . . crew cut . . . and there I'd be wearing a cycling jacket, with a number on the back, or just a white one or a black one.

So I thought, 'Ah, well, this is — we have to have a focus' and I was thinking about, there were no other bands about who were doing this purism, 'cos I'm really the detail man, when it comes to details it's my trip, and so I thought, I've gotta have a band I've gotta make the focus.

So I went down with Jack, who introduced me to Helmut Gordon, who was a doorknob manufacturer in Shepherd's Bush, who introduced me to another feller who was called Bob Druce, an agent who ran a little circuit of half a dozen or so pubs, where he'd put his bands in. He said he'd got a contract on the WHO — I'm not sure if he did or not. Bob Druce was the hard man of this situation. He was a man who was just into booking a group into his pubs, or clubs, which he knew was a success — if the band was a success, I mean. Then he could more or less guarantee to keep them working, in his six clubs, this circuit, which is definitely tailored to 'Kid Pub' unit sort of situation, which means to say that he knew where his market was coming from, and he was just trying to heighten it up a little bit. Now he said, 'Listen, why don't you come in and help us out, and get this group, which is very good, they're called the DeTours — the WHO as well — but they were called the DeTours. Do you think you could do something, what with you being in the Pop business, and knowing the Rolling Stones and Chuck Berry and all those people — do you reckon, what with using your knowledge from the Rolling Stones, do you think you could make a supergroup out of them? We'll give you £50 to start off on.'

So I said, '£50, well, that's a lot of money, isn't it? Great, nice one'. I mean, I was known as the low-budget man — fucking hell, no one ever pays me.

I was doing Georgie Fame's publicity up until then, so I thought 'Great Man, here we go, another lowbudget number — 50 quid I got this time, to make a supergroup out of'. So all right, not being facetious or anything, I was knocking around with Peter and Gordon before that, and I was Bob Dylan's publicist in this country, the first one, and I knew where it was at, and I handled Tommy Tucker, and I also was publicist for Chuck, the Crystals and the Rolling Stones, you know, so all right Squire, you're gonna give me 50 quid are you? So for 50 quid I'll put The Who together. Yes, so I was asked to make The Who a supergroup on 50 quid now ...

How did you spend it?

I spent it on clothes of course, 'cos togs are the only things that keep a mod together. And I said, 'Well, make a record too, we gotta make a record, do it with Fontana, 'cos you'll make it there quick, and with no strings attached, that's the record out, I'll do all the work on it, all the publicity, I'll do the promotion. .

Fifty quid a week this is?

No fifty quid, that's all.

Was this the first time you'd met them?

Yeah, the first I met them they were all wearing Pierre Cardin leather jackets, they had cropped hair at the back, and Beatle cuts at the front, and they were called the DeTours, cum The Who and they were into John Lee Hooker early blues style. Roger was playing the harmonica, which I liked. I didn't do any more than say 'Listen fellers, if you wanna come along with me, I've got the plan for making you a mastergroup, I have the key to it all. I'll make you a supergroup — please be my mates, 'cos all I need is for you to talk to me, all I need is the friendship of four geezers.'

But you also wanted them to be the focal point of the Mods?

I went down to the rehearsal rooms and I said 'We gotta get some clothes together, and you gotta do this certain sound of music, which I'm calling new wave R & B, which is like R & B funk, fast soul. And I wanna call you, not The Who, not The DeTours, but The High Numbers. High Numbers because we're all into pills, a bit of pot, into doing these things, and when we're hip, we gotta dress hip, and we're gonna be called The High Numbers. You don't look exactly like Mods, but I'll make you as best you can. I'm gonna make you so superb that you can stand up in any conflict, any conflagration, any problem situation, and be the best mates that any other mate could possibly have.'

I remember, we went out, and we spent the 50 quid, and for £35 we bought a coat, the rest went on boxing boots, which Peter paid a bit towards. I went with them on the handout . . . Ivy League jacket, wearing buck-skin shoes. Roger had a pair of hush puppies, they were dark blue, well, they were brown, but I painted the back dark blue and the front white, and they were the two-tone brogues, which we got into. I put all that together, an actual Ivy League jacket with actual side-vents 5 inches long, which I'm wearing now, mine cost a 150 dollars, and that one cost about £30 in Austens, and they were into buying their own Arrow shirts, and button down collars, comfortable, Oxford collars you know? And I fitted out, I spent £30, £35 on the jacket, the rest of it, we chipped together, we went into this .

They'd never had any contact with the Mods before that?

They were singing Beatle songs, Dylan songs, blues songs mostly you know?

And I was easy riding into a situation where they would see that I'd spent time with the Stones, who were the most successful hip group at the time, and I said 'Where's it at, Man? We'll top this'. Just as casually as that. I'm not trying to sound casual now. I said 'You listen to me, Man,' to Pete, and Roger, but they had rolled a drummer in at the time, and Peter said 'Not too keen on him, what do you think of the new feller who's just come up?' And I was walking down Knightsbridge with Keith Moon, and I said 'Look, I'll speak to Pete Townshend, my mate, he's my mate, I'll talk to him, and I think you're in, because you know, you look like the better man.'

Keith said that he got himself in . . .

He did, yeah, but I asked Peter, and we brought Keith in for the session. I'm responsible for Keith Moon being in The Who.

thing that hold a mod together."

So you took them down the Scene Club?

Yeah, took them down the Scene, went down there, had a groove around, and I said 'Look, you can't go wrong, it's not just a market. Why don't we become the focal point, the focus of this brand new feel, of music and lifestyle?

We went down to Welwyn Garden City, and I remember what actually happened was that I said 'Listen, we've got to do this record, and we've gotta do it fast. I haven't got much money, and I haven't got much time, in so much as I don't know who's supposed to be manager, but I think I'm supposed to be managing. I'm taking over responsibility for this. I took over responsibility for The Who — that's what I'm saying now.

What was their reaction to the Mod scene?

Well, Pete identified immediately — we went down to Austens to get the jacket made. Yeah, I worked very hard on The Who, The High Numbers . . .

I used to lie in my bed, in my single bed at my parent's place in Edmonton, and think 'Name — name. WHO? World Health Organization. Well that's alright, but it's too abstract, it's too ethereal to, too airy fairy to connect with me. Now if it was called the World Health Organization and that's good, but I want a name that is adaptable, that is going to sustain more than just six months. I put this brochure together which was completely Mod, without any help from their so-called manager and was asked to become their manager. I was manager of The Who and I put it together like, whoever wants to say it about them, the Mods are what The Who are all about. It's as pithy, as euphoristic as you can get, no-one was gonna tie them on that, and that is what I'll say right now. Can you turn this tape off?

Why?

Well I'm getting angry now, in so much as, well not only in the sense of anger, but realisation is coming upon me to say, where I got the suits right, and I got the cycling jackets just right, and the T-shirt under that, the boxer boots on, the jeans, the Levis with the one-inch turn-up, so the inner seam just showed out, from the outside, and Pete's jacket was right on, with the top button just done up, and they went up the Railway Inn, at Harrow, Wealdstone. I was the one who went up to Kit Lambert and said 'Listen, man, this is the heaviest group you've ever seen, give us a gig, 'cos I'm hustling for my boys. They're my mates, and whether you like it or not, I'm doing my thing here! I gave him the handout which said 'Four Hip Young Men From London, who say I'm The Face, and wear Zoot Suits. The first authentic Mod record'. Well, that was my trip, I did that entirely myself, off my own back. Nobody helped me, nobody encouraged me, but I laid it on you, on you Kit and on you Pete.

So when did you write 'I Am The Face'?

I wrote it on the morning of early '64 . . . it came from Guy Stephen's record collection. There was a record called 'Got Love If You Want It' by Slim Harpo, an R & B musician, who didn't make much money, as I found out when he died recently. He used to get paid in wine. Anyway, I took the rhythm track, I can't hold a tune in my head.

What about 'Zoot Suit'?

'Zoot Suit' was the fashion record of all time — it pinched the backing track of 'Country Fool' by The Showmen, which was the 'b' side of 'It Will Stand'. The Showmen are now known as Chairmen Of The Board and 'It Will Stand' is *the* rock'n'roll tribute anthem of all time. I heard the melody, and the night before the session I dreamt up the lyrics, and I wrote them all down — I wrote them down on speed. The actual words were 'I'm the hippest number in town, And I'll tell you why' and it goes onto 'I wear a Zoot Suit jacket with side-vents 5 inches long' and it's a great song man . . . .

Did the Mods catch onto it?

Yeah, 'course they did, it was a fashion song. I bought 250 records off the record company, off Fontana, to get it into the charts and I used to take them round myself. I worked so hard on that man.

Did it get in the charts?

No, but it got so many plays that I got £112 — I don't know how many pence you get for each play, but there was quite a few plays. It was nothing to do with Pirate ships, Mickie Turner only played it a few times for Caroline.

And Townshend wasn't writing at this time?

No he wasn't.

What sort of music were The Who playing?

R & B — The DeTours were an R & B band; 'The Who' was Pete Townshend's song . . .

No original material whatsoever?

No, they were playing a little bit of Bob Dylan, but mostly Beatles records and R & B. When I met them I said 'You gotta play Mod music', which was new wave R & B — all the time man, all the time right on. Classics like 'Ain't No Good, Ain't No Proud'. 'Have To Dance To Keep From Crying' was one of the records I was doing with them.

So by this time, are The Who becoming the focal point ?

Yeah, and the Mods would talk about them. I got them the residency, and then Tuesday nights things would start picking up again you know? The Who were real Mods now I'd changed them, because all a Mod is is having self-respect.

Did they wear the Mod clothes offstage?

Yeah, I told them to. I bought the jacket for Roger, I mean, the jacket was the high point of my career.

Did you make them get their hair cut?

Yes, of course I did, I took them down to Jack the barber.

Was there ever any feeling that you'd made them do it as a commercial exercise.

Yeah, I think Roger felt this way, perhaps, but John . . . I don't know about John. He said he didn't want to wear the clothes, and went through a puddle in his boxing boots.

Yeah, well, you see, I knew it was right on, how can you deny a fact of something smack bang in your face man: 'This is where it's at, this is what we're doing. Please do it, we're gonna become a success, we can't help it, and then you can be my mates as well.'

There must have been a point where the band — I mean I've read interviews with The Who where they say — it was about '64 — saying 'We Are Mods' right, there must have been a point where they suddenly decided they were Mods?

Yeah, but Mods is a . . . like I went down to Hastings, in '66 . . .

What — to kill a few Rockers?

There weren't any Rockers, there were just Mods, that's how overpoweringly successful the whole trip was — there was something like 15 thousand Mods down there, and there were three rockers in a cafe — three. There were two down the road in another cafe, or sitting around on their bikes, and the Mods came down, it was so beautifully succinct.

How did you lose The Who?

Well, I wasn't too hip in business — trips in the music business . . . Kit Lambert came round that night at the Railway Inn in Harrow, Wealdstone, and he came up to me, he lied to me, he said he was a promoter looking for a band, to put in his club, so I gave him the hard-sell: 'This is absolutely where it's at. You cannot fail on this squire,' I said. 'If you'll just listen to me, you can make a lot of money out of this, as promoter, because they are of the people, they are the hippest numbers in town, there's no-one quite like them. Just look at that queue down there.' And so I hard-sold myself right out of a band.

What happened?

Kit came back to me, anyway, I tried to get in touch with Pete for a few days, but strange things were happening. Pete didn't answer his phone — he wasn't at home. Then Roger said, 'We're going with this feller — let's go and have a drink.'

So they approached you independently?

Well, Roger was the leader of the band, so Roger and I went and had a drink in a pub in Brewer Street, and I bought him a drink, and he said, 'Well, listen man, we're gonna get paid £20 a week, now, and plus our cars, why don't you go and have a talk with Kit?' He came out straight with it, and there was nothing more to say about it, except Kit got in touch with me and said, 'Let's have lunch.' I think it was probably Pete said, 'Look after him' or something, 'cos I'm a fragile person, you know?

You didn't have a contract with them?

Yeah, I had a contract with them.

So did Kit buy it, or what?

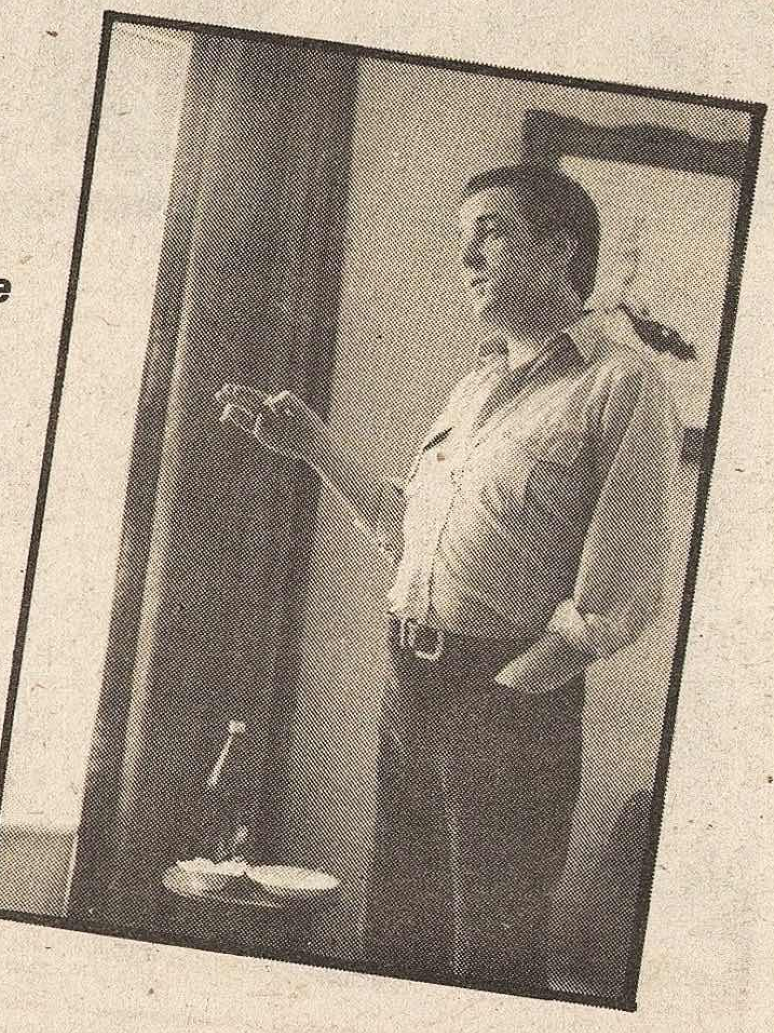
No, I just signed over any rights I had for them for the first figure he gave me. So I figured if that's what my mates want to do, then that's what they have to do. Maybe in the future they'll look after me — 'cos I need looking after in this life — I need looking after.

And did you continue your friendship after the split?

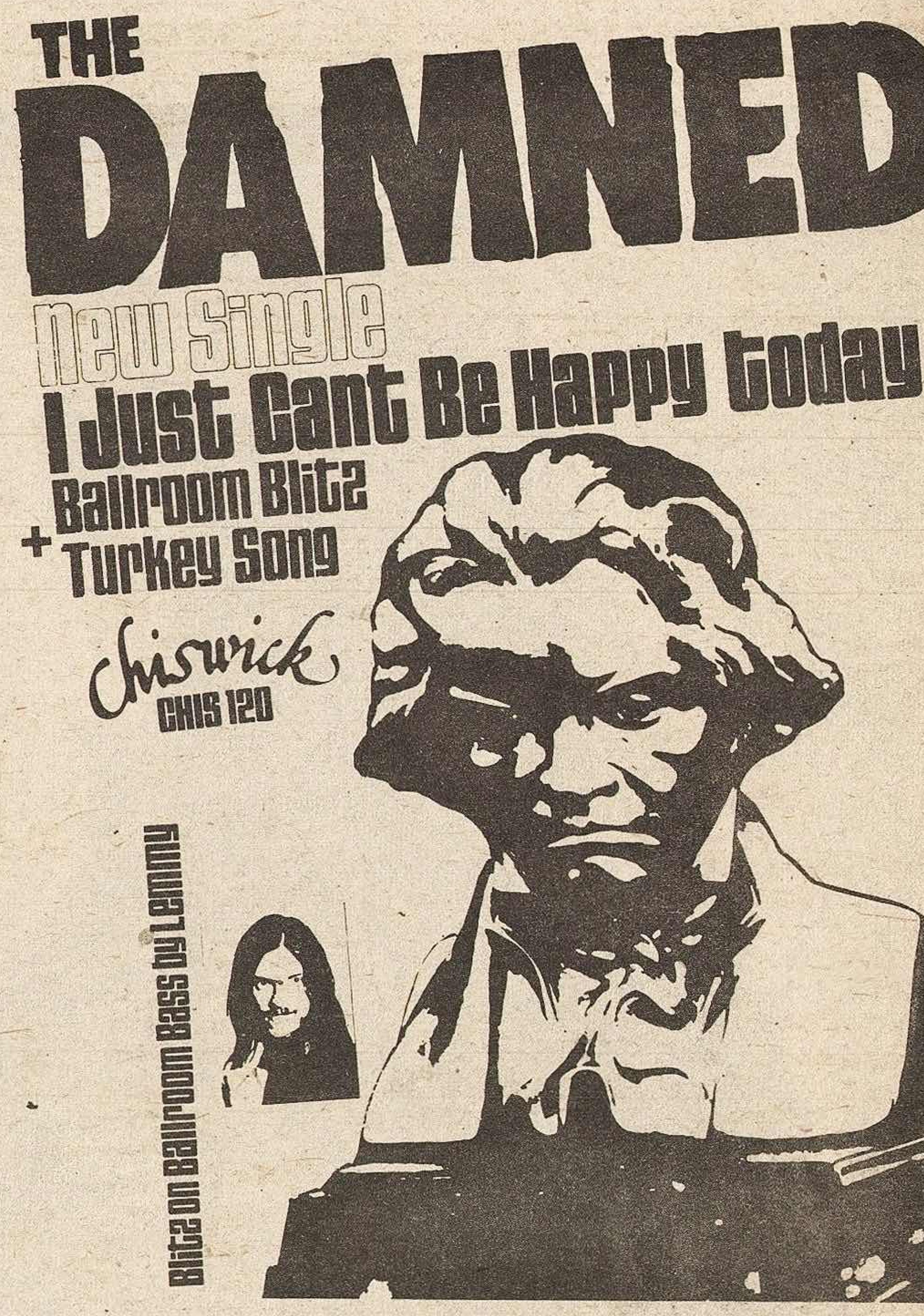
Yeah — after the split, Kit Lambert took me into a restaurant which I worked in, as a matter of fact, where I worked for three days, when I was much younger, to learn how to carve onions. And Kit said, 'How much do you want?' and I said, 'I don't know how much I want, Kit, I don't know what sort of value you put on it'. I was frightened out of my life, because I'd made a monster, I knew it was a monster, and he said, 'I'll give you £500 for them'. I learnt later that I was supposed to accept £5,000 but I just said, 'Yeah, that's alright, that'll do — thanks a lot.'

Still, least he was honest enough, and didn't just rip them off me. So he sent me something like £145, or £142 or something, in various sums, and a couple of weeks later I went down to

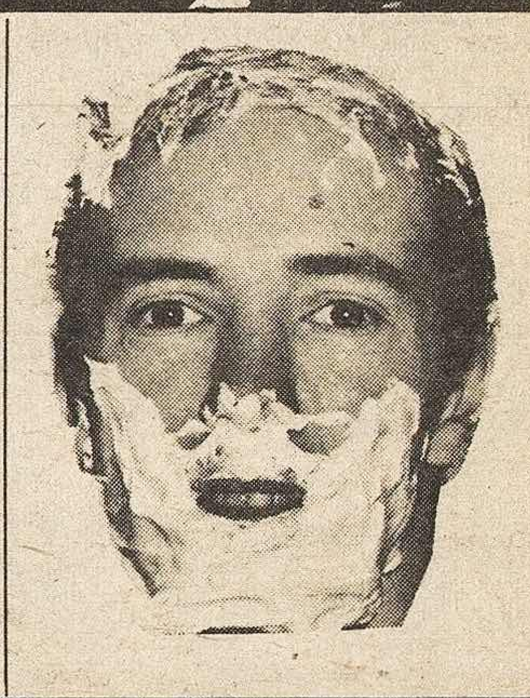
Continues page 77



Meaden in hospital circa '75 when these interviews took place.



CC MANN
MY
SHOOTING
STAR



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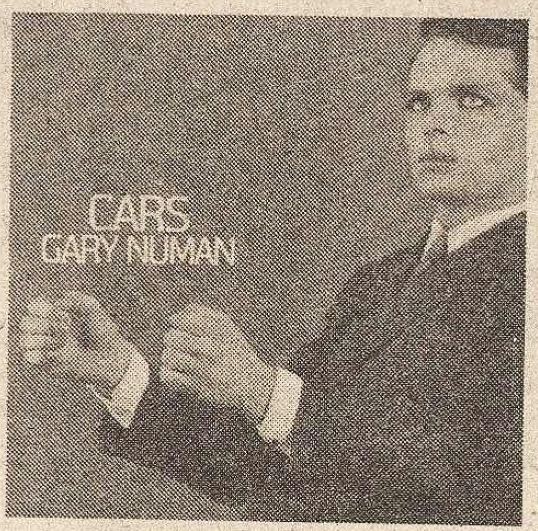
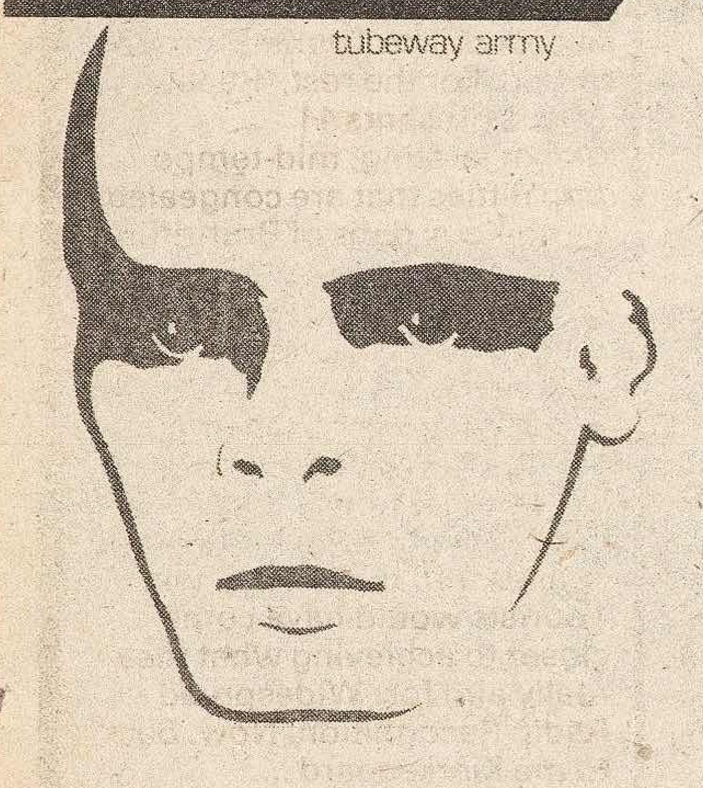
WE ARE SO FRAGILE

BEG 18

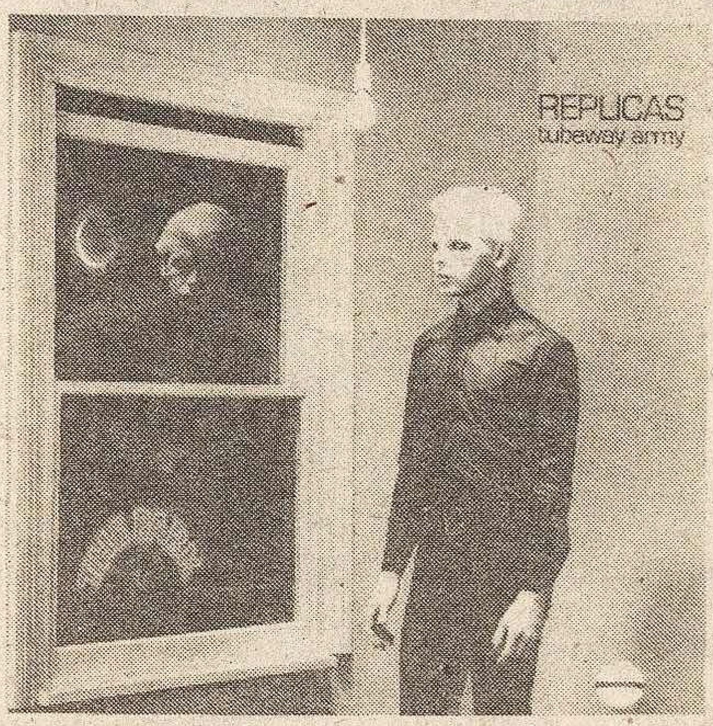
CARS
ASYLUM



BEG 23



TUBEWAY ARMY
Listen to the Sirens
My shadow in vain
The life machine
Friends
Something's in the house
Everyday I die
Steel and you
My love is a liquid
Are you real?
The dream police
Jo the waiter
Zero bars [Mr. Smith]
BEGA 4



REPLICAS
Me I disconnect from you
Are 'friends' electric?
The machman
Praying to the aliens
Down in the park
You are in my vision
Replicas
It must have been years
When the machines rock
I nearly married a human
BEGA 7

THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE
Airlane
Metal
Complex
Films
M.E.
Tracks
Observer
Conversation
Cars
Engineers
BEGA 10

ALBUMS

LEE PERRY
Scratch On The Wire
(Island)

1. HEARD all about but never heard the Scratch? (Improbable. But if not, do not, you'll only make the appearance worse than it seems).
2. 'Scratch On The Wire' is not a Lee Perry album; it is an Island compilation. The distinction isn't really that elitist or anything. 'Scratch On The Wire' is a typical contemporary compilation, meaning, that is, a bunch of noises with things in common but you wouldn't know it if you didn't know it already: no statement to that effect, no historical context. But 'Scratch On The Wire' has class on its side — interpret that how you will — and so insidious is its form that it's pretty damn impossible to put down.
3. The picture on the front is of Scratch a.k.a. The Upsetter a.k.a. Pipecock Jackson a.k.a. Lee Perry, who spends a lot of time behind the producer's console, a lot of time getting from A to B, and some time behind a microphone. Sometimes he goes 'mad' — that's our Western word for it but not necessarily his or mine or yours — and most of the time he is mad: behind the console or microphone, that is. He collects and more often than not throws out or away a landscape of noises which is hard to break or put down — something like an African Phil Spector. He isn't a journalist exactly, but like a lot of reggae people he ranks (sic) pretty high in the foreign correspondent stakes.
4. The pope is a baldhead. Dig it: the New Pope;
5. 'Scratch On The Wire' is music for lazy revolutionary Sunday afternoons. A few pages lying about as leaves are want to do, a few suspicions, a few worries, a few friends, a few herb racks which you weren't going to send your parents for Christmas anyway: you know the sort of afternoon. Get the biscuits, go on.
6. An ideal hum for homes with taste and time to tastefully kill. Not the 'definitive' article journalistically speaking. Could be any plush record company spread were it not for the Scratches: 'Vibrate On', Augustus Pablo 'Soldier And Police War', Jah Lion; 'Diana', George Faith; 'John Public', Errol Walker; 'Bird In Hand', Lee Perry; 'Big Neck Police Man', Lee Perry; 'In These Times', Errol Walker; 'No Peace', Meditations; 'Soul Fire', Lee Perry; 'War Ina Babylon', Max Romeo.
7. You get two for the space of one on the Jah Lion cut, which is a toast to/of Junior Murvin's 'Police and Thieves'. Me and my friends have got most of it already though and would really have liked harder-to-get stuff, or recent singles and their dubs well engineered, which would mean being able to sit still and Scratch *and* drink one's tea without having to get up every four or five minutes and blow one's tweeters out. Phew.
8. The cover was photographed by Dennis Morris.
9. Buy it if you're either completely into the Scratch or if you're just starting to itch (that's breakfast in dread for you). Buy it for 'War Ina Babylon' or because Lee Perry is the vocalist Santana never had. If 'Scratch On The Wire' isn't exactly the problematic area of bricolage and burning and looting that has always been Perry's style, it's still the most fun I've had with a 'review' album for a long time.
10. Last question: whatever happened to (crazy album reviews with reggae and numbers in?). . .

Ian Penman.

Lee Perry, the lazy Sunday revolutionary. Pic Adrian Boot.

An ideal hum for homes

THE POP
Go! *(Arista)*

SOMEBODY ought to have told The Pop about this new wave business. Specifically they should have taken Pop producer Earle Mankey aside into a queit corner and told him straight — "Forget it Earle, do something different. Nix the new wave."

Trouble is that they didn't and 'Go!', the Los Angeles band's second platter suffers from a surfeit of similarities with just about every hip, acceptable profile of the latterday '70s all dressed up into one overwhelmingly languid packet. In any case, if The Pop are trying to carve out their own niche in the fashionable radioworld, they've only managed to court disaster by latching onto the most obvious directions available; none of the potential avenues for expression that littered themselves accidentally around their debut have been followed up. Spotting The Pop's peer groups these days is easier than shooting fish in a barrel.

Perhaps it was never intended to work that way, but all those of us whose nostrils twitched in 1977 when Automatic released the eponymous first record are left wondering why. If David Swanson and Roger Prescott managed to sound suitably distinctive under their songwriting hats two years ago, now they've thrown that titfer into the commercial abbatoir and the results stink. Most aspects of this grisly failure, from the cover down to the last spoof disco rhythm smack of a self-consciousness that belies The Pop's true forte, a penchant for the grossly distasteful. This is partly due to Mankey's shortcomings as Aural go-between; he's cursed the band with a mix so dense and woolly that all that crude nastiness emerges in a calculated blanket of high camp and The Pop sound like glam rock sheep poncing around in a field bitching for a non-existent camera.

'Go!' is very superficially glossy. Both 'Beat Temptation' and the tedious 'I Want To Touch You' are vocal ringers for mid-period Roxy Music, except that the jokes aren't funny and the singer, either Prescott or Swanson (Gloria's hitherto undiscovered love-child), puts so little conviction into the McGovern the current drummer has been around long enough to have tuned his pig-skins for Randy California's Kapt. Kopter Krew in the early '70s and neither Prescott nor Swanson are street-level spring sprogs. Their acquiescence in the calculation stems from an understandable desire to shoot their shot at the slowest target, to make studiously 'listenable' jerk rock palatable enough to gain airplay on phrasing that he could be reading off a cheat sheet. On 'Under The Microscope' and 'Shakeaway' Mankey slips them into a pompous, jokeless environment where the Anglophile obsessions are painful to behear.

The reasons for this alteration in aesthetic tack are predictable enough. The Cars' drummer David Robinson once occupied the backline in The Pop, whilst Tim American FM, just so long as it doesn't make 'em sick.

As if the hell-crossed fusion of such disparate bed-partners as Roxy, Cars, Clash (fill the rest in yourself) hadn't been so achingly overdone, The Pop had hinted, nay proven, that they were capable of filtering out their *own* solutions, specifically in that first mad mish-mash of subterranean punk which they'll probably never reproduce again but which they could have served as a launching pad for something creative.

Instrumentally, the improvements reached on 'Go!' — Prescott and Swanson's guitar straffing, McGovern's cultured, hypnotic drumming, Tim Henderson's savage red-meat bass, the cracked harmonies — are all outweighed by a lush, somnambulent mix. The sick subtlety of 'Legal Tender Love' is diluted into one good pun, while the choking kindness of 'Falling For Carmen' is about as outrageous as any Wings record.

The only time The Pop score using their own wits is on 'She Really Means That Much To Me' when the heartlessness of the lyric is as convincingly sordid as the best moments of the debut. Otherwise The Pop's skinny skeletons crumple into a grotesque heap of parody and irritating hooklines, few of them sitting comfortably. Unless they can dump the likes of Mankey and his corporate blandness quick and recover a lot of their initial rawness and spontaneity they'll be damned forever as some high-grade, robotic Top 40 pop band. Maybe they'll sell a lot of records into the bargain, but then they ain't rock stars yet.

Pass 'Go!' and do not collect four hundred dollars, Pop pickers. This one could make a dead dog laugh.

Max Bell

JERRY LEE LEWIS
Good Rocking Tonite
(Sun)

IT'S not easy trying to type your review when Jerry Lee Lewis is playing — just one second's lapse in concentration and your forefinger starts stabbing out a staccato line of letter l's, or else your thumbnail's sweeping majestically down the keys. Then it really gets to you (like the piano-break on 'Pink Pedal Pushers') and you suddenly find yourself trying to use two hands and a foot.

The point being that Jerry Lee Lewis music spreads like hell fire and kicks like moonshine whiskey, plus all sorts of other equally violent things. Sub-titled '16 Classics by Jerry Lee Lewis 1956/62', the present collection fairly sums up this Louisiana looney's apocalyptic contribution to that first immortal wave of Deep South rock 'n' roll wild-men.

It takes us through from his earliest Sun audition session ('Deep Elem Blues' and 'Hand Me Down My Walking Cane'), a crashing collision of white Country origins with black R'n'B influences, pumped out with demented fervour, to cover versions of old standards and hits of the day ('Be Bop A Lula', 'Matchbox', 'Old Black Joe'). While we don't get 'Great Balls Of Fire' or 'Whole Lotta Shakin', we do get the very wonderful 'Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee' and also 'Let's Talk About Us', revived a while back by Dave Edmunds.

Lewis' style was effortless, easy-going arrogance over compelling, propulsive keyboards, tethered to a deadly effective backbeat; it doesn't grow old. Praise the Lord and pass the bourbon.

Paul Du Noyer

THE TOURISTS
Reality Effect *(Logo)*

MAYBE I'm missing the point entirely, but confronted with a moniker like "reality effect", I'm tempted to cock an ear for signs of aural illusionism and metaphysical tit-bits.

Which is a pity, since the cherubic harmonies of Peet Coombes, Ann Lennox, and Dave Stewart are the *nicest* aspect of The Tourists' group sound. For the rest, 'Reality Effect' presents 11 unexhilarating, mid-tempo pop ditties that are congealed by copious dabs of Brut-riffing from the rhythm section, and mayonnaised by Ms. Lennox' deftly applied touches on the keyboards.

Had they ditched their po-faced profundities and concentrated instead of infusing some of their onstage sparkle into this album, the Tourists would have come closer to achieving what they really aim for: Widespread Radio Recognition. Now, back to me Kierkegaard ....

Rick Joseph

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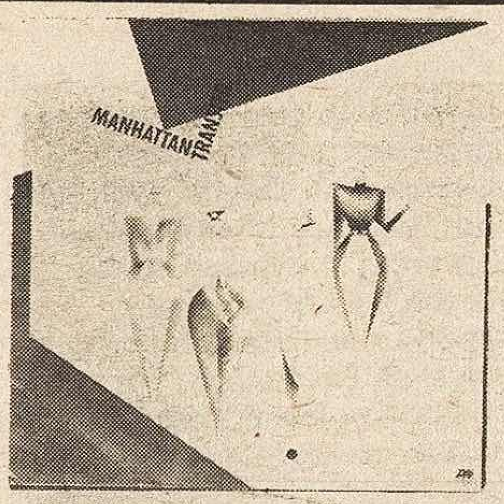
Thin Lizzy



THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER
Extensions *(Atlantic)*

DON'T say nothin', but there's a rumour says that Jive As We Know It existed even before rock'n'roll came bawling out the womb. Relics, remnants and fossils unearthed by The Manhattan Transfer's excavations all clearly point to the theory that notions of cool, of hip (not to mention hep) and of general all-purpose grooviness were not unknown even to the benighted generations pre-Elvis.

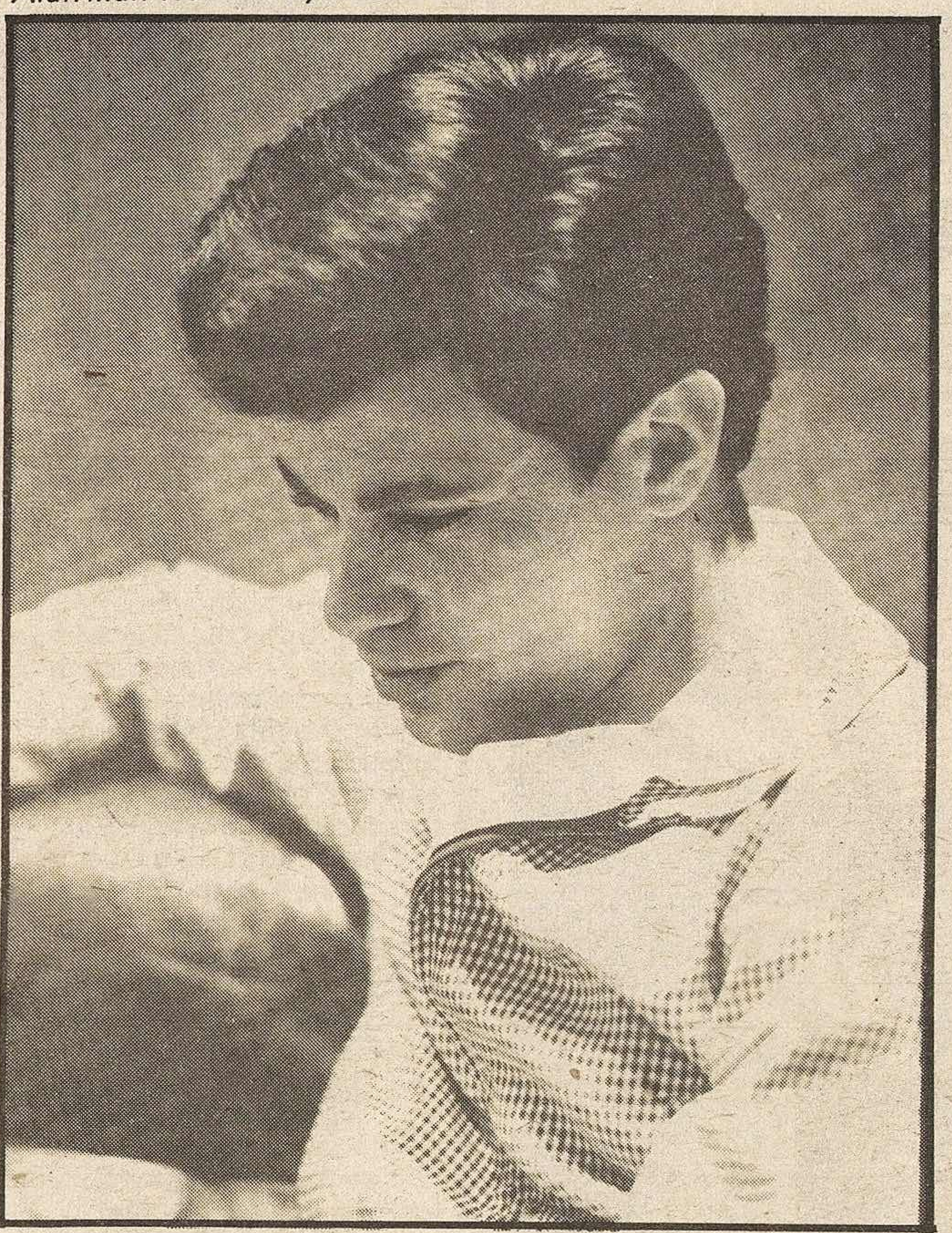
Startling as these findings might seem, there's a deal more to be derived from Man-Tran's explorations than just historical interest. This 'Extensions' selection of exhibits (which, incidentally, boasts a few coyly 'futuristic' features — though still of a stylistically archaic fashion, like a '30s sci-fi film) contains much, much more.

Eschewing schmaltz throughout our four gifted warblers (with Cheryl Bentyne replacing Laurel Masse) play it tight and keep it sharp, from the superb opener 'Birdland' — the vocal version of Weather Report's instrumental — to the mellower 'Body And Soul (Eddie And The Bean)', both numbers being slick tributes to their jazz-age idols and wonderfully evocative of their period.

Bop is king. Total swing. Time we got smart.

Paul Du Noyer

Alan Man Tran. Pic by Pennie Smith



Total swing thing

THE BOGEY BOYS
Friday Night *(Chrysalis)*

THE Bogey Boys are a three-cornered combo from Eire whose music is almost as thrilling as their name. Their debut LP is an evocation of mainstream R&B-flavoured boogie before it sprouted swarf and spawned Heavy Metal as we now know it. All in all, it's a remarkably sedate experience.

Bass and drums galumph in an orderly manner and there's icing courtesy Jim Smith, who weaves intricate pearl and plain guitar patterns like so much aural knitting. There are no red-fanged fretboard sprees as such, just a continuum of wearisome stop/go sequences in which everybody/nobody solos. They bear the hallmark of democratic restraint, and they doggedly refuse to let rip.

Bumping and grinding through stolid vignettes of a mythical plebeian existence, they touch upon its collective conscience in 'I'm All Right Jack', its traumas in 'Closing Time', both sides of the work ethic coin in 'Success Story' and 'Hard Times', and the weekly Valhalla of 'Friday Night' (out with the lads on). Agony trickles forth in controlled dosages; the dereliction seems as pre-destined as their riffs.

Rick Joseph

ART PEPPER
Among Friends
(Interplay Import)
Art Pepper Today
(Galaxy)

EVER since I saw him play at Hammersmith last May, I've been hooked on the cool, tender beauty of Art Pepper's music.

Apart from being the decade's great comeback success — his recording career resumed in 1975 after a 15-year nightmare hiatus of gaol, heroin addiction and serious illness — Pepper has rapidly evolved into one of the great masters of modern jazz saxophone, adapting the adventurousness of free music into a personalised version of post-bop traditionalism.

His purity of tone, his poise, his restraint — a kind of pithy delicacy — are the stylistic hallmarks.

These two latest albums are as good as any he's ever done. 'Among Friends' is the earlier; a funky, spirited selection of Pepper's favourite pieces that includes an affectionate dissection of Monk's 'Round About Midnight' and the fruition of a long-standing interest in Latin jazz with 'Besame Mucho', an astonishingly lovely lilting performance that has Pepper's alto at its most deftly caressing.

'Art Pepper Today' has equivalent delights. A darting rampage through 'Lover Come Back To Me', a slitheringly langorous 'These Foolish Things' — and a new version of his self-penned classic 'Patricia'. Pepper gently breathes through a flowing set of sensuous variations before re-entering with a flickering agitation that bursts into a passionate crescendo and final peaceful release.

He reckons it's the best thing he's ever recorded. I think these things are two of the year's most beautiful and essential releases. At least give them a listen.

Graham Lock

IMPORTS

THERE'S a track called 'Jas'moon' on **The Dirt Band's** 'An American Dream' (UA), that has the one-time Nitty Gritties niftily blending disco, bluegrass and even chamber jazz. Now, it's a no great deal, no breakthrough or anything like that, but it works effectively enough and maybe points one direction in which Hanna, McKuen and Co. could head.

And certainly The Dirt Band needs to head somewhere pretty soon, for they're currently wasting their undoubted talents in a belated attempt to become whiter-than-white LA.. cowboys, replete with wishy-washy paddle action. A revival of hardy perennial 'New Orleans', on which Lousiana's Le Roux provide a twist assist, sounds healthy, but despite the involvement of such guests as Al Kooper, Linda Ronstadt, Leah Kundel and Marty Gwinn, the rest of the album — which includes an oddball reggae version of Claude King's 'Wolverton Mountain' '62 hit — hardly signals a return to former glories.

The previously mentioned **Martyn Gwinn** is also to be found playing musical footsy with **Randy Bishop** on 'This Is The Night' (Infinity). But those who think of Bishop in terms of his work with The Wackers, Roxy and other worthy Canadian capers, can forget about 'Night', which is only mildly ahead of Peters and Lee in approach, the track listing — which includes 'To Daddy', 'Delicate Harmony', 'In Your Eyes' and 'Spending All My Love On You — reflecting Bishop and Gwinn's totally marshmallow world.

Those seeking something considerably more substantial are therefore pointed in the direction of 'Free At Last' (Gusto), a double-ration of King sides by **Little Willie John**. John, once the subject of a tribute album by James Brown, could have easily provided Hollywood with enough material for a dozen bio-pics. A singer at 14, he notched 13 U.S. pop hits between 1956-61, including such monsters as 'Sleep' and 'Fever', slotting in innumerable tussles with drinks, drugs, fast cars and faster women along the way, eventually staking his claim to true legendary status by getting arrested on a manslaughter charge and dying, age 30, while being held in Washington State Penitentiary. A great, earthy, emotive vocalist, he turned ballads into blues and rocked as mightily as anyone around, turning such fripperies as 'Leave My Kitten Alone' (a hit both in '59 and '61) into classic singles. 'Free At Last' therefore comes highly recommended. Essential even yet!

Finally a memo to all **Mike Nesmith** freaks that 'Monkeemania', a 40 track double, is now available on Aussie Arista. Packaged in superb manner — the sleeve notes are almost book-length and include a full discography, listing both solo and group recordings, plus a chart log — the disc features all of the band's essential material together with an elongated version of 'The Porpoise Song', a live concert cut of Nesmith's 'Circle Sky' and even a rendition of Boyce and Hart's 'Monkee's Theme' sung in Italian! Teenybop **The Monkees** may have been, but their music (and their TV shows) remain as tackily endearing as any episode of *Flash Gordon*. 'Cuse me while I put on my woolly hat and tune in yet again!

Fred Dellar

TWAT

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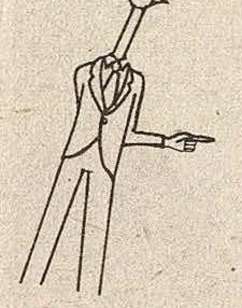

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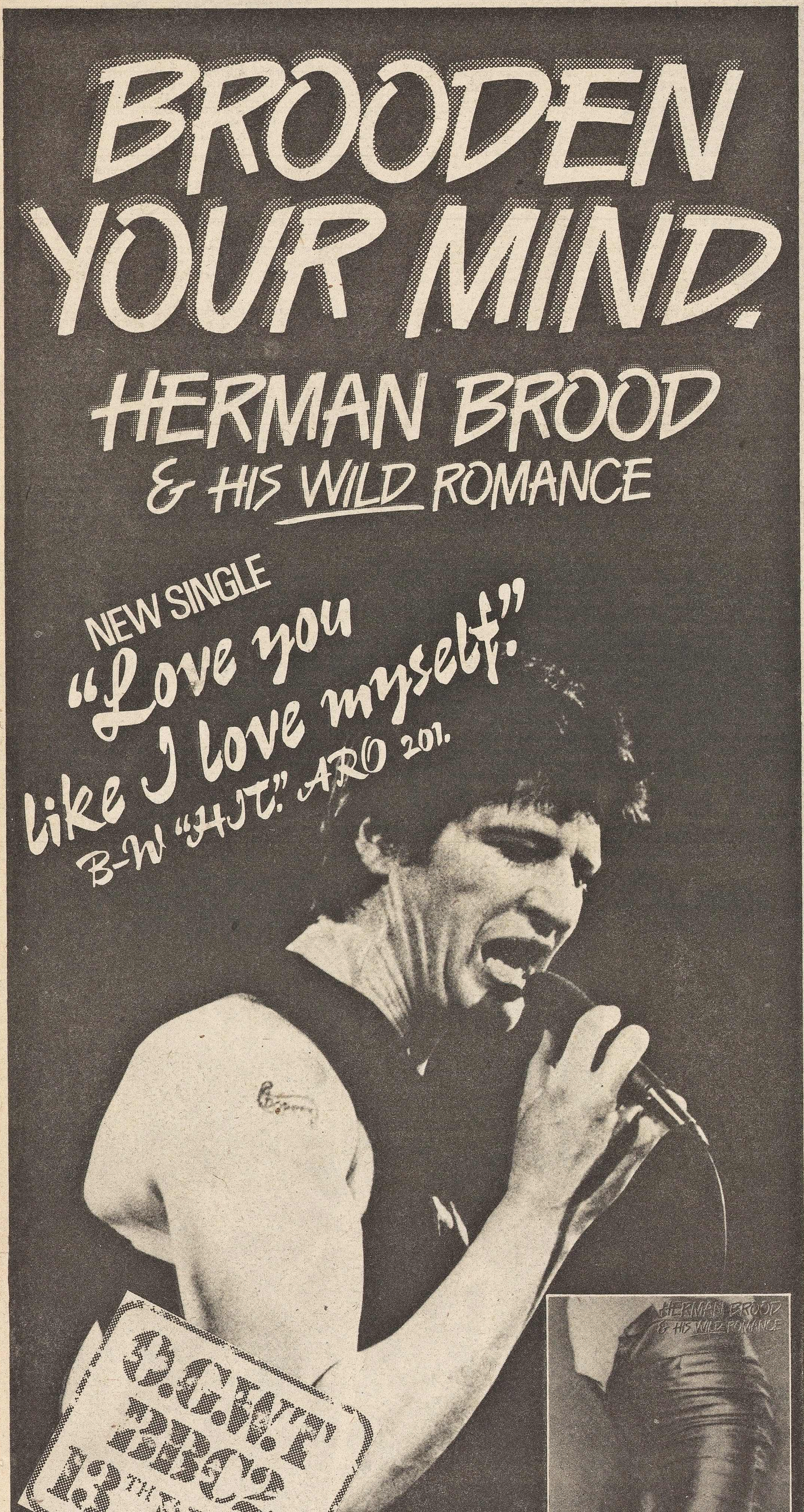
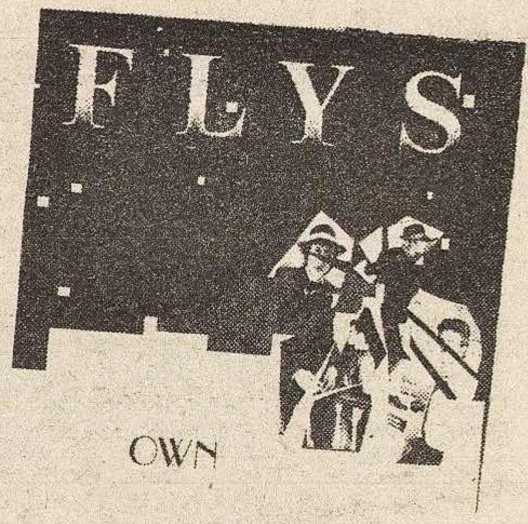




FLYS
Own *(EMI)*

SINCE 'Waikiki Beach Refugees', their diverse and hugely promising debut, Flys have dropped the 'The' and undergone a corresponding musical streamlining. On 'Own', the riffs strike harder, aided by beefier production courtesy of '2 boys talking' (presumably co-writers Neil O'Connor and David Freeman, Flys' answer to the Glimmer Twins.)

The opening three tracks highlight the band's strengths and problems. 'Let's Drive' transcends its obvious 'Jumping Jack Flash' origins with some scything chordal work from the guitars (O'Connor and Freeman), only to be let down by watery vocals. 'Energy Boy', the single, is even more compulsively guitar-driven, but it and the languid 'Fascinate Me' are seriously undermined by O'Connor's Bowie-derived lyrics and inflections.

But Flys are quick to counter with three successive crackers. 'Talking To The Wall' sounds far more hit-like than 'Energy Boy', bolstering a spirited chorus with handclaps and sharp lyrics. '16 Down' and 'Fortunes' are almost as strong and 'Shake Some Action'-era Flamin' Groovies provides a fair reference point for this hat-trick, though Flys have compressed and toughened up the renowned Anglophiles' approach.

Noticeable throughout 'Own' is a leaning toward varied — not to say psychedelic — texturing. A meandering, plink-plonk section on 'Fascinate Me' has 'Satanic Majesties' written all over it, while the trebly organ and discreet smashing of glass on 'Through The Windscreen' recall the brief, witty Pink Floyd of yore. The disembodied voice (Freeman?) and scudding background drone of 'When 2 And 5 Make 9' make it the most successful of this crop, guitars boosting another memorable chorus.

New drummer Graham Deakin is integrated to the extent of getting a lead vocal on 'Freezing', a forgettable Cockney / Scaffold opus, and, along with Joe Hughes' bass, provides power without clumsiness. David Freeman is not the most inventive lead guitarist I've heard, but excels at the kind of pointed, economical playing that is Flys' stock in trade.

Look — there's enough depth on 'Own' to satisfy long after more clearly focussed efforts have palled.

Harry George

JOHN PRINE
Pink Cadillac
(Asylum)

JOHN HIATT
Slug Line *(MCA)*

WITH the record industry in apparent decline, times is hard for the musical Mike Yarwoods, the people who think they can get by if they sound like more illustrious fore-runners.

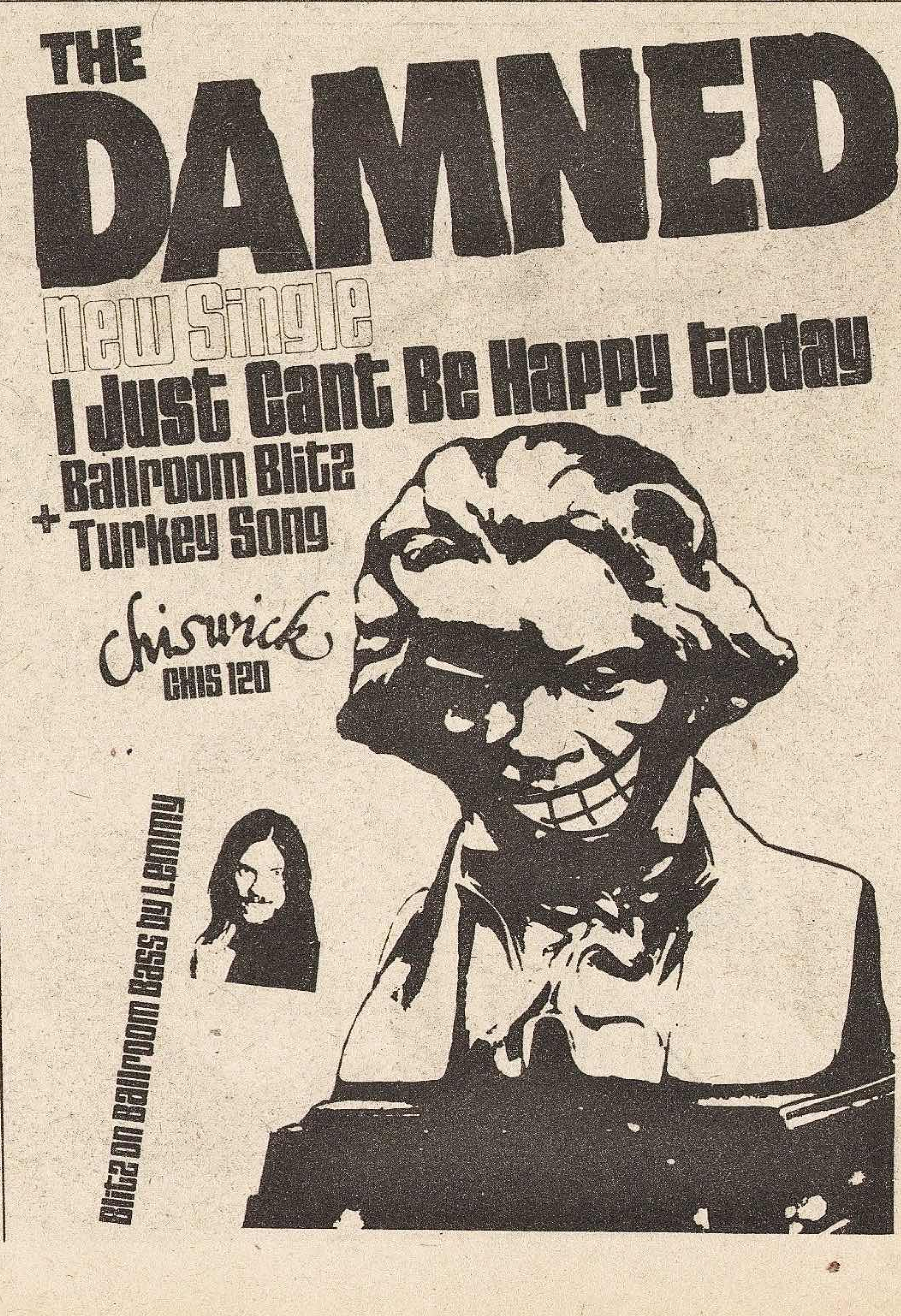
John Prine used to have a distinctive voice of his own, a countrified bass with which he crooned a couple of truly celebrated songs: 'Sam Stone,' about a G.I. victim of Vietnam, and 'Hello In There,' a much-covered lament for old-age. These days, alas, he sounds excessively like Bob Dylan, circa 'Nashville Skyline.'

Happily, however, the mood of this album, produced by the legendary Sam Phillips and his sons, is also on a par with that particular Dylan collection, so it's all very pleasant. An agreeable, cosy way of spending forty minutes, if you happen to be an agreeable, cosy sort. Songs with titles like 'Cold war' and 'Saigon' ought to have interesting lyrics, but Prine seems to be so busy establishing atmosphere and emotion, that you can barely hear a single word.

Lyrics pre-occupy John Hiatt, who evidently fancies himself as a bit of an Elvis Costello disciple. Just what the world needs. Hiatt's voice is Costello to the half-life, and the sneer displayed on the back sleeve would be enough to crack El's specs. Hiatt's difficulty, though, is that he's also heavily influenced by Bruce Springsteen. Little sketches of urban life intrude into the cynical waffle. Nothing wrong with that on the face of it. Except Hiatt's ambition overreaches itself.

Costello and Springsteen are both originals. They succeed because they've got lots of inspiration, and write their own blueprints. In contrast, Hiatt merely regurgitates sloppy seconds.

Bob Edmunds



Not so drole by Doll

DOLL BY DOLL
Gypsy Blood *(Automatic)*

OUT of the abattoir and into the light? Compared with its dark, grim predecessor, Doll By Doll's second album has all the outer appearance, at least, of an altogether friendlier animal.

Just as 'Remember' seemed introverted to the point of unbalance, so bereft of surface attraction as if determined to repel any but the most committedly sympathetic listener (and evoking anything from irritation to derision from the rest of us, hardening into studied indifference), so 'Gypsy Blood' turns out as a warm, richly musical work of easy appeal, accessible and inviting.

There's a noticeable softening of approach as the more lyricical and romantic element in Jackie Leven's songwriting gains prominence at the expense of the violent and harrowingly stark aspect so evident elsewhere: a development that's parallelled by the album's production which incorporates more colour, breadth and diversity.

In terms of simple memorability, of melody and construction, the present selection (though not comprised entirely of songs which are new to Doll's repertoire) represents an unqualified improvement and advance. New readers begin here.

Once again it's Leven whose writing and personality dominate the album, but with two strong contributions from Jo Shaw in 'Binary Fiction' and 'Endgame'. David McIntosh still drums and Tony Waite comes in on bass. 'The Human Face', maybe the most immediately impressive cut, is credited as a group composition. Leven emerges as a gifted and intriguing writer, all the better for his vastly increased clarity which seems born of the resolution of certain inner conflicts and a keener desire to move out and meet the listener at least half-way.

Rather than attempt explanations and summaries which, given the intensity and emotional depth of the songs, would necessarily be facile and inadequate, I'd ask you to make your acquaintance first hand. Just for now, though, we could note the skill for imagery and incidental detail which informs a piece like 'Stripshow'. A line that goes *"When the neon universe was winking to an end/and the taxi drivers yawned from Earls Court to The Strand"* blends into the song's context with haunting economy and precision.

No, those charges of obscurity won't hold this time around. And nor, to my mind, will accusations of humourlessness — unless I'm completely out of order in finding something hilarious about a celestial gospel choir singing "Jesus Wept" in transfixed repetition.

'Gypsy Blood' is still a largely autobiographical affair, as its title imples (Leven is half-Romany, and retains a mystical attachment to the race's traditions), but more than that, it's a fully rounded statement of character, counterbalancing the bitterness and flashes of cynicism with tenderness and compassion.

It's prompting a deal of reassessment on this listener's part, I know. Doll By Doll are opening out.

Paul Du Noyer

THE METEORS
Teenage Heart *(EMI)*

THE fair youth of Amsterdam have taken to The Meteors like a moth to a flame. Will their Brit counterparts do likewise, as EMI prepares to launch these six minstrels here as Holland's only known specimen of The Nieu Waav? And will their scurrilous new single, 'My Balls Ache' (chick slammed car door on 'em, the song says) fan the flames of controversy, even as they disembark at Harwich? Controversy, by golly, The Meteors will probably need something like that.

Their confused hotch-potch of an album reveals above all that they haven't quite found their bearings. In fact, they wear their multiple crises of identity like a thorny crown. On the 11 tracks of beat music here, the mood shuffles randomly from the mildly disturbing to the downright old hat. But the central conflict seems to be should they stamp their feet and be anarchic, or should they be po-faced and cerebral?

When they want to be vigorous, they frequently resort to hamfisted boogie, yet they show a dab hand at sprucing up their tunes with *modernische* electronic noises, sometimes in the most peculiar of places. And when they want to sound vociferous and punky, it comes out sounding, well . . . Dutch?

I hope they find a champion in the UK, if only because their explorations into odd fields (atonality, for instance), reaches the parts that most other bands cannot reach, or don't care to. But to these ears, 'Teenage Heart' remains as lacklustre as a wet firework.

Rick Joseph

SANTANA
Marathon *(CBS)*

AAH, the master of the tacky taco, the dippy Devadip is back, running around in ever-decreasing circles. How apt that old Carlos should take up the cudgels once more on behalf of everything that is pure and beautiful; what enlightenment is cast on the dark waters of man's tortured inner soul. 'Marathon', the new Santana album, the longest race in the Olympic games, the lap of the gods, an unpleasant chocolate bar, a period of indeterminate time . . .

How does Sri Chinmoy have it? Of course, "An athelete (sic) runs in the outer world. A seeker runs in the inner world." Etcetera. One wouldn't mind the bloated conceit of Santana's footling fantasies, the ancient Jeff Beck licks, the moon in junisms but for that inevitable coating of half-baked religious chickenshit which he insists on smearing over every rusty aphorism and every cocktail melody.

Granted that each song *must* capitulate in melodramatic torpor. It's expected that the band sound like a hideous fusion of Return To Forever and Bad Company. In that respect Santana are no worse than the grand sweep of popular product merchants for whom no deviation is necessary and none is offered. Fair enough, Carlos, we never credited you with a brain or the usual quota of aesthetic faculties.
Save us from Mexican missionaries and their fraudulent soothsayers.

Max Bell

NEIL INNES

NEW ALBUM
The Innes Book of Records

UK Tour

NOVEMBER 16th Herriot Watt Univ. EDINBURGH
17th Strathclyde Univ. GLASGOW
20th LEICESTER Univ.
21st SOUTHAMPTON Univ.
22nd BATH Univ.
23rd UMIST, MANCHESTER
24th SHEFFIELD Univ.
26th Lady Mitchell Hall CAMBRIDGE
27th and 28th Venue LONDON
29th Univ. of Surrey (Rag Ball) GUILDFORD
DECEMBER 1st BRADFORD University
7th Queen Elizabeth College LONDON

THE MOTELS
The Motels *(Capitol)*

INSIDE what's probably the most ghastly album cover I've seen in a year or more lurks a record of subtle attractiveness. The debut offering from LA's Motels won't leap up and grab you by the throat, but allow yourself steady exposure to its quiet, cool power and I can almost guarantee that it'll hook and insinuate itself into all the right places.

The Motels' music is a blend of melody and edginess, rising at times to moments of subdued beauty, enshrouded in this mist of nervous romanticism. The warm voice and vulnerable projection of Martha Davis, the group's songwriter and frontperson, are well served by the thoughtfully inventive musicianship of her band.

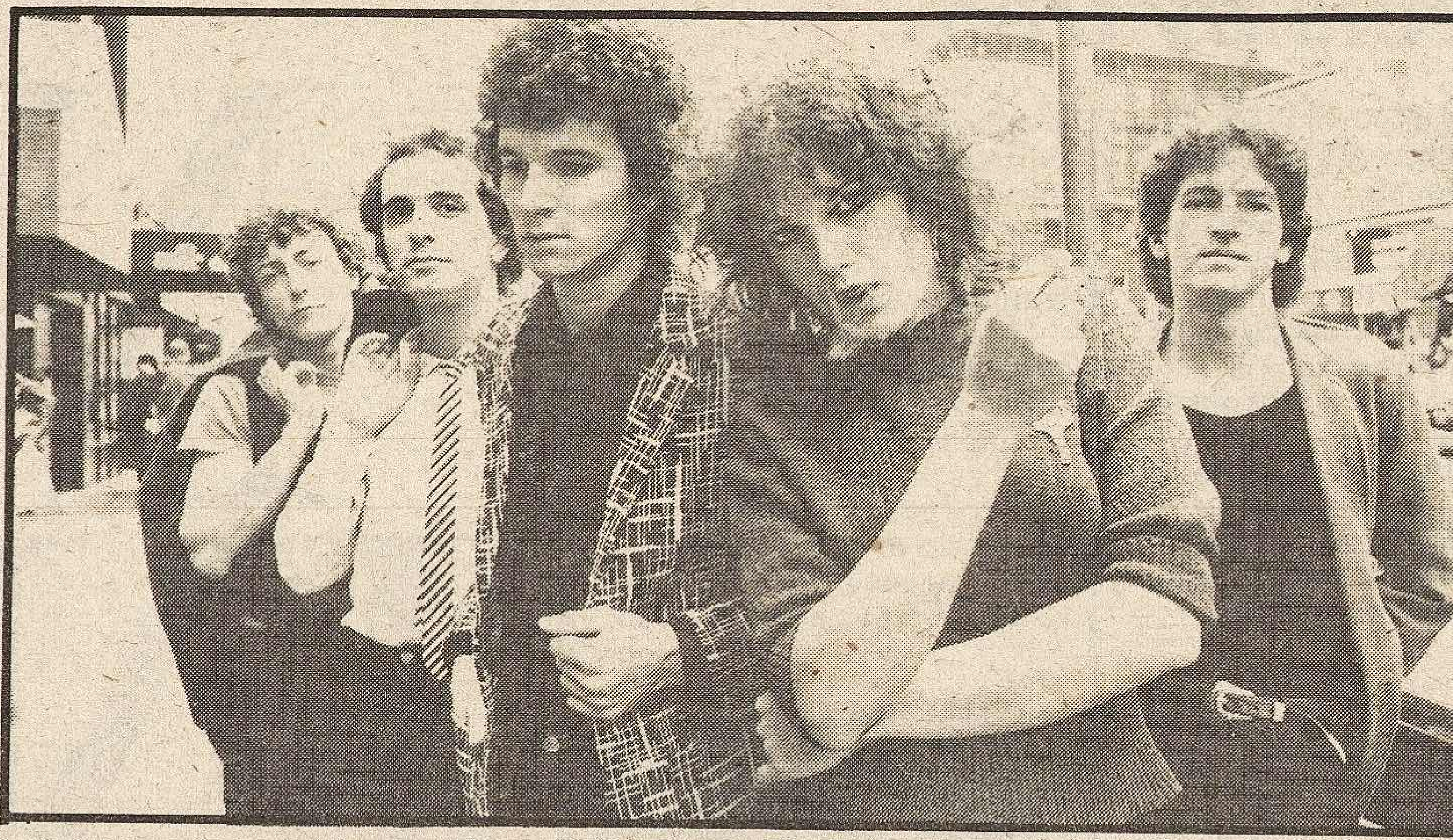
Michael Goodroe on bass and drummer Brian Glascock supply a strong but responsive rhythm section, deployed to excellent effect on the trance-like 'Porn Reggae', possessed of enough valuable sensitivity not to damage the slightly fragile construction of the songs. Jeff Jourard's guitarplaying and Martin Life Jourard's keyboards give eloquent evidence of a similar intelligence, often R&B in inspiration but genuinely individual.

Elsewhere Jourard takes up the sax, and to my mind provides the album's highpoint; his solowork through 'Total Control', itself the best song in the collection, entwines itself around the track's sensual, desolate melancholy to invest it with an extra dimension of feeling.

Still, the sum total of The Motels' first, in terms of impact and effect, isn't all that I'd wish. While recognising that themes of suppressed unease and awkward emotion form the very essence of Martha Davis' writing, the overall impression is of a frustrating restraint, of over-caution. Probably significant here is that recording was done almost at the outset of the group's career, before all its elements had coalesced, its vision had clarified or confidence cemented.

But this is a good beginning; the hype had some substance. It's to be hoped that Martha doesn't take the fatalism of her music too much to heart, and does decide to stick around with us a while longer — because the signs are that tomorrow could be worth waiting for.

Paul Du Noyer


The Motels: Martha Davis holds the key

Premature Accommodation

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Avon Calling (The Bristol Compilation)
(Heartbeat/Cherry Red/Spartan)

'AVON Calling' is the collective endeavour of 15 groups that live and languish around Britain's Most Unsung Major Metropolis. So, leaving aside any thoughts on the value of compilation albums in general, and digressions on rock geography in particular, it only remains to be said that 'Avon Calling' is a veritable riot of stunning pop.

Otherworldliness is the keynote for Glaxo Babies' wholly unpalatable offering 'It's Irrational': a feedback induced nightmare, for which for better or worse infiltrates the innerear with the thoroughness of a strong purgative. Next The Europeans give a new lease of life to the guitar flanger. 'On The Continent' is an updated and corpuscular 'Marrakesh Express' for day-trippers bound for Ostend, played from the back seat of the world's fastest roller coaster. You may or may not like it.

And we stay with one foot in Memory Lane with 'Green Is In The Red', in which The Private Dicks lend the unique vocal timbre of The Hollies (it's so uncanny) to a gloriously Buzzcockian nursery rhyme, complete with scatted nonsense lyrics and a teasingly impatient backbeat. But for those of you who've spent good brass on a copy of 'Raven', bend an ear towards Moskow, whose psyche-hogging scoop of ordered delirium leaves The Stranglers dangling. Their song is called 'Too Much Commotion', and it could prove hazardous to your health.

Further excellence comes from Essential Bop who dare to parody 'Riders On The Storm' and live. Their 'Chronicle' has a wall-to-wall atmosphere of impending catastrophe. The Directors provide incisive and bushy-tailed modmusic with 'What You've Got' while Various Artistes provide a rivetting, convoluted R&B shuffle, and a rare opportunity to hear a bass drum turned inside-out 'Own Up'.

Over on side two Sneak Preview kick off with 'Slugweird', a massive onslaught of swashbuckling industrial doom — a sort of fork lift truckers of the apocalypse theme, while Stingrays haul rock and roll into the '80s with their leering, pulsating 'Sound'.

The stylus trails into a boisterous four-star garage raunch from The X-Certs ('Anthem'), followed by spluttered mayhem from Apartment ('Alternative'), and an appealing, if confused display of Bowie-isms from The Numbers ('Cross-Slide'). Vice Squad ('Nothing') make archetypal buzzsaw music at twice the speed of gun-powder, while their voluptuous chanteuse Becky Bondage bewails the fate of her generation from the uppermost parapet of the Clifton Suspension Bridge.

The joys of profligate living are eulogized in 'Move Fast, Stay Ahead', a reckless, infectious punkabilly chorus from Stereo Models, and the concluding piece de resistance is 'My Dead Mother' from the magnificent Double Vision. The black pathos of this song is convincingly carried by Stephanie Dicks' imploring vocal, and offset by a wonderfully clumsy one-drop reggae backbeat that might have been dubbed in heaven.

Is that everyone accounted for? I've yet to discover any homgenising undercurrents that could be identified as The Bristol Sound or to pinpoint any one particular band that colonises the attention with extravagant individuality, but to be fair I've only played the album about 40 times this weekend. Nonetheless, for a refreshing insight into what is effectively first-generation rock-music, you could do worse than investigate 'Avon Calling'.

Rick Joseph

TINA TURNER
Love Explosion
(United Artists)

TINA Turner is renowned as a person capable of sizzling singing, high-pressure dancing and creating a stylised sexual frenzy whenever an MC announces, "Ladeez'n gemmun, it's *star time!*". Given the right band and the right material, she can grab an audience and keep 'em grabbed just as long as she wants. In other words, she's stunning.

On 'Love Explosion', she has a competent but basically boring clutch of accompanists, an arranger and producer (Raymond T. Knehnetsky and Alex R. Constandinos) who are — on this showing — unlikely to become household names, and a selection of material as instantly memorable as the names of the arranger and producer (quick: name them without looking up. Can't do it, can you?)

With the sole exception of the venerable Philly classic 'Back Stabbers' the songs are wall-to-wall useless, which leaves Tina in a position analagous to a person trying to dance in eight inches of molasses while wearing leaky wellingtons with lead soles. And this is happening to the person who wrote 'Nutbush City Limits'?

It is not pleasant to see someone this gifted in such lacklustre settings. Avoid at all costs.

Charles Shaar Murray

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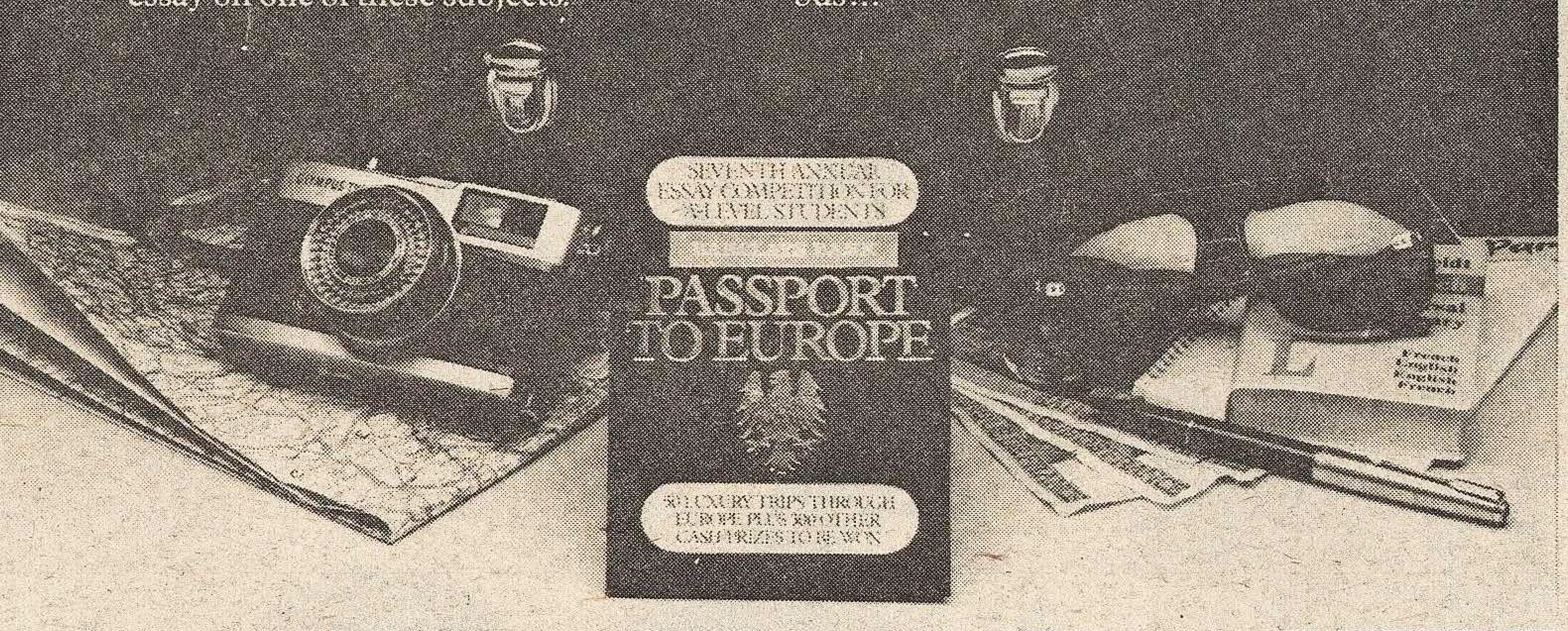

Please send me a leaflet with entry form. I was born between 1.8.1961 and 1.8.1964* and am currently studying for 'A'-level examinations (or equivalent).

Name (Mr/Miss) (BLOCK CAPITALS)

Address

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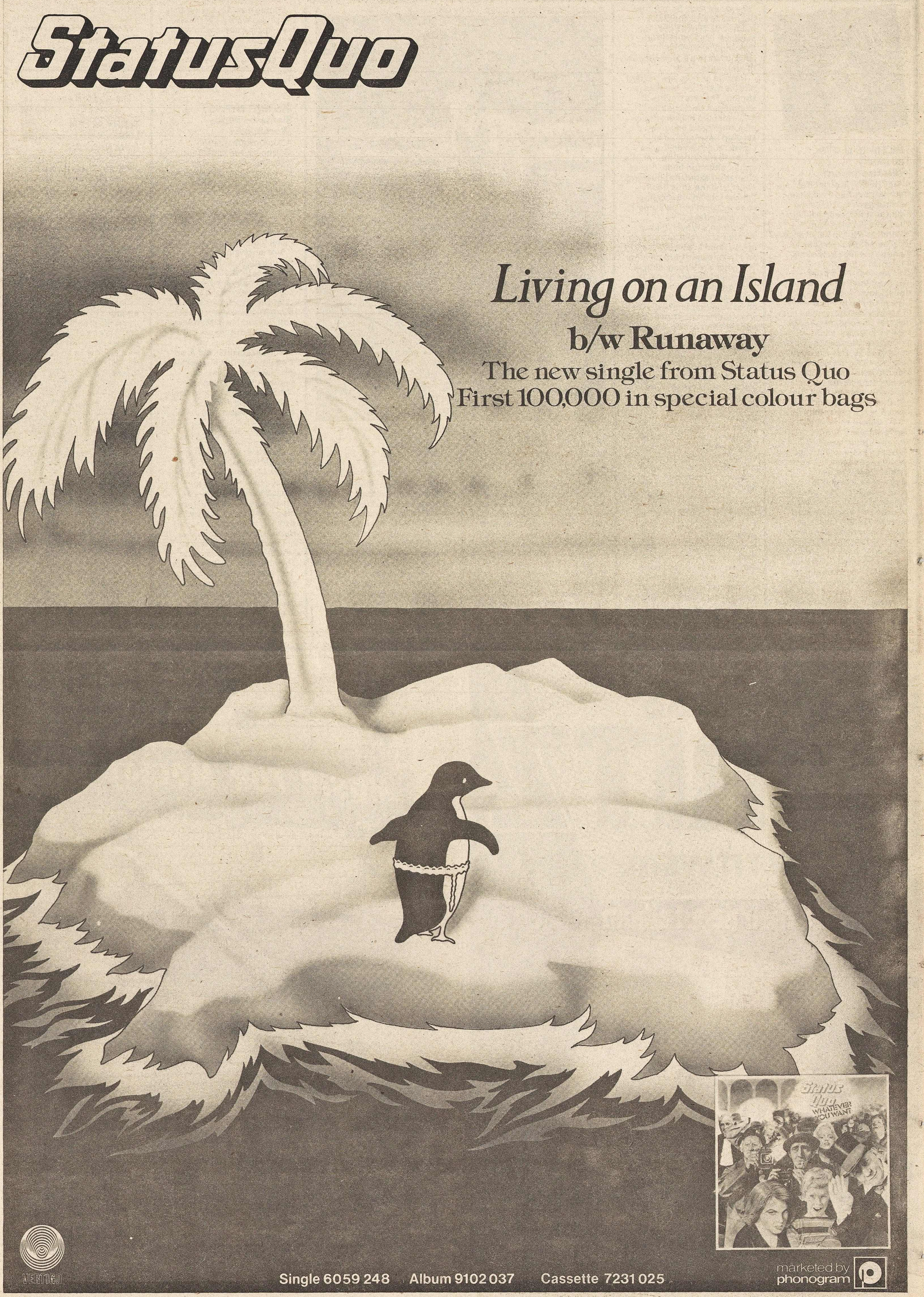
Post to: **Jane Brotherton, "Passport to Europe" Competition, Barclays Bank Limited, 54 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3AH.**

BARCLAYS

*The competition is open to all 'A'-level (or equivalent) students born between 1.8.1961 and 1.8.1964 inclusive, living in the UK. Writers of the top 100 essays in the 1978 and 1979 competitions are excluded from entry.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Living on an Island
b/w Runaway
The new single from Status Quo
First 100,000 in special colour bags
Status Quo
Whatever You Want
Vertigo
Single 6059 248 Album 9102 037 Cassette 7231 025
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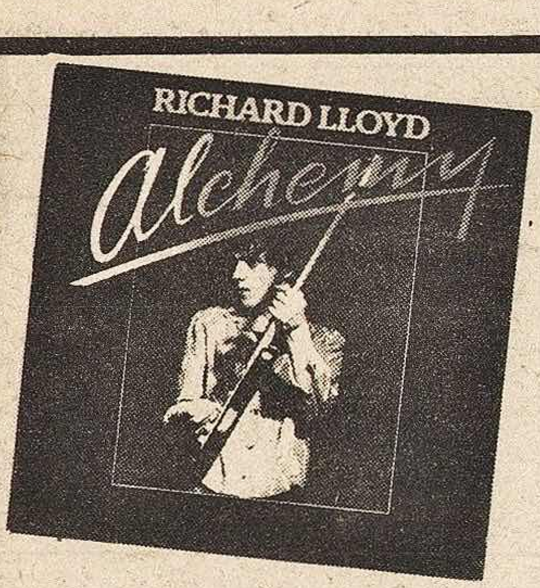


RICHARD LLOYD
Alchemy
(Elektra Import)

'ALCHEMY' is an interesting, sometimes highly exciting debut from the doe-eyed guitarist whose former claim to fame — being Tom Verlaine's foil in Television — caused one to never truly gauge the measure of his talents.

The spectres of the Stones and Dylan loom large over Lloyd's songs, as do those of The Byrds and The Beatles. 'Alchemy' itself is a useful companion piece to Verlaine's album in that whereas the latter shows its maker to be very much the master of his chosen style, sound and intents, often crossing distinctly unorthodox precincts, the former shows Lloyd to be rather more conventional.

Lloyd's musical structures are effectively eclectic, whilst his own guitar playing is very curt and to the point. He does, however, choose to overreach himself at times as a composer, a trait that provides 'Alchemy' with its quota of lame ducks. 'Dying Words', for example, is so overwrought lyrically, so clumsily conceived musically, that it's virtually unlistenable. Similarly 'Pretend', credited to Lloyd and three of his band, kicks off in an intriguingly anguished fashion but falls apart.

These are the album's most arch failures. Elsewhere Lloyd stays within his self-imposed limits, those of classic '60s-styled rock. Sometimes the results are pleasantly mediocre. 'Misty Eyes', for instance, is a virtual 'Pretty Flamingo' clone that languishes in a soppy cocoon of prettiness.

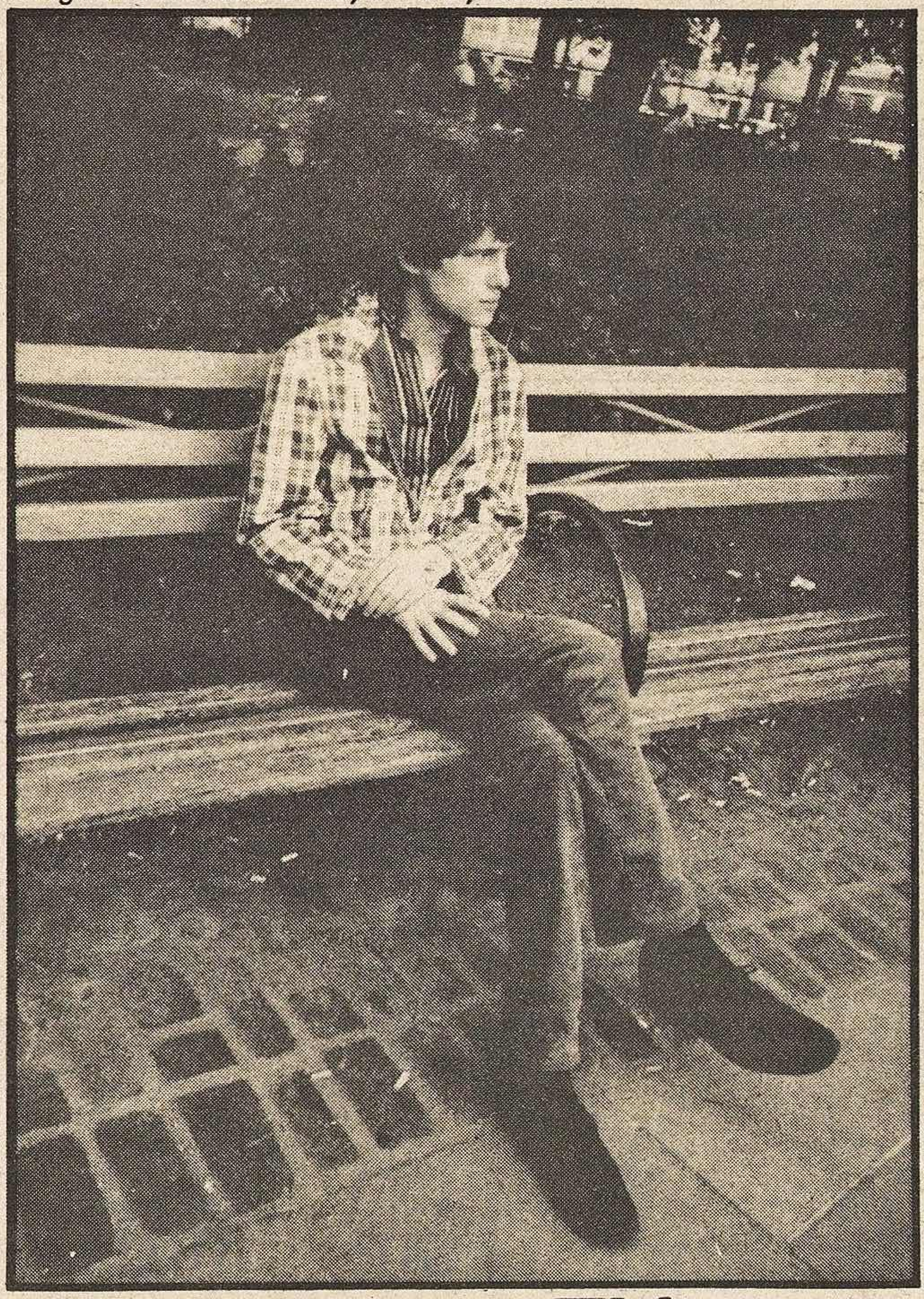
Despite all this, when Lloyd hits his mark, the results are superb. The title track is stunning. A thick, tightly implemented backdrop sets up a simple but beguilingly assured base over which Lloyd intones a wide-eyed paean to the supernatural. His guitar, although badly mixed, creates an exquisite spiralling effect, and the song finally billows into an intoxicating coda redolent of The Byrds in their glory days.

'Woman's Ways' follows, another ace, a perfect mating of Lou Reed's 'Sweet Jane' riff and Dylanesque harp playing. The lyrics are strong, simple and straight to the heart. The third good song in a row is 'Number Nine', a brusque, abrasive guitar jamboree that again suffers because of a poor mix but still drives along at a contagiously high pace.

Over on side two 'Blue And Grey', a sweetly shimmering ballad, and a tough quasi-doo wop affair give you a sturdy five strong tracks to chew over. Conclusions? Well, 'Alchemy' seemed no reason for great expectations, but delivers at least half the time. Not worth the high price of asking whilst it remains on import, 'Alchemy' should bear closer examination when it's released over here in December.

Nick Kent

A lugubrious Richard Lloyd. Pic by Godlis.



Life without TV

VILLAGE PEOPLE
Live And Sleazy
(Mercury)

A double and the VPs fifth 33 rpm outing. Since "Go West" they've lost their lead voice and lyricist Victor Willis. To ease you into the new gruff, humourless sounding Village People they've included a cushion of old stuff — in the shape of a live album — to nudge your memory that this is a good group and you should follow them no matter what.

On the sleeve you can look at new member Ray Simpson who they've kitted out so as to look as much as possible like Willis, and you can also note that the image has changed from over-the-top camp imagination into marketed tough guys after a good run for their bucks. The new music is wasteful and strained and David Hodo is a very poor substitute for the former lead man's rich humour and power.

The live album works well enough through 'Macho Man', 'YMCA', 'In The Navy', and the great 'San Fransisco', but this is the *old* Village People in operation, something admitted in tiny letters on the label. "Lead Vocals By Victor Willis", it says and you know that they're barely clinging on throughout the desperate two 'Sleazy', sides. Willis knew the bubble had been milked and — under a bad cloud, I suspect — got off the sinking ship. VP producer Jaques Morali, an awful poseur, obviously refuses to admit that his master creation has run its course.

People now are saying that the group were a charlatan Four Tops. People who were there know better. They were the Village People — funny, hot, exciting and now gone. Any of the first three LPs will give you the wink.

Danny Baker

IAN MATTHEWS
Siamese Friends
(Rockburgh)

AN important one for Matthews. His last offering, 'Stealing Home', cracked the US charts in impressive style, even spawning a million selling single. So if 'Friends' picks up the baton in reasonable fashion, then the lad from Lincs is set for the '80s and can check in at the Hotel Californias of this world.

Not surprisingly, the album, cut in Britain with a British producer (actually he was raised in Kenya, but we won't argue about that), is aimed unerringly at the American market, the songs often being soft-centred, with Matthews' voice epitomising the better end of FM MOR.

Bassist Mark Griffiths, an ex-Southern Comfort sidekick, plays with considerable perception throughout — check the way he seemingly curls his lines around Matthews' vocal on a version of John Martyn's 'Anna'. Then too, there's the under-estimated Mick Weaver's amalgam of thoughtful and heartfelt keyboard dressings — which really spark to life on the brazen boogie which is 'Heatwave', Mick opting for his old Wynder K Frog alter ego and heading for Hammond heaven.

The songs vary in quality. Matthew's own 'Hearts On The Line' is an anglegrabber right from it's *"Clothing lay scattered on the floor, like victims in a striptease war"* opening line, while Jules Shear's 'Home Somewhere' also sports lyrics that can be read or sung. Down at the bottom end though, Stevie Nicks' 'Crying In The Night' is a bit naff and hardly worthy of of Matthews' interpretation. Overall then, 'Friends' is a commendable affair and a mite edgier than your usual American pile of warm-wash and spin-dry.

Thai and thai again.

Fred Dellar

TERRY ALLEN
Lubbock On Everything
(Fate Records)

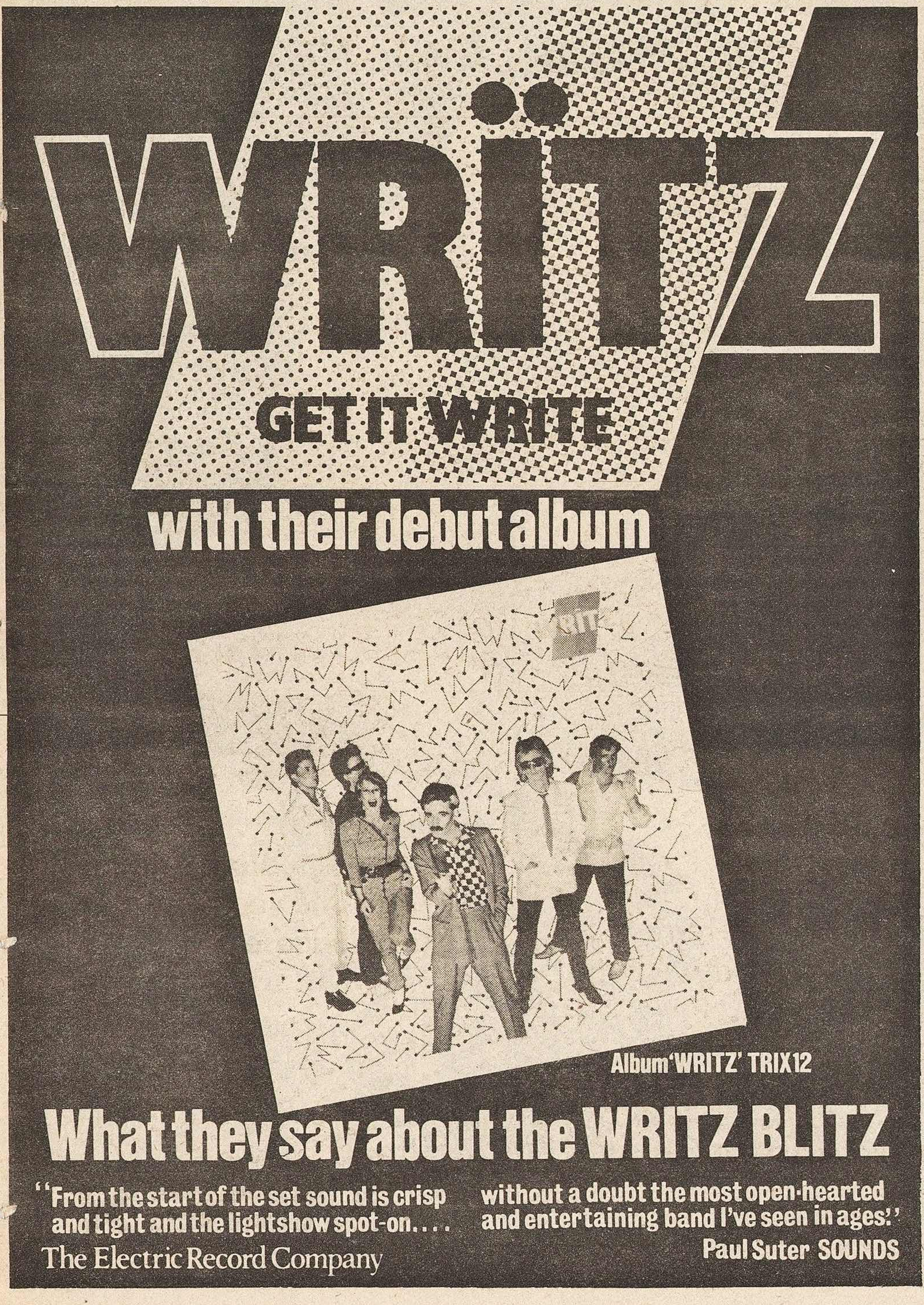
TERRY Allen emerged from Lubbock, Texas as the name behind Little Feat's 'New Delhi Freight Train', a card playing retired sculptor with a penchant for the witty and the bizarre and a whole mess of unrecorded country rock vignettes that bristle with loaded images, weird tales and a real historical eye for detail that would make a perfect fictional soundtrack to a Terrence Malick movie.

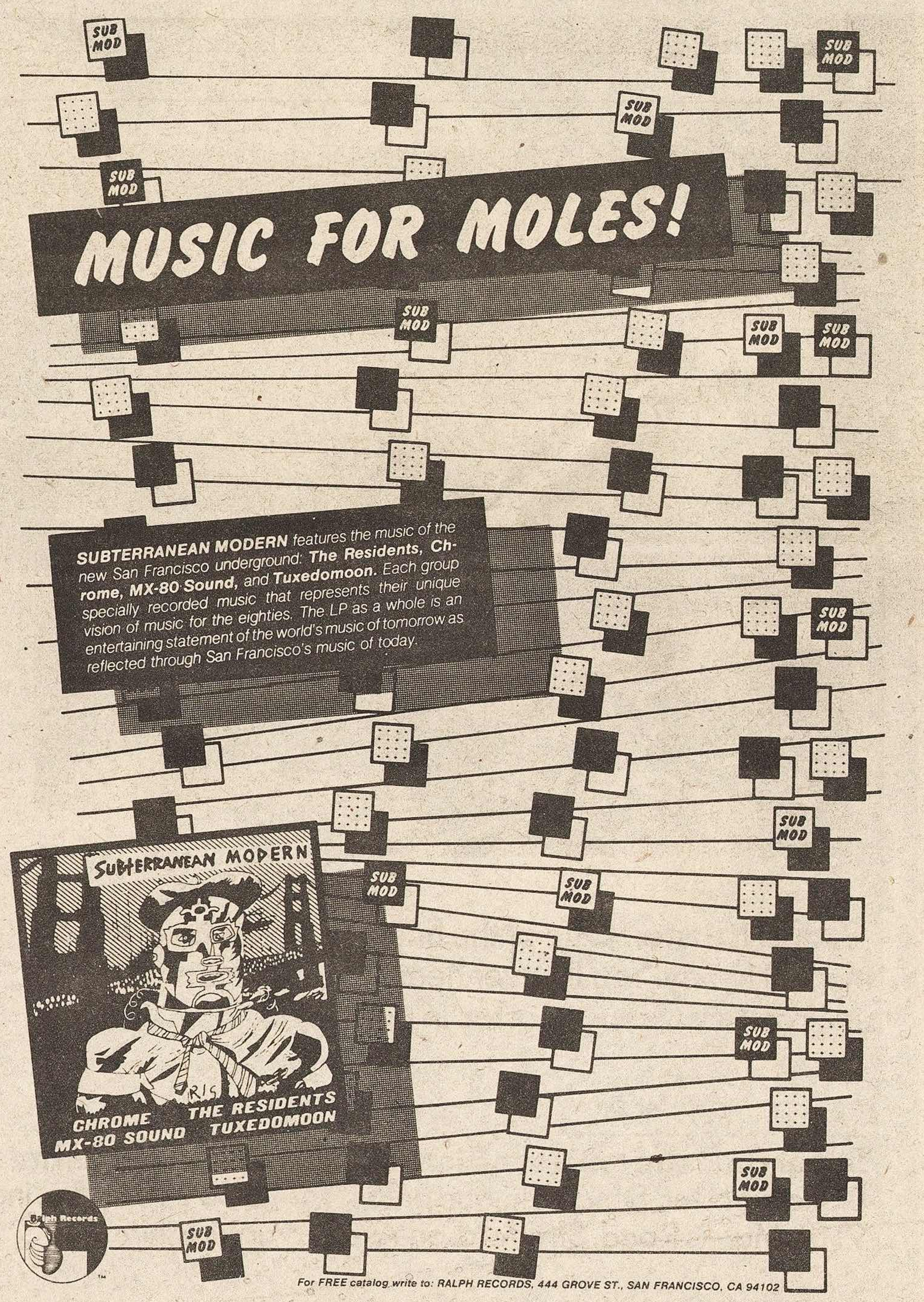
'Lubbock (On Everything)' engages the helping hands of Joe Ely's cream musicians and a range of unknown pickers and honkers who are as welcome as an oasis in a desert. Allen links his material thematically, side by side over four halves, each one of them packed with more real emotion and guts than a score of Willie Nelson albums. Songs for truckers, attacks on the art intelligentsia, requiems for 'Nam war widows, unwanted *menages des trois* and stories of panhandle princes.

Allen is in the unusual position of resembling no one in particular whilst outstripping all attempts to centralise his own muse. The works and the music concentrate on a scene like a photograph and have a scope like there's no horizon at all.

Gram Parsons, Lowell George are dead and gone but Terry Allen is alive and gone. The good old boys are good young boys now. It's a serious thing (but not too serious).

Max Bell





MICKEY JUPP
Long Distance Romancer
(Chrysalis)

MICKEY Jupp's a well-respected man, one reason being his life-long tenure with the Southend rhythm 'n' booze fraternity, another being his uncanny knack of churning out great songs.

Trouble is, the two don't always mix. His best numbers — mostly the shamelessly sentimental love songs — tend to suffer when intoned by a slightly gnarled old pub-rocker. Hence it's often left to the likes of Lowe, Gary Brooker (no less gnarled, some would say) and Elkie Brooks to give them a more sympathetic overhaul.

Where this album knocks scores over his last, 'Juppanese', is in its whole approach to the various sides of Jupp's songwriting talent. 'Juppanese' tackled nearly every track with the same format and sound; 'Long Distance Romancer' gives each song — from pristine ballad to dog-eared rocker — a completely individual feel, plus an instrumentation that adds to (or detracts from) Jupp's vocal wherever necessary.

In fact it's the arrangements (played, assisted and produced by Lol Greme and Kevin Godley) that clearly make this album a giant step for Jupp, though still a small step for rock 'n' roll.

Creme and Godley aim deliberately for a sound that's as far removed from his established 'good-time rocker' code as humanly possible, a sound he'd be pushed to reproduce on stage. Even the songs that come straight from that self-same stable are delivered in very different guise. 'You Know What I Mean' is pure Southend stomp, but hewn down to just a honky-tonk piano, echoing hanclaps and layers of drunken / idiotic vocals that lapse into sub-Dartsian doo-wop.

Every track comes out the way you'd least expect it. There's a couple of calculated risks, neither of which amount to very much; 'You Made A Fool Out Of Me', a dirge-like, plodding rock number spiced up by Andy Mackay croaking down a tenor sax, and 'True Love', whose ingenious mix of crashing drums, clicking percussion and far-off synthesiser still doesn't manage to camouflage its flagging content.

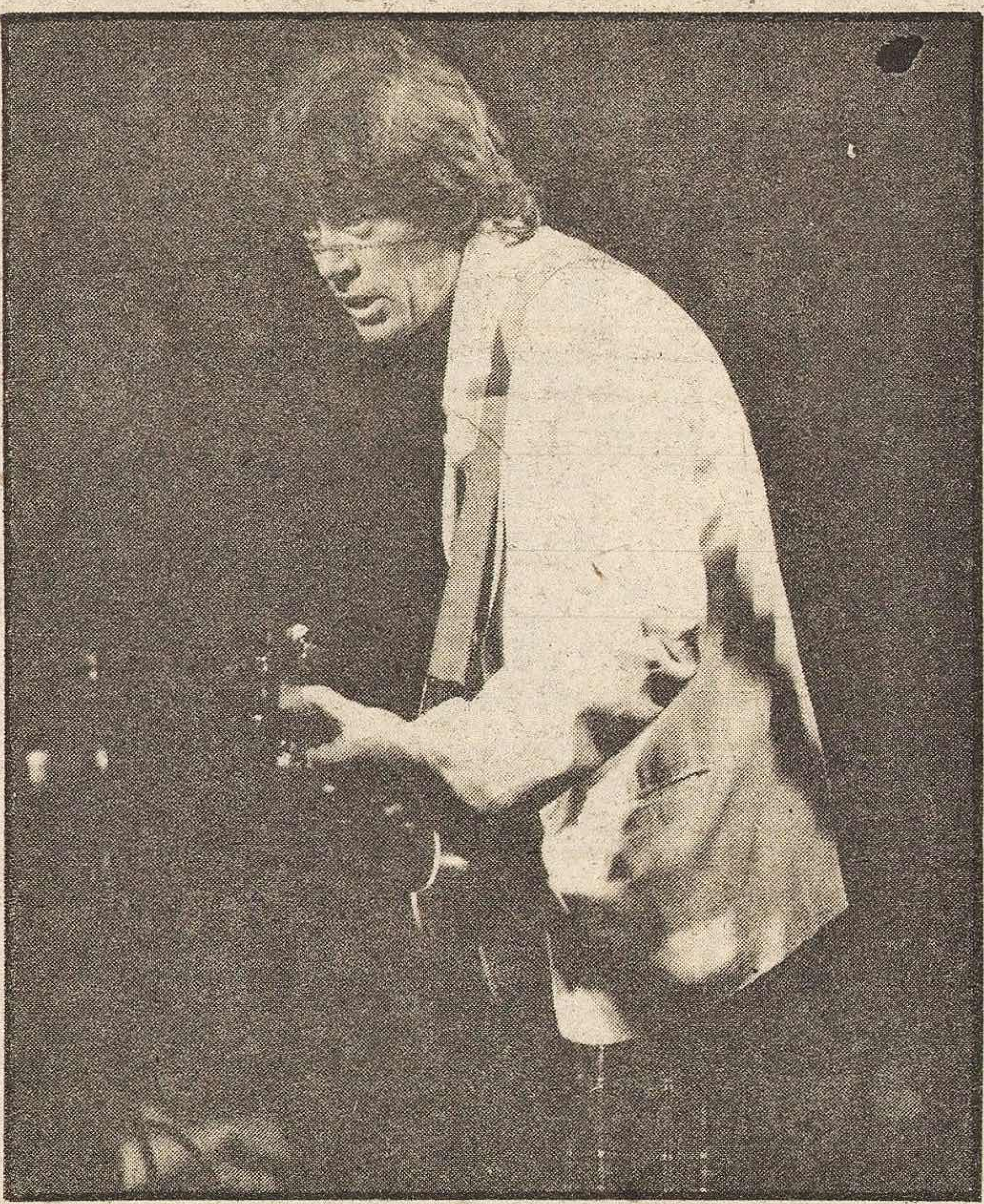
'Chevrolet' is Jupp trying to be Nick Lowe — boogie pop with Fats Domino roller-rink echo — and the sublime 'Switchboard Susan' is a far cry from Lowe trying to be Mickey Jupp (on 'Labour Of Lust'), avoiding the obvious straight rock thrash by using a stumbling bass, rattling keyboards, blasts of horns and even a Farfisa warbling somewhere in the background.

And, sure enough, there's the usual quota of delicate, downright soft-centred love songs that, in time, will doubtless be despatched elsewhere and re-appear suitably packaged as prime jukebox fodder. As they stand, 'Hard Times', 'Barbara' and 'Make It Fly' prove Jupp's capacity to be greater than his projection but nonetheless add the last perfect shades to an album that could get vicious if it isn't played enough.

Eyes down, ear to the ground; don't watch that, watch this.

Mark Ellen

A jousting Mickey Jupp. Pic by Pennie Smith



Life with love

LEONARD COHEN
Recent Songs *(CBS)*

IT'S easy to see why so many people dismiss Leonard Cohen — that low, grating voice; those bare, muted tunes; the obsessive tangle with sex, religion and romance — and it's nigh impossible to explain why I like him. Would you believe his droll sense of humour? A sometimes brilliant use of language? The sensuous undertows of the music? No, even I'm not convinced; but I still enjoy the records.

If there's a consistent theme to his work, it's perhaps the notion that sex is a way to knowledge; his albums have articulated this exploration with increasing bitterness and clarity. 'Death Of A Ladies Man', his last album, was a painful and moving account of how age can affect this manner of learning, but 'Recent Songs' appears to be a step back from that particular edge.

Although most of the tracks examine aspects of loss and failure, there's a detached, almost impersonal, air to them, a wry resignation which spills sometimes into regret but never anything more violent. The lyrics too tend towards a rather fey obscurity more typical of his earlier work, though I suppose half the fun of a Leonard Cohen song is trying to tease some sense out of it.

One reason for this obfuscation may be Cohen's reading of the Persian poets Attar and Rumi, whose influence he acknowledges on the sleeve-notes. The conjuction of Islamic and Catholic mythologies could be guaranteed to produce an imagery that leaves us mere atheists completely in the dark.

A more fruitful encounter with Arabian culture is discernible in the album's music, in which the oud — a kind of Arabian lute — figures prominently. In fact, 'Recent Songs' is possibly Cohen's most accomplished album in musical terms, boasting a rare stylistic cohesion, a sort of ornate bleakness, achieved by an intriguing and subtle blend of instruments.

Oud, violin and various keyboards predominate, but there is also careful and effective use of strings and, on two tracks, a Mariachi band. These delicate instrumental shadings are often very beautiful, and they also highlight a wealth of expressive variation in Cohen's supposedly monotonous voice. On one track, the folk song 'Un Canadien Errant', he sings with declamatory fervour that is as powerful as it is surprising.

Also noteworthy are 'The Smokey Life', a tender celebration of the pains of separateness, and 'Came So Far For Beauty', a minor fable which steals the tune of Randy Newman's 'Marie' and resonates with Cohen's peculiarly dry humour: *"I practiced on my sainthood / I gave to one and all / But the rumours of my virtue / They moved her not at all"*.

Flawed as it is, 'Recent Songs' attests that the rumours of Leonard Cohen's creative demise have been greatly exaggerated.

Graham Lock

ABBA
Greatest Hits Vol. 2
(Epic)

UNHINDERED by war since 1814, Sweden found plenty of time to perfect a weapon far more potent that either Barnes Wallis' bouncing bomb or Werner Von Braun's V2 rocket. Known as The Abba Record, the weapon, armed with a warhead ironically named 'Waterloo', first sped into Europe in 1974 and has since struck such terror in the hearts of musiclovers, that even hardened critics have been known to blubber praises at the incoming sound of a Bjorn and Benny instant hook, while others have been left wimpering pathetically at the thought of a strategically aimed Frida or Agnetha posterior twitch.

This latest version of the terror weapon, which has a total fall-out time of no less than 56 minutes, would seem almost as potent as its predecessor, the awe-inspiring 'Greatest Hits'. And though, in the past, I have fought valiantly, against overwhelimg odds, in order to persuade free men that The Abba Record is of little consequence and not to be confused with those already in Victrola Valhalla, I fear my efforts will, once more, count for nil and that in the weeks to come, 'Vol. 2' will even eliminate the fearsome Stewart clan resistance.

Worse still, an odour of green onions that can only have been emitted by Abba's 'Name Of The Game' has permeated my outer protective shell. And my feet have started to move in rhythm with 'Does Your Mother Know', almost as if commanded by the Great Lord Jagger himself.

The end is therefore almost nigh. Yet still I cry defiantly "Away with the tyrannical curse of Europop! Ahrrrrrr . . . . .!"

Fred Dellar

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Fri 16th — 50p adm
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Sat 17th — 50p adm
BEAST
+ The Mice

Sun 18th — Free
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Mon 19th — Free
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Tues 20th — Free
THE MICE

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Saturday November 17th
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Sunday November 18th
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FUTURE PASTIMES

Tour arranged by Cowbell

NOVEMBER
16th LIVERPOOL Eric's • 17th LONDON LSE • 20th PRESTON Poly
21st MANCHESTER Univ. • 22nd BRADFORD Palm Cove
23rd NEWPORT The Village • 24th WARWICK Univ.
27th SHEFFIELD Univ. • 28th BIRMINGHAM Univ.
29th PORTSMOUTH Poly • 30th NORWICH Univ.
DECEMBER
1st DURHAM Univ. • 5th WOLVERHAMPTON Poly
6th CRAWLEY Poly

EXTRAORDINARY SENSATIONS TOUR

Arranged by Robert Goss in association with Cowbell Agency

PURPLE HEARTS

NOVEMBER
28th NUNEATON '77' Club
29th LINCOLN Drill Hall • 30th BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle
DECEMBER
1st WOLVERHAMPTON Poly • 2nd BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre
3rd PORTSMOUTH Poly • 4th EXETER Routes • 7th BIRMINGHAM Underworld
8th WEST RUNTON CROMER Pavilion • 10th BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club
11th SHEFFIELD Limit • 12th YORK Oval Ball • 13th MANCHESTER Poly
14th SCARBOROUGH Penthouse • 15th MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden
warm-up date: 27th November—Tumble-down Dicks, FARNBOROUGH

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

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Thursday November 15th — 50p
STANS BLUES BAND
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+ Spoof Order

Friday November 16th — 60p
DOGWATCH
+ Salamander Red

Saturday November 17th — 60p
CHART BAND WHO HAVE CHANGED THEIR NAME TO
SPEEDWAY
+ STEELER

Sunday November 18th — 60p
JACKIE LYNTON BAND
+ ROARING 80's

Monday November 19th — 50p
BEGGAR
+ The Set

Tuesday November 20th — 50p
WARMJETS
+ Nutrinos

Wednesday November 21st — 50p
WARMJETS
+ Soul Boys

Thursday November 22nd — 50p
MO - DETTES
+ WASTED YOUTH

DINGWALLS

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THURSDAY 15. From USA Rockabilly with the Amazing
SLEEPY LA BEEF

TUESDAY 20. From Down Under!
THE SPORTS

WEDNESDAY 21. From Akron, Ohio
Rachel Sweet

THURSDAY 22. From Florida, USA
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ANGELO PALLADINO + Switchback

Friday, November 16th — 50p
TENNIS SHOES + Holidays

Saturday, November 17th — £1
PISS ARTISTS!!!

Sunday, November 18th — 75p
RED BEANS & RICE + Valentines

Monday, November 19th — 75p
THE CRAZE + Electrotunes

Tuesday, November 20th — 50p
BOBBY HENRY + 45's

Wednesday, November 21st
LAST ORDERS + Dane Starbuck

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Monday 26th November, 7.30 p.m.
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DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
Tuesday 27th November, 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
available from Box Office Tel.: 0533 27632

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Wednesday 28th November, 8.00 p.m.
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
available from Advance Theatre Box Office Tel.: 748 4081
London Theatre bookings, Shaftesbury Avenue Tel.: 439 3371
Premier Box Office Tel.: 240 2245 and Usual Agents

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
Thursday 29th November, 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
available from Box Office Tel.: 612 646

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
Friday 30th November, 7.30 p.m.
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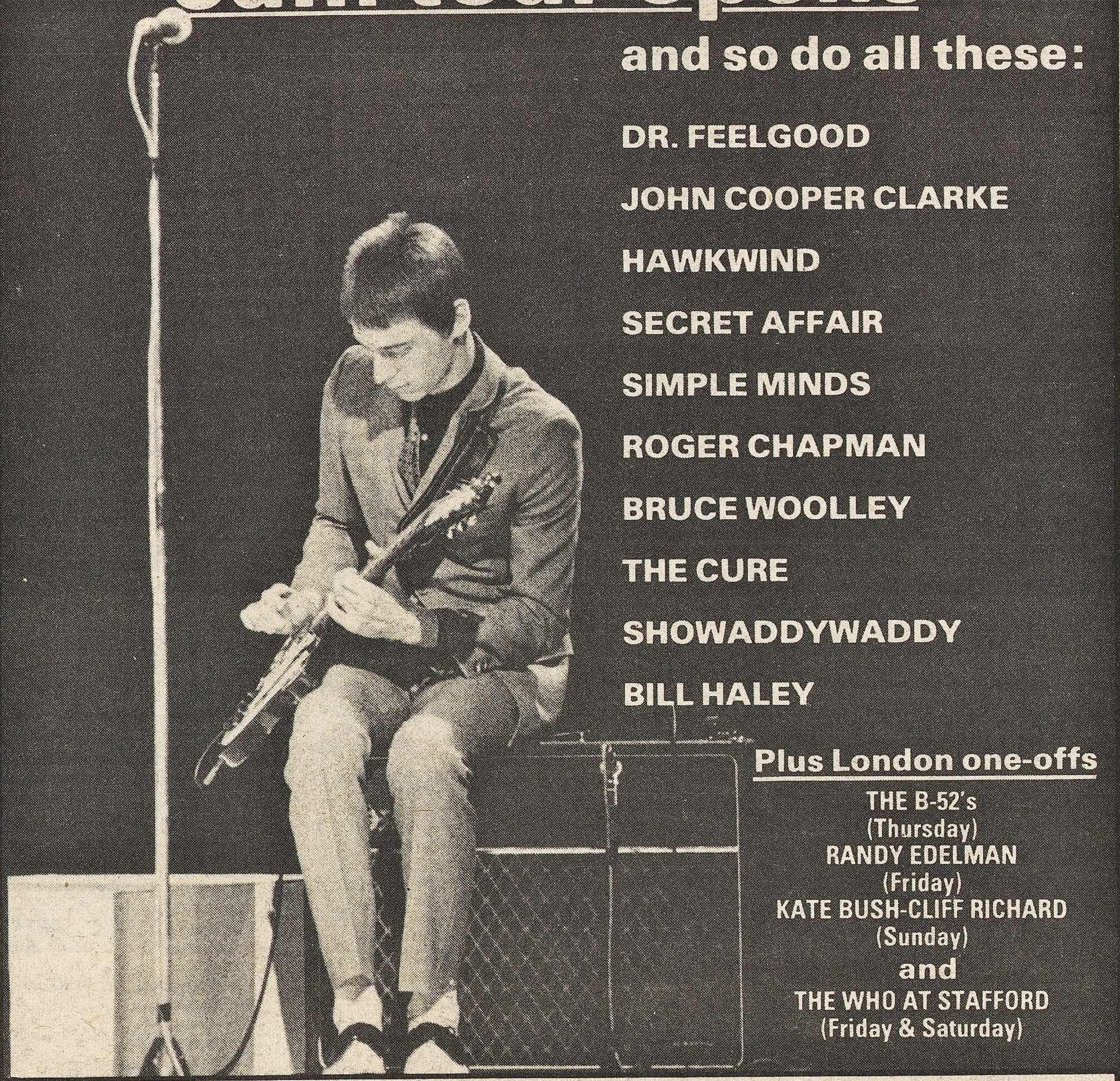
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Jam tour opens



THE JAM's Paul Weller (above) sets the scene for the band's eagerly-awaited UK tour, which gets under way at Poole (Sunday) and Manchester (Tuesday and Wednesday). As you can see, there's a whole clutch of new tours going on the road this week, and there simply isn't enough space to give exact details of opening gigs. You'll simply have to look through the day-by-day listings and find them for yourselves!

Thursday

Abergavenny Prince of Wales Army Club: **Nightmare**
Barrow Football Club: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Basingstoke Magnums: **Romantix**
Belfast Queen's University: **Flying Saucers**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Caravan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Black Gorilla**
Birmingham Underworld: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Bethnal**
Bodmin Jail Club: **Metro Gliders**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Steve Hooker Band**
Bradford Princeville: **Samson**
Brighton Dome: **Steve Hillage Band**
Brighton Hungry Years: **Tokyo Rose**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Colne Union Hotel: **S.I.C.**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Coventry Warwick University: **John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Motorhead**
Dundee Technical College: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Little Bo Bitch**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Chettahs/The Prats**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Edinburgh University: **Here & Now**
Farnborough College of Art: **The Accidents**
Galashiels Textile College: **Scotch**
Glasgow Apollo Centre **Tammy Wynette/ The Duffy Brothers**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Visitors/ Day Trippers**
Henley Victoria Hall: **John Martyn**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **The Injections**
Hemel Hempstead Dacorum College: **The Fall**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Enid**
Hull University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Furniture/Two Against Two**
Leeds Fan Club: **Graph / Sincere American / Pseudo Existors**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sleepy LaBeef**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The B52s/The Searchers/The V.I.P.'s**
London Camden Music Machine: **Matumbi/Viola Wills**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Catford The Squires: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fingerprintz**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Urchin**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Thieves Like Us**
London Highbury North London Polytechnic: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Islington Hopes & Anchor: **The Carpettes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Walking Wounded/Lastarza**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: **Screams/Vitus Dance**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **Misty/Afzelius**
London Marquee Club: **The Original Mirrors/The Pretty British**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Merger**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Scott Hamilton Group**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Maddy Prior**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Carol Grimes Band/Agony Column**
London Wimbledon Dog & Fox: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Jamestown Ferry**
London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hawkwind/ Doll By Doll**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Straight Eight**
Newcastle Blaydon Club: **Dave Berry**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **John Miles**
Newport Stowaway Club: **The Toys**
Nottingham Albert Hall: **The Spinners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Little Milton Club: **Zorro**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
Peterlee Leisure Club: **The Family Brown**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Hot Chocolate**
Portsmouth HMS Nelson: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Tours
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Revillos**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Dave Totterdell**
Preston Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Ramsgate Continental Hotel: **Fred Wedlock**
Reading Target Club: **Embryo**
Salford Walkden Bulls Head: **The Salford Jets**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Cowboys International**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Cliff Richard**
Southend Scamps: **No Idea**
Stourbridge Foley Arms: **Saffron Summerfield**
Swansea University: **Squeeze/The Photos**
Tilbury Railwayman's Club: **Bastille**
Wolverhampton Holly Bush: **Roaring Jelly**
York Assembly Rooms: Ziggy Heroe

Friday

Aberavon Nine Volts Club: **Caravan**
Aberdeen University: **Simple Minds**
Belfast Queen's University: **Flying Saucers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham New Inn: **Denizens**
Birmingham Odeon: **Motorhead**
Birmingham Regal Club: **Matumbi**
Birmingham The Underworld: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Cut**
Blackpool Lion Bar: **The Salford Jets**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Rikki & The Cufflinks**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Negatives / The Scene / Total Confusion / Beats Working**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Dividing Line**
Brighton Alhambra: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies / The Golinski Brothers**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Misty / Afzelius**
Brighton Sherrys: **High Flames**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Castle Green: **'A' Block**
Bristol University: **Fischer-Z**
Burton 76 Club: **Iron Maiden**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Cardiff University: **Squeeze / The Photos**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Freeze**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **The Speedy Bears**
Cirencester Royal Agricultural College: **Flash Cats**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Boxcar Willie**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Darlington Civic Theatre: **The Yetties**
Derby Bemrose Sports Club: **Strange Days**
Dundee University: **Wild Horses / Little Bo Bitch**
Dunfermline Kinema: **Scotch**
Edinburgh University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Egremont Tow Bar Inn: **Bethnal**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Lynx / Caroline Roadshow**
Goole Station Hotel: **Side Effect**
Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Rock 'n' Roll Weekend Hop with Sleepy LaBeef / Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers / Yakety Yak etc. (for three days)**
Halesowen Borough Hall: **Diamond Head**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four**
Ingatestone Youth Club: **Anti-Establishment**
Keele University: **Revelation**
Keighley Downtown Club: **Agony Column**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Dick Gaughan**
Leeds Mande Institute: **Roaring Jelly**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Cure / The Associates / The Passions**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Mistress**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Features**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bogey Boys / The Method**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Madness / Red Bean & Rice / Bad Manners**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea College of Art: **The Merton Parkas**
London City Polytechnic: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Thieves Like Us**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Craze / Electrotunes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tennis Shoes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop / Disco Zombies**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Rave**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Pirates**
London Marquee Club: **Cowboys International / Vice-Versa**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Misty/Oxy & The Morons/Tours**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Oxford St. 101 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Palladium: **Randy Edelman**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night with Tymom Dogg**
London Putney White Lion: **Back Street Operators**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **The Crooks**
London Royal Veterinary College: **Fred Wedlock**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker Quartet**
London Southall White Swan: **Scissor Fits**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
London University Union: **The Pop Group / Scritti Politti**
London Victoria The Venue: **Andrew Matheson**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Spider**
London Woolwich Odeon: **Bill Haley & The Comets**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **Sanity Clause**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Embryo / Lastarza / Innocent Bystanders**
Manchester Maxwell Hall: **John Miles**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Lambrettas**
Manchester Royal Oak: **The Now**
Manchester Valentine's: **Dave Berry**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
New Brighton Empress Club: **Vardis**
Newcastle Stirling House: **Here & Now / Blank Space Band**
Newcastle University: **Samson**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Girlschool**
Newport The Village: **The Revillos**
Norwich Cromwells: **Ben E. King**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Radium**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Original Mirrors**
Oakengates Town Hall: **The Enid**
Oxford St. Catherine's College: **The Act**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Metro Gliders**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **The Spinners**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Sleepy LaBeef**
Port Talbot Nine Volts Club: **Urchin**
Reading Target Club: **The Moonwalkers**
Reading University: **After The Fire**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Fall**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Screams**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **The Who**
Stockport Technical College: **Private Sector**
St. Ives (Cornwall) Curlews Country Club: **Sabotage**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park Manor: Saffron Summerfield
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Chas & Dave**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Watford Girls Grammar School: **Anorexia**
West Malling Greenaways: **Clem Curtis & The Foundations**
Weston-super-Mare RAF Locking: **Nightmare**
Whitehill Royal Oak: **Chinatown**
Wokingham Rock Club: **The Items / The Meanies**
Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: **Andy Caven**

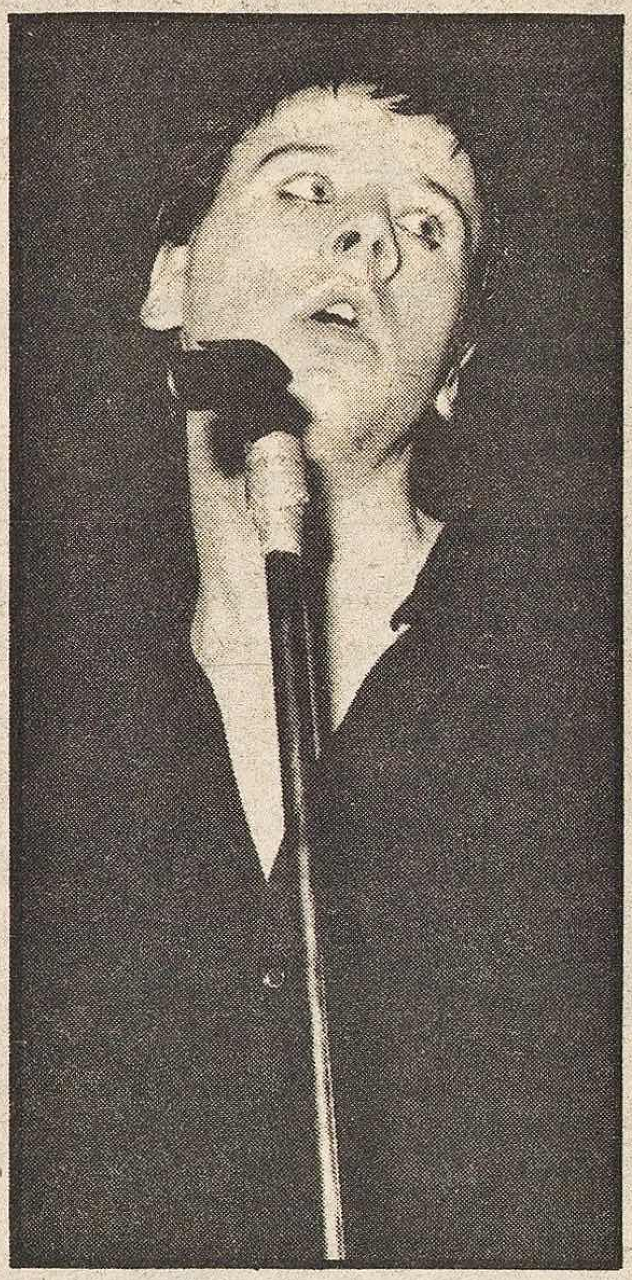
Saturday

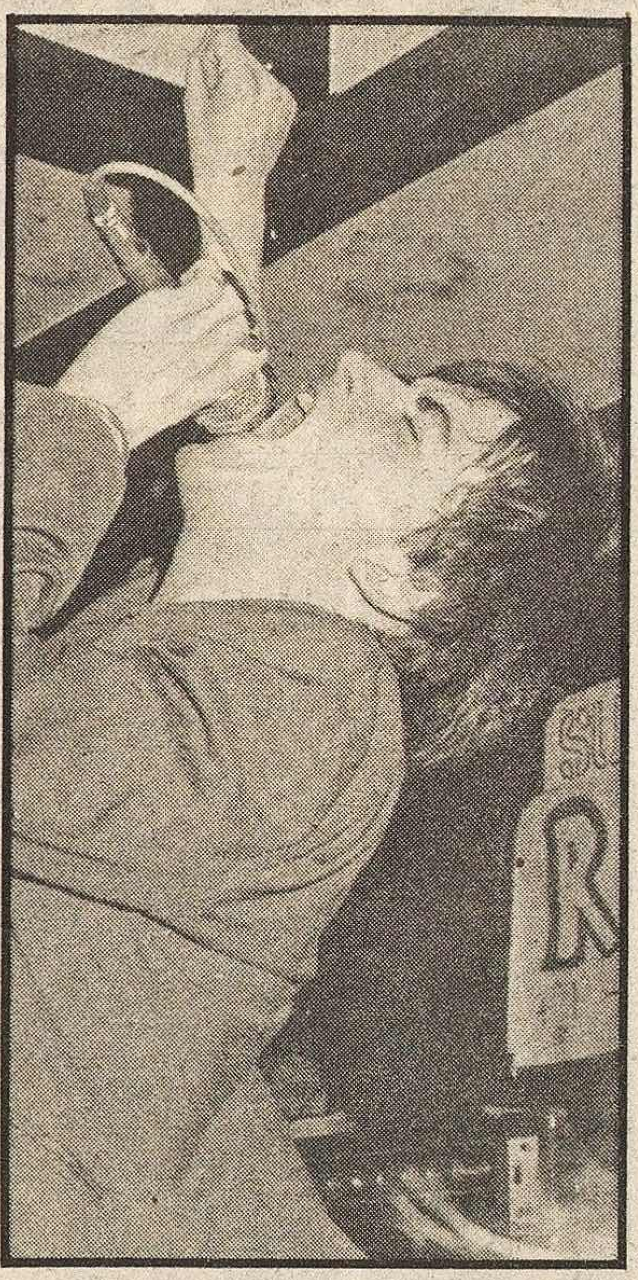
Basildon Double Six: **Caroline Roadshow**
Barnsley Civic Hall: **Cowboys International/Vice-Versa**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Berlin**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Black Gorilla**
Birmingham Underworld: **Bethnal**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Supercharge/The Funboy Five**
Blackpool Lion Bar: **The Salford Jets**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Killermeters/The Fixations**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Fall**
Brighton Sherrys: **High Flames**
Brighton The Concord: **The Lillettes**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Bristol Castle Green: **Apartment**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Fans**
Buckland Memorial Hall: **Alex Atterson/Spriggs Alley**
Cambridge International Centre: **Misty/Afzelius**
Cardiff RAF St Athan: **Nightmare**
Carlops Allan Ramsey: **The Marks**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Colchester Copford Windmill: **Ben E King**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Last Words/Swell Maps**
Crowborough Crest Hotel: **George Melly and The Feetwarmers**
Dorchester The Tavern: **Scissor Fits**
Dublin University: **Squeeze/The Photos**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Landscape**
Durham University: **Pressure Shocks**
Eastbourne Moira House School: **Thieves Like Us**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**
Egremont Tow Bar Inn: **The Stilettos**
Exmouth Arts Centre: **Fred Wedlock**
Glasgow College of Technology: **Scotch**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Simple Minds**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Suspects**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gallagher and Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Kendal Town Hall: **The Family Brown**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Fischer-Z**
Lancaster University: **Motorhead**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Here And Now**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Spinners**
Leicester Gt Wigston Club: **Strange Days**
Leicester St Michael's Community Centre: **The Speedy Bears**
Leicester University: **Richard And Linda Thompson**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Liverpool Eric's: **Gang Of Four/The Au Pairs**
Liverpool Metro: **Iron Maiden**
Liverpool Oscar's: **Bruce Woolley and The Camera Club**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **Cygnus/Oshama**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stepaside/Bobby Henry**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Madness/Red Beans and Rice/Bad Manners**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Whirlwind**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paris**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lurkers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hillage Band**
London Hammersmith The Lyric (lunchtime): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Carol Grimes' Sweet FA**
London Islington Hope And Anchor: **The Beat**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Pirates**
London Lewisham Hospital: **Embryo**
London Marquee Club: **Pinpoint/Victor Laszlo Five**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Putney Star and Garter: **John Spencer's Alternative**
London Rainbow Theatre: **After The Fire/Interview**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Graham and Eileen Pratt**
London School of Economics: **The Cure/The Passions/The Associates**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Scott Hamilton Group**
London Southall White Swan: **Spider**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Ojah**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fingerprintz**
Loughborough University: **The Specials/ The Selecter/Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Pretenders**
Maidenhead Leisure Centre: **Boxcar Willie**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Little Bo Bitch**
Manchester University: **Matumbi**
Manchester Valentine's: **Dave Berry**
Newcastle Casablanca Club (lunchtime): **Arthur 2 Stroke/The Noise Toys/Xerox**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Limelight**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Act**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Tammy Wynette /The Duffy Brothers**
Reading University: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Retford Porterhouse: **Screams/Zorro**
Sheffield University: **John Martyn**
Southampton Portswood Hotel: **Catch 22**
Southsea St John's College: **Toulouse**

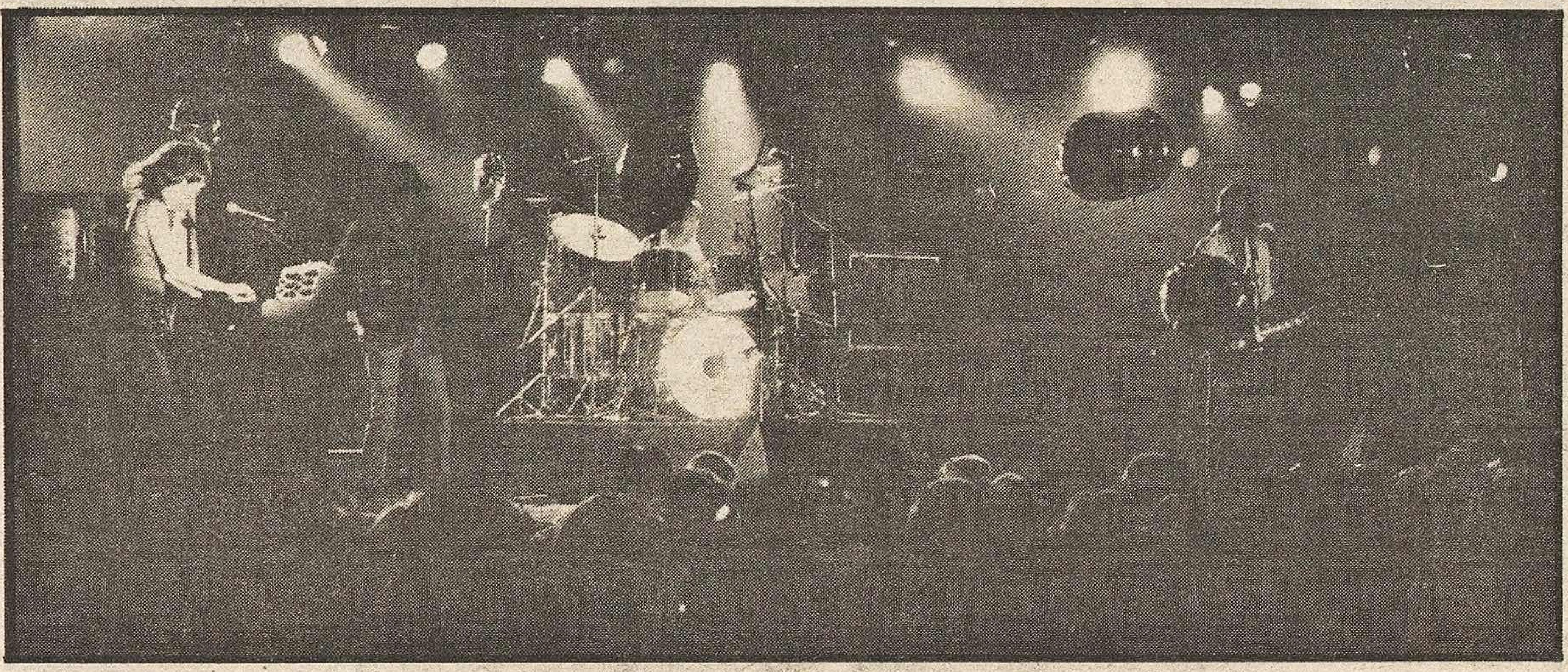
CONTINUES OVER. . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

Pictured from left to right are BILL HALEY, JIM KERR of SIMPLE MINDS, IAN PAGE of SECRET AFFAIR and LEE BRILLEAUX of DR. FEELGOOD — all of whom begin British tours this week. The in-concert shot below shows HAWKWIND in action earlier this year, though their line-up has changed slightly for their latest outing, starting on Thursday.







Stafford New Bingley Hall: **The Who**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Caravan**
Stirling University: **Roger Chapman and The Shortlist**
Sutton Bonnington Agricultural College: **Flash Cats**
Swindon Town Hall: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Bogey Boys**
Widemouth Manor Hotel: **Metro Gliders**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York College of Ripon and St John: **Samson**
York University: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey and The Freshies/The Out**

Sunday

Belfast Queen's University: **Squeeze/The Photos**
Birmingham Erdington Roebuck: **Saffron Summerfield**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tracks/Johnny G**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Fivepenny Piece**
Bradford Princeville Club (lunchtime): **Side Effect**
Bristol Locarno: **The Specials/The Selecter/Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Bristol St Mathias College: **Apartment**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhall Club: **Vardis**
Chelmsford City F.C.: **The Confederates**
Doncaster Skellow Grange: **Zorro**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Kandidate**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Freeze**
Exeter University: **The Brainiac Five**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Simple Minds**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **John Miles**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Leeds Grand Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester Haymarket Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Fingerprintz**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Books**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Blues Band**
London Hammersmith The Lyric (lunchtime): **Bully Wee**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Badlands**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Philip Rainbow/Viva**
London Marquee Club: **The Fall**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Kate Bush/Cliff Richard**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bill Haley & The Comets**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Sleepy LaBeef**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Gay & Terry Woods**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
Mansfield Hucknall & Lunby Miners Club: **Nightmare**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Gang Of Four**
Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead**
Newcastle Gulbenkian Studio: **The Tannahill Weavers/Jim Sharp**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford New Theatre: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Plymouth Rotary Club: **Chinatown**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Jam**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Six Hands In Tempo**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **John Martyn**
Salford Walkden Bulls Head: **The Salford Jets**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Southport Folk Club: **Peter Bellamy**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Eric Bell Band**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Palace Theatre: **Anorexia/Sid Sideboard & The Chairs**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel (lunchtime): **Scissor Fits**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Odeon: **Shirley Bassey**
Boston Folk Club: **Six Hands In Tempo**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Canterbury Kent University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Castleford Club: **Gang Of Four**
Coleraine Ulster University: **Squeeze / The Photos**
Coventry Climax Club: **The Speedy Bears**
Coventry Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Gillingham Napier Arms: **Andrew Frank & Mike Mann**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Motorhead**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **FK9 / Alone At Last**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds University: **Samson**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Relay / Never Never Band / S.W.1.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Riff Raff**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: **Boxcar Wille**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Electrotunes / The Craze**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Kensington Imperial College: **John Miles**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Iron Maiden / Praying Mantis**
London Manor Park Ruskin Arms: **The Guvnors**
London Marquee Club: **Straight Eight**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Piccadilly Aphrodite's: **Ben E. King**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bill Haley & The Comets**
London Wimbeldon Nelson's Club: **Waso**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Pure Product**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Barron Knights (for a week)**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Newcastle Centre Hotel: **Punishment Of Luxury / The Noise Toys / Arthur 2 Stroke**
Newcastle City Hall: **Hawkwind / Doll By Doll**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford New Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Caravan**
Pontefract Labour Club: **Zorro**
Preston Folk Club: **Peter Bellamy**
Sheffield The Broadfield: **The Drug Squad**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **The Specials/The Selecter/Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Swansea Circles Club: **John Cooper Clarke / Chris Sievey & The Freshies / The Out**
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: **Maddy Prior**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Salford Jets**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Warrington Royal Britannia: **The Accelerators**
West Bromwich College of Commerce & Technology: **Diamond Head**
Witney Ducklington Bell Inn: **Nola**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Nightmare**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Motorhead**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Stilettos**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Mike Harding**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Odeon: **Shirley Bassey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Destroyer/Disco Zombies**
Blackpool Folk Club: **Peter Bellamy**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Hot Stuff**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dials**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Here & Now**
Cardiff University: **Dr Feelgood**
Derby Talk of the Midlands: **Flying Saucers**
Exeter University: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Gosport Sultan Club: **Black Gorilla**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Lillettes**
Hull Tiffany's: **Simple Minds**
Knottingley S.Y.D.S.: **Dave Berry**
Leeds Fan Club: **John Cooper Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Little Bo Bitch**
Leicester University: **Neil Innes**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Wild Horses**
Liverpool The Everyman: **Victims Of Romance**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Sports**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Small Hours**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Warm Jets**
London Cockfosters Middlesex Polytechnic: **Plymouth Satellites**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stagefright**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Stepaside**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bobby Henry**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **Scissor Fits**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Pirates**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Malcolm Practice/The Act/The Lambrettas**
London Marquee Club: **Screams**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Helen Merrill/Danny Moss Quartet**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bill Haley & The Comets**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) Diamond Dive: **S.W.1**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four**
Norwich Cromwells: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Norwich East Anglia University: **John Miles**
Nottingham Isabella's: **Nightmare**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Oxford New Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Now**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Cure/The Passions/The Associates**
Reading University: **Caravan**
Sheffield City Hall: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Photos**
Shepton Mallet The Centre: **The Yetties**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Belfast University Whitla Hall: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Brooklyn**
Birmingham Odeon: **Shirley Bassey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Cannock The Moonraker: **Ocean Boulevard**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Gang Of Four**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Spinners**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Marvin Rainwater**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Crawley Civic Centre: **Bill Haley & The Comets**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Boxcar Willie**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Motorhead**
Fakenham Great Eastern Hotel: **Fred Wedlock**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Glasgow College of Technology: **The Original Mirrors**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Sta-Prest**
Keele University: **Maddy Prior**
Leeds Haddon United Football Benefit: **The City Limits**
Leicester Nags Head: **The Syndicate**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **The Specials/The Selecter/Dixey's Midnight Runners**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rachel Sweet**
London Camden Music Machine: **Portraits/The Trendies**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Warm Jets/The Soulboys**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Bumpers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Nik Turner's Inner City Unit**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Blues Band**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Derek Wadsworth Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Medium Medium**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Danny Cainer**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The OT's**
London Islington Town Hall: **Dark/Kameras/Effect**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Carpettes**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Grieg's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Queen Mary College: **Electrotunes/The Craze**
London School of Economics: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Helen Merrill/Kathy Stobart Quartet**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Embryo**
London Victoria The Venue: **Maria Muldaur**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Loughborough University: **Caravan**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Squeeze/The Photos**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam**
Manchester University: **The Cure/The Passions/The Associates**
Newcastle University: **John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Sievey & The Freshies/The Out**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Polytechnic: **John Miles**
Plymouth Palace: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Reading St. Andrew's Hall: **The Piranhas**
Redditch Tracey's: **The V.I.P.'s**
Sheffield City Hall: **Mike Harding**
Shrewsbury Cascade: **Little Bo Bitch**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers**
Southampton University: **Neil Innes**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Wigan Howe Leisure Centre: **Fivepenny Piece**
Winchester Art College: **Here & Now**
Winchester College: **Splodgenessabounds**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Hawkwind/Doll By Doll**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (19): Max's Kansas City — **Uncle Son/The 80's**; Tramps — **Albert Collins**; Village Gate — **James Cotton Band**; Sweet Basil — **Herman Foster Quintet**; My Father's Place — **Zebra**.

TUESDAY (20): Hurrah — **UK Subs/Rousers**; Max's Kansas City — **Ivan & The Terribles/Annie & The Asexuals**; Palladium — **Jefferson Starship/Rory Gallaher**; My Father's Place — **The Cramps**; 7th Ave South — **Fabulous Floyd Boys**; Village Vanguard — **Bob Brookmeyer** (five days).

WEDNESDAY (21): Spectrum — **Fleetwood Mac/Danny Duomo's Night Eyes**; Hurrah — **Alda Reserve/Live Wire**; Heat — **The Rattlers**; Max's Kansas City — **Levi & The Rockets/The Stimulators**; My Father's Place — **Rick Derringer**.

THURSDAY (22): Max's Kansas City — **The Fast**; Hurrah — **Ronni & The Jitters/ The Jumpers.**

FRIDAY (23): Palladium — **White Gland & Jorma Kaukonen/Henry Paul Band**; Avery Fisher — **Stanley Turrentine**; My Father's Place — **Elvin Bishop** (Two Days); Hurrah — **Madness**; Main Point — **Tom Rush**; Morristown Hall — **Harry Chapin**; Carnegie Hall — **Nancy Wilson**; Max's Kansas City — **The Troggs** (two days); Beacon Theatre — **Rainbow**; Village Gate — **Herbie Mann** (three days).

SATURDAY (24): Hurrah — **Speedies-/New Math**; Palladium — **Steve Fobert-/Carolyn Mas**; Public Theatre — **Lee Konitz**; Carnegie Hall — **Pete Seeger**; Westchester — **Larry Gatlin/Earl Scruggs.**

SUNDAY (25): Max's Kansas City — **Polyrock/The Dots**; My Father's Place — **The Good Rats**; Palladium — **Santana**; Bottom Line — **Horslips**; Emerald City — **Curtis Mayfield.**

LIVE PAGE

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DUKE OF LANCASTER
Saturday 17th
101 CLUB

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THE PIED BULL
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Thursday November 15th
WALKING WOUNDED
+ LASTARZA

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RED BEANS & RICE
BAD MANNERS
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Late Bar. Food. Tickets £1.75 advance
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Saturday November 17th — £1
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R 'n' B Festival
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Tuesday November 20th — £1.50
THE PIRATES

Wednesday November 21st — £1.50
THE O.T'S
(Dingwalls House Band)

Thursday November 22nd — £1.50
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Sunday, November 18th CRANBROOK HALL, CRANBROOK ROAD, ILFORD	Saturday, November 24th NORTH HEARTS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE ROAD, HITCHIN, HERTS.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21st
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ON TOUR

17th November	Towbar, Egremont, Cumbria.
19th November	Beach Centre, Redcar.
20th November	Hamilton Club, Birkenhead.
21st November	Sayers Club, North Allerton.
22nd November	Island Hotel, Leysdown, Isle of Sheppey.
23rd November	J.B.'s Club, Dudley.
24th November	Dartford College of Education, Dartford.
26th November	Tiffanys, Hull.
27th November	Emmalines Club, Rugby.
28th November	Nags Head, High Wycombe.
29th November	Norton Arms, Knighton.
30th November	College of Ripon and York, Ripon.
1st December	College of Ripon and York, York.

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2 Hammersmith Odeon
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PIRANHAS

Wish to apologise to all those people, who were turned away from the Nashville for reasons beyond our control, on Saturday night.
Especially Those from Southend

Next London date Moonlight, West Hampstead, November 28th.

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Info City scoops the world! Status Quo change their image! L to r: Francis (nee Mike) Rossi, John Coughlan, Rick Parfitt (nee Ricky Harrison) Alan Lancaster, Rod Lynes (who?)

IN one *Info City*, you supplied a Status Quo discography and mentioned that the band had also recorded as The Spectres and Traffic Jam. As I am trying to collect as many of the Frantic four's discs as possible, could you list these desirable recordings? — **A TRUMAN, Willington, Crook, Co. Durham.**

● Nicking all my info from Brian Hogg's excellent *Smashed, Blocked* discography (for details contact Flat 1, Castellau, Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland), I am able to reveal that The Spectres (Rossi, Coughlan, Parfitt and Coughlan plus organist Rod Lynes) cut three singles for Pye's Piccadilly label — 'I, Who Have Nothing'/'Neighbour, Neighbour' (7N 35339, 1966), 'Hurdy Gurdy Man'/'Laticia' (7N 35352, 1966) and 'We Ain't Got Nothin' Yet' / 'I Want It' (7N 35386, 1967) — prior to becoming Traffic Jam and continuing their career on the same label with 'Almost But Not Quite' / 'Wait Just A Minute' (7N 35386, 1967). Having achieved enormous anonymity with these releases, the band then became Quo Vadis for a while but switched to become Status Quo shortly before cutting 'Pictures Of Matchstick Men', which emerged in January, 1968. And while I'm on the subject of discographies and suchlike, I'll put in a plug for *Bluebeat*, a new collector's magazine that emanates from Germany, but is available from K Taylorson, 54 Breton House, Barbican, London EC2Y 8DQ. Edition 4, which is currently available (price 60p plus 12p postage), contains a Stiff Records discography, plus a picture disc listing and items on Kenny and The Kasuals, Ian and The Zodiacs and various other goodies. Printed in both English and German, it makes essential reading for Colditz old boys.

IN an article headed 'Weller's Immaculate Conception', mention was made of 'Riot Stories Ltd.', a book company brainchild of The Jam, Paul Weller stating: "It's nice to encourage people to send us stuff — poems, short stories, novels, etc. — but I don't want it to get out of hand."

Could you supply an address for said company, so I might forward a literary donation? — **A READER, Killucan, Wo. Weatmeath.**

● Polydor reckon that Weller's still kicking the idea around and state that they will pass on anything that NME readers wish to donate. The address you need is 'Riot Stories', c/o Polydor Press Office, 17/19 Stratford Place, London W.1.

A MATE of mine tells me that there's a follow-up to *'Walking Tall'*, the so-called true story of Sheriff Buford Pusser, screened by ITV on October 30. If this is so, what's the flick called and when are we likely to see it on British screens? — **RAY PALMER, Norwich.**

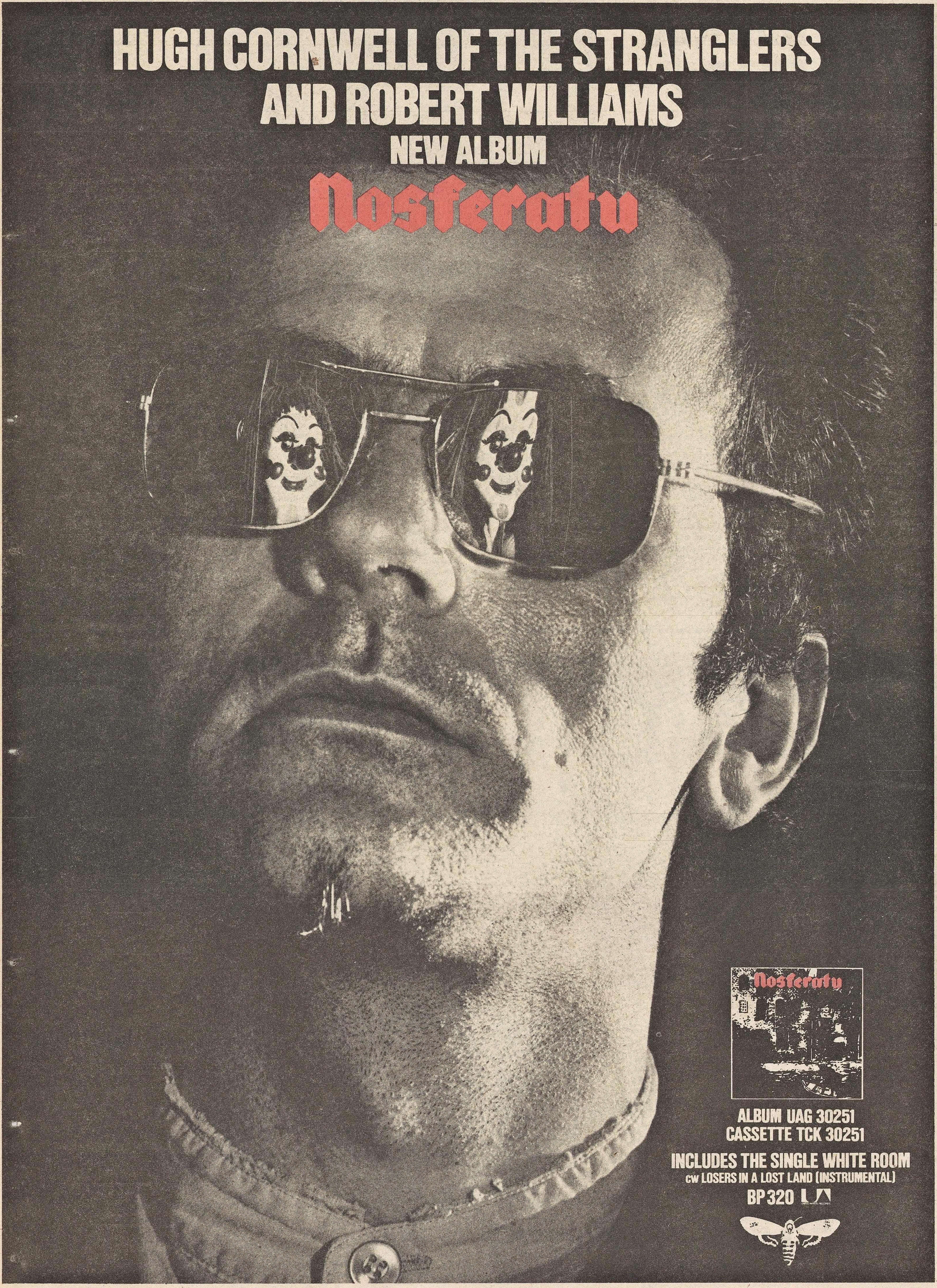
● A somewhat weak sequel to *Walking Tall*, known in the States as *Part Two — Walking Tall* was later released in Britain under the title of *Legend Of The Lawman*, though I doubt if it'll be TV fare for quite a while yet. Incidentally, the plot of *Walking Tall* stuck pretty accurately to the facts, and Pusser, who resigned from being sheriff of McNairy County, Tennessee, in 1970, was shot seven times, stabbed on an equal number of occasions, and rammed by a moonshiner's truck while cleaning up the county. His wife *was* killed during that dawn car-ride on August 12, 1967, and Pusser was later fitted with a wire-mesh and plastic jaw to replace the one that got shot away on that same fateful morning. Stax once cut an album dedicated to him — 'The Legend Of Buford Pusser' by Eddie Bond (Stax-Enterprise EN 1038) — while a book about his life, *The Twelfth Of August*, has been penned by W R Morris.

SOME WEEKS ago, *NME* mentioned the existence of a Genesis album named 'Rock Theatre'. Could you provide a list of tracks? — **TERRY FREEMAN, Belfast, N. Ireland.**

● 'Rock Theatre', an import item on German Fontana 9299 515, is a compilation featuring 'I Know What I Like', 'Harold The Barrel', 'Harlequin', 'Watcher Of The Skies' and 'The Fountain of Salmacis' on side one, and all 22.53 minutes of 'Supper's Ready' on side two. Part of German Fontana's 'Reflection' series, which includes discs by Quincy Jones, The Yardbirds, Buddy Miles, The Turtles etc. it's probable that Phonodisc's newly established import service will be shipping copies into the country. Ask your local record dealer for a peek at the Phonodisc import catalogue — it contains quite a few tasty items at prices that could be surprisingly good for you.

IN A recent *NME* there was an item about a Pretty Things' album called 'The Seventies' on the Butt label, available through Vineyard Productions. Could you provide a track listing and, if possible, a Pretties' discography? — **PETER J MACRO, Colne, Lancs.**

● The Pretties' album to which you refer is on Butt Nott 001 and is obtainable from Old Jock Mail Order of 56 Standard Road, London NW10. The tracks are: 'Good Times', 'Easily Done', 'I Could Not Believe My Eyes', 'Sweet Orphan Lady', 'The Loser', 'Walk Away', 'James Marshall', 'Do My Stuff', 'Whiskey Song', 'Maze Song' and 'Take Me Home'. All stem from the previously unavailable film soundtrack sessions made for De Wolfe Music and mentioned in an earlier Info City letter. Other Pretties' albums have included 'The Pretty Things' (Fontana 1964), 'Get The Picture' (Fontana 1965), 'Emotions' (Fontana 1966), 'S.F. Sorrow' (Columbia 1968), 'Parachute' (Harvest 1969), 'Freeway Madness' (Warner Bros 1972), 'Silk Torpedo' (Swan Song 1975), 'Savage Eye' (Swan Song 1976) plus various re-issues and compilations, the best of these being 'The Pretty Things Singles — A's and B's' (Harvest 1977) and 'Greatest Hits 1964-67' (Philips 1977). Also worth searching out is an American double called 'The Vintage Years' (Sire 1976) which includes several Fontana tracks not available on the British 'Greatest Hits' collection. I won't get involved with a Pretties' singles listing at this point but if there's enough demand for one (write your letters now!) we'll rustle something together for a future issue.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Bob Dylan

San Francisco

If The Clash hit the stage and launched into a repertoire of serious songs with titles like 'Clash City Christians', 'He's In Control' and 'Saints And Sinners', it would be no more shocking than the sudden twist of fate in the career of one Robert Zimmerman. Trading social activism for Bible studies is the last thing we would have expected from Dylan.

Certainly the evangelical, bornagain content of Dylan's most recent album 'Slow Train Coming' and word that Zimmy had signed up to work for the Lord should have prepared me for what happened at his first live performance since his conversion. But it didn't.

The one time Voice Of A Generation chose the small ornate, former movie theatre, Fox Warfield in San Francisco to surface for Christ, and a capacity crowd of 2,200 filled the place for the first of a 14 night run.

On stage Dylan looked like a battered, 20th Century Jesus resigned to death on the cross. His face was puffy and white as if he hadn't seen sunlight in weeks. Several days growth of beard shaded his chin, and his outfit — baggy black pants, white T-shirt and black leather jacket — looked rumpled, even slept in. He resembled a lonesome hobo who had accidentally fallen through the wrong door only to find himself on a concert stage.

The man who had once redefined rock and roll — giving it a literate credibility unknown in the '50s, and early '60s — and who had once been the epitome of cool in his shades, Hawaiian shirts, skin-tight jeans and black leather jackets, now looked awkward, ill-at-ease, even nerdlike.

I expected someone to yell out, "You don't know what is happening, *do you* Mr Dylan?"

The obvious show opener was Dylan's current American hit single 'You Gotta Serve Somebody' and, sure enough, that's what he used to, er, 'warm' up the crowd.

Of course everyone suspected that a good portion of the service . . . oops, I mean show . . . would consist of Dylan's 'Slow Train Coming' material. What no one imagined was the brash gesture he would actually make; because during the two hour performance, Bob Dylan completely turned his back on his past and didn't play a single song recorded before the latest album.

'Blowing In The Wind', 'Like A Rolling Stone', 'Times They Are A Changing', 'I Shall Be Released', and 'Mr Tambourine Man' were all ignored, discarded like pagan rituals.

Obviously, this was a premeditated act by a profoundly changed Bob Dylan — a shocking move for someone who has spent most of this decade parading his '60s legacy as if these songs would keep his career going forever.

But what has replaced the Greatest Hits material that he hawked around the world like a medicine show barker last year? Over 18 purely fundamentalist spirituals set to the kind of gospel sound that characterises 'Slow Train'.

"I've already been to church," one member of the audience shouted. Many others booed.

But Dylan trudged on resolutely, like a pilgrim heading towards Jerusalem. Stony-faced, betraying not the least bit of joy, his face cracked only one brief smile during the entire night: as he sang the lines from 'I Believe in You', *"They look at me and frown/They'd like to drive me from this town/ They don't want me around/Because I believe in you,"* he grinned self-righteously.

The new songs were grimmer than anything on 'Slow Train', but even the humour had disappeared and there was none of the *"You can call me Zimmy"* levity of the album. 'I'm Hanging Onto A Solid Rock Made Before The Foundation Of The World' featured the chorus *"And I won't let go and I can't let go"*. 'Saved By The Blood Of The Lamb' and 'When They Came For Him In The Garden (Did They Know That He Was The Son Of God?)' were bleak odes to Dylan's new cause.

His band — Jim Keltner, drums; Tim Drummond, bass; Spooner Oldham, keyboards; Fred Tackett, guitar; an unidentified black gospel pianist and the three backup vocalists Helena Springs, Regina Havis and Monalisa Young — were unexceptional throughout. Tackett, for instance, never equalled the guitar of Mark Knopfler on 'Slow Train', and considering that Knopfler's playing is serviceable at best, you can begin to understand the musical deficiencies of the evening. Don't forget, this is a man who used to perform live with The Band and musicians of *that* calibre.

Kelner provided heavy-handed drumming that sounded, at times, like stylised thunder. Drummond spent most of his time hopping up and down (a born again pogo, perhaps?) while playing simple lines that made typical country and western bass work seem positively sophisticated by comparison.

The tone of the evening was set earlier when things began with a wimper as the three women vocalists strode on stage dressed in hippies-meet-Vegas outfits of blue jeans and spangled blouses. One of them told a tedious story about an old woman's attempt to ride by train to the bedside of a dying son, but she had no money and was thrown off. Then she prayed, and — lo and behold, golly gee! — the conductor let her back on. Praise Jesus! Praise the Lord! Praise the railways!

The audience wasn't particularly thrilled and when the women sang six spirituals accompanied only by piano, their displeasure became verbal. Sarcastic cries of "Jesus loves you!" echoed throughout the theatre and people began to leave two-thirds of the way through the performance. Most didn't even wait for the first encore. Only four or five hundred remained and they pushed up close to the stage and shouted for Dylan's return as if it was the Second Coming.

As the house-lights were brought up, Dylan strode back out and took a seat at the piano. The audience actually sang along as he led a romping spiritual, 'Pressing On To The Higher Callin''. Joined by the band, it provided the only truly *"spiritual"* moment of the night. Leaving the piano, Dylan walked to the microphone and sang with his small, but still loyal, disciples. It was but the briefest flicker in an otherwise dark, depressing show.

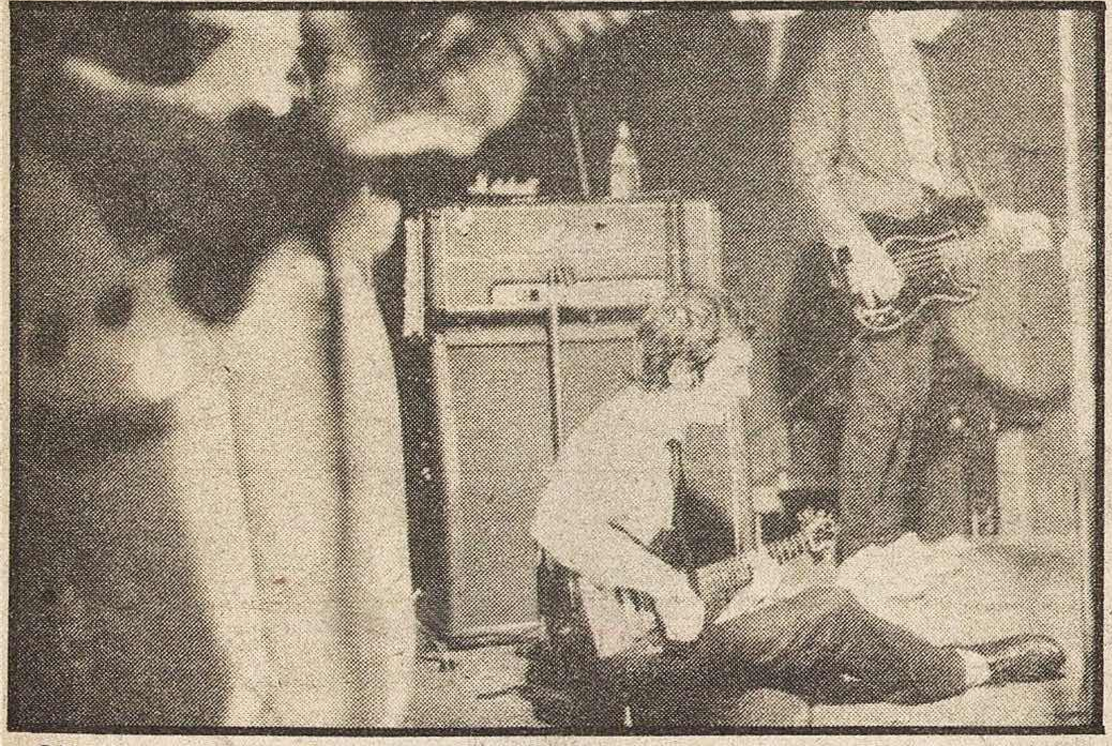
Bob Dylan has left the side of free-thinking, socially aware, sometimes cynical humans trying to make ethical choices in a modern world ripped apart by war and hate and prejudice. For him, all is solved in one simple act: accepting God.

Where are the de-programmers when we really need them?

Michael Goldberg

Dylan. Pic Gijsbert Hanekroot.

Heaven Can't Wait



Shelley sits it out. Pic Pennie Smith.

Buzzcocks
Joy Division

Rainbow

It's hard to believe they've come this far.

Buzzcocks: four down-home Mancunians with paranormal haircuts; four low-key idealists who make their mistakes in public; four amateur musicians who (thankfully) never get any better. Four self-conscious popsters playing small songs with big hearts for two nights at The Rainbow.

Sometimes they look lost with this much space to move around in, with so many people to reach. Sometimes they look like they don't belong here at all.

After all this time (is it really three years?) and all those slightly different ways of trying to adapt to an ever-larger audience, Buzzcocks seem to have come home the full circle. Sod the dry-ice and snappy waistcoats, they play like they're playing a pub gig. They even stop five minutes into 'I Believe' as Steve Diggle can't hear the monitors. "Sorry," they say, and start again. Simple as that.

They're magnificent, they're warm, they're exhilarating. Maybe I'm just lucky to be six rows from the front.

Buzzcocks don't have any of the dynamics they could develop to become really effective in large halls. There's no strong visual identity, none of the standard props like instrumentals or flashiness. Their songs are so delicate and fragile they don't even lend themselves to high volume. Not just the sound, the *sentiment* seems to get distorted.

So The Rainbow is about as much as they can manage.

Buzzcocks have refined the fine art of simplicity. Once they've seduced you into their confidence, once you're reassured that you share those same unglamorous feelings, then they start pulling the punches.

They sell themselves visually as if they'd been lifted wholesale from a '60s beat album cover — all thin ties, side partings, spruce frilly shirts and fresh-faced. It's heightened by a brilliantly descriptive lightshow that picks them out with bars of green, purple and red. Perfect pop-art colours for perfect pop/art.

Shelley's managed to straddle the two extremes between, say, the simpler 'Promises' and the disorientating, intriguing, 'Everybody's Happy Nowadays.' He draws you in first, then he draws you out.

They open with old style Buzzcocks like 'Noise Annoys' and the gorgeous 'Ever Fallen In Love,' going through to the new that sounds much like the old — such as the glowing 'You Say You Don't Love Me' (which is about as near to a '65 Lennon B-side as you're allowed to get without paying); the brisk, garish 'I Don't Know What To Do With My Life'; and the bruising, uptempo 'Mad Mad Judy,' which the super-defensive Diggle introduces as "a shit song from our new album, so we'll play it as badly as we can."

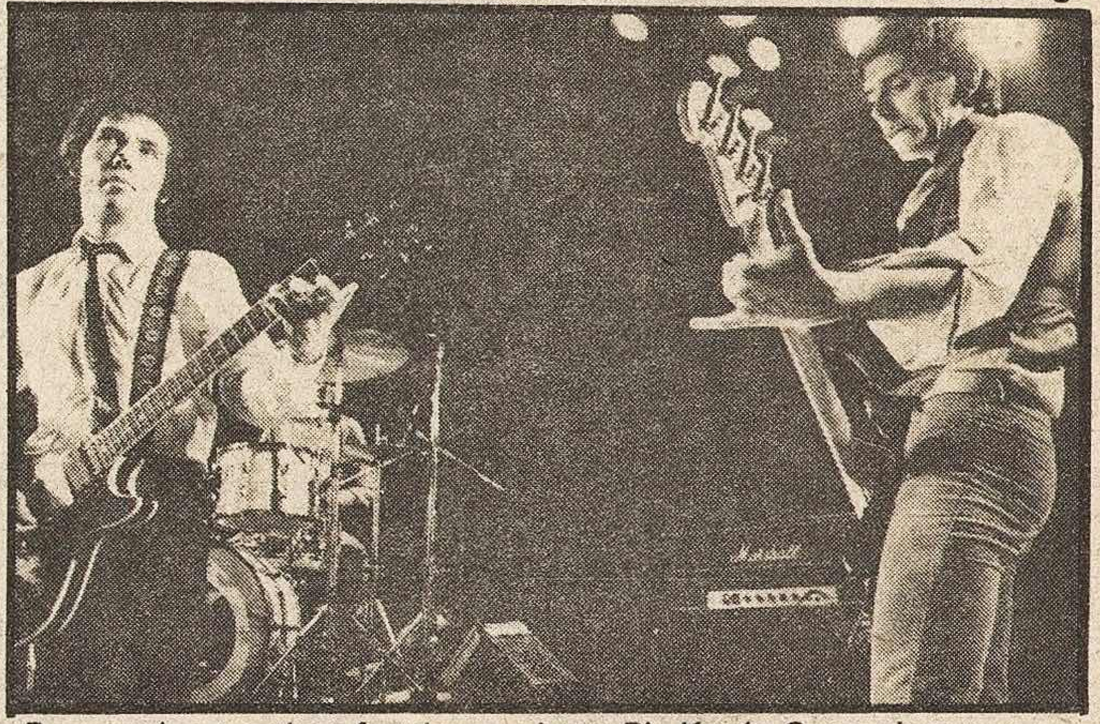
These give way to the forceful and beautifully melodic 'Money' and lastly to 'I Believe' where the lightshow states the obvious and proves it's worth doing well. Shelley's left alone with just the words *"There is no love in this world anymore"* against a desolate, colourless stage split with white arc-lamps.

It's so vivid and emotive that the encores, "What Do I Get' and 'Boredom' seem like one step sideways and four steps back.

Buzzcocks can still prove sensational. They deserve your support.

Their support is Joy Division, a brave but appalling choice.

There was a dance that was popular a while back in more lunatic circles, known as The Dead Fly. Devotees could be found lying on their backs and flailing their arms and legs in the air as if there was no tomorrow.



Buzzcocks stand up for themselves. Pic Kevin Cummins.

Ian Curtis, singer of Joy Division, can do The Dead Fly standing up, as if he's walking on a tightrope.

He flings himself into the most gnarled contortions — limbs buckling at all angles — which makes an apt focal point for the band's disarming, profoundly depressing soundtrack.

Close up, Joy Division are quite intriguing; from a distance they're oppressive as hell. It's purely a technical admiration of their precision sound-making, the way they frame large empty spaces and get so much power out of filling them with so little.

The mix is immaculately sharp, every detail rings clear as a bell. Steve Morris clubs out a cluttered, hollow drumbeat; Peter Hook adds a stiff, muscular bass; Bernard Albrecht falls around with a freeze-dried, steel-edged guitar tone, and Curtis lays his doomy Warlord voice-over on top.

It's a forlorn, laboured deadlock between early '70s pyschedelic rock and a Banshees-style cold storage propulsion, slowed down to a bass-heavy throb that creeps stealthily up your backbone giving your brain a hard time.

I remember Wire wearing the same regulation grey/black threads 20 months ago and playing a set that was almost as excruciating.

The upshot of it all is a dancebeat, no more. The Dead Fly, anyone?

Mark Ellen

Abba

Wembley

"ABBA ARE GREAT!" So a home-sewn jacket-back said to me as we filed inside, through the cold clickety click turnstiles of the ticketed. So guileless, that lonely young devotee; to sneer seems mean and cruel.

Abba must take a big slice out of whatever income the kid gets, so I hope they'll give him value. Me, I'm strolling in with £16 worth of paper in the pocket — the cost of two canteen-seats, stashed a telephone call's distance from Abba's altar — and feeling a mite parasitic. The numbers, the devotion . . .

I go in feeling more impressed than I pretend to be, less amused and condescending than I pretend to be. I'm a tourist in the cathedral of someone else's religion, just a sightseer where you should properly come to experience.

Griselda and Heidi. Pic Chris Horler.

There isn't a vaccine in the world gives immunity to everything Abba put out and when those skilful little noises come spilling out their tins then I'm as vulnerable as the next mind-and-matching-wallet. But you'd need more than a casual affection to want to come and watch them (nearly) doing it, not least at these prices, in some mass crass impersonation of human contact.

Abba are marvellously vast, straddling ages and class and language — a tribute, naturally, to the marketing sharpness and hit-producing expertise of the operation. But I wonder if there's something sad in the fact that it took such an anodyne brand of fantasy-fed pap to do the trick?

I wonder if Abba are massive in spite of their blandness, or because of it?

Ideally, Abba should sing their songs in Esperanto; because then they could sound even more purely international, and even more purely meaningless.

To tell the truth, you're far better off watching Abba on

A tourist at

Psychedelic Furs

Loughborough

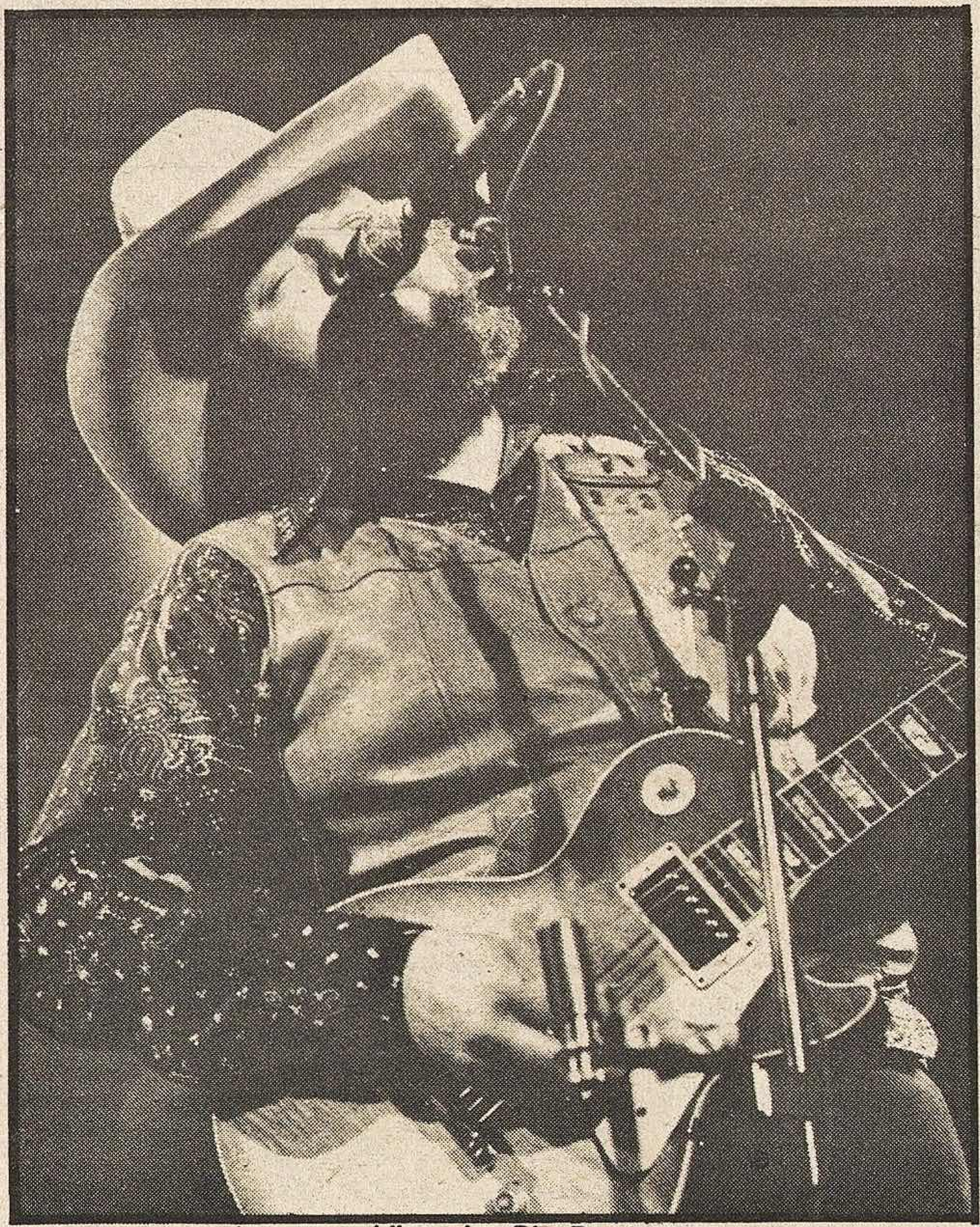
In a small hall on a quiet, empty street, The Psychedelic Furs are playing to the curious, the converted and those who have drifted along in search of entertainment: they are a dark intrusion on the calm evening of a country town.

Their music is sophisticated yet strong, grand but not glossy, carefully conceived and not too highly polished. The thick, liquid surface of the sound is lifted and hurled by the basic boom and sway of the beat, and there's a raw rhythmic current running through the songs which is angular enough to counteract the faint taint of decadence that the group exuded.

Sounds stand out: the streaks of sax in the warm, blurred blend; the sharp incessant shower of Vince Ely's drumming; the quietly raving spoken vocals.

The numbers are vivid and nebulous with lyrics that are too complicated to evaluate on a first hearing, but songs like 'Imitation Of Christ', 'Fall', 'Sister Europe' and the harder, rougher sound of the single 'We Love You' excite interest and demand deeper investigation.

On stage the group have a dead-pan, self-sufficient glamour:



Charlie went down on Victoria. Pic David Corio.

Charlie Daniels Band

The Venue

Wall to wall stetsons, char-broiled burgers, massed OK chorales, yee-haws and the Southern Region railroad just a step across the dirt track — the Charlie Daniels Band must have felt like they never left home.

Inside The Venue the noise was hellacious, and *that* was the audience. On stage the CDB did what men have to do in their situation: they boogied, picked some and Charlie wiped his face with a big red bandana between times.

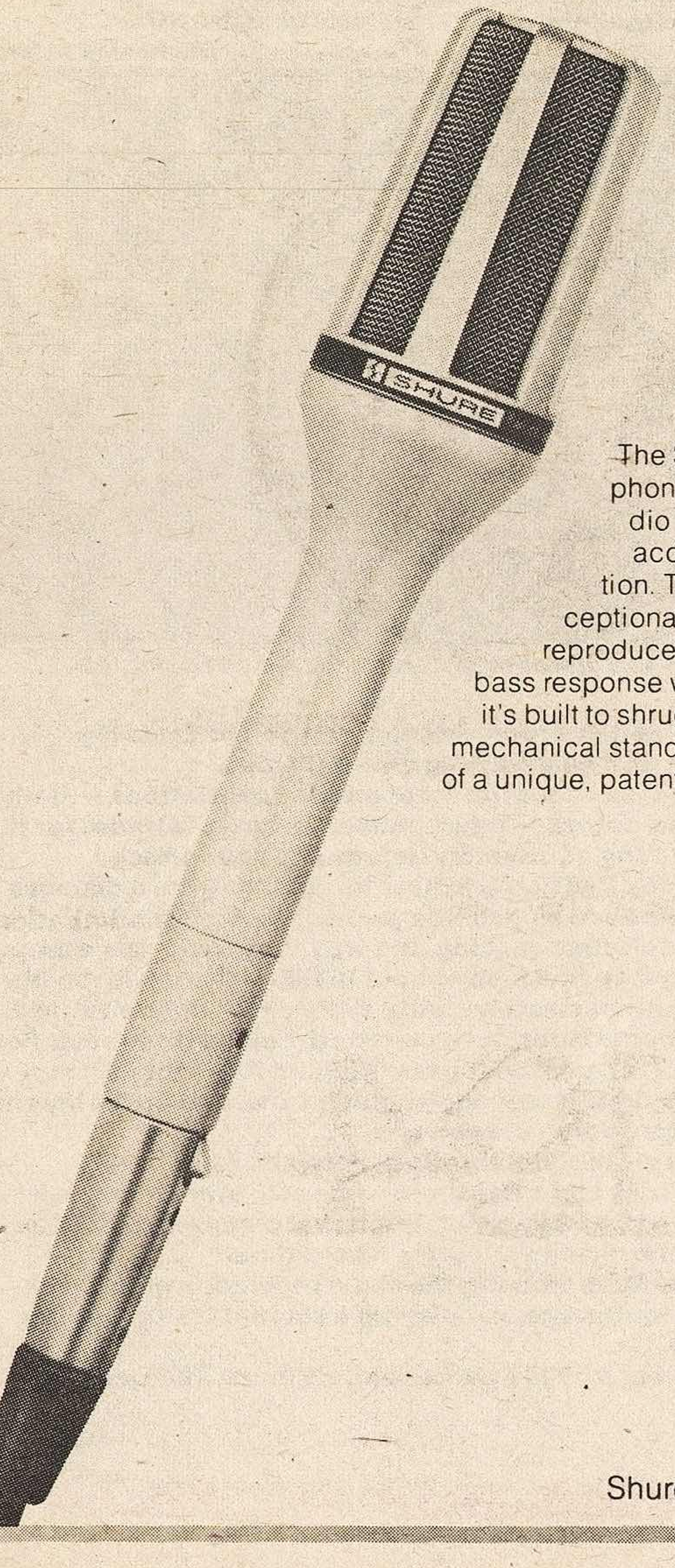
Charlie Daniels and his boys have been rustling a decent living for several years on home territory without ever getting to be indecently popular until now, when the success of their 'The Devil Went Down To Georgia' brought all the cowboys out of the closet and down to the store, homing in on the action.

'Devil' is a freak hit, even by the bizarre standards of the American charts, but Daniels' number was up and he took his chance.

The band are good. They play a mixture of southern hard rock in the manner of vintage Allman Brothers. Daniels and Tom Crain may not be Duane and Dickie, but they can duplicate that crystal clean bar room atmosphere with enough original twists to pace a long show.

Keyboardist Taz DiGregorio is a sinister little man with a raunchy blues voice and a roll in his fingers. He resembles a slightly more muscle bound Roman Polanski and was certainly as compelling a visual front man as Daniels. The rhythm section, bassist Charles Hayward and drummers Edwards and Marshall were less obtrusive, though

fact:
you can choose your microphone to enhance your individuality.



Shure makes microphones for every imaginable use.
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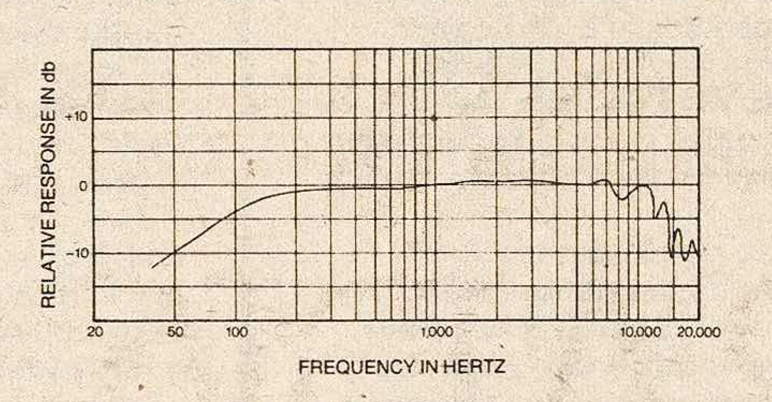
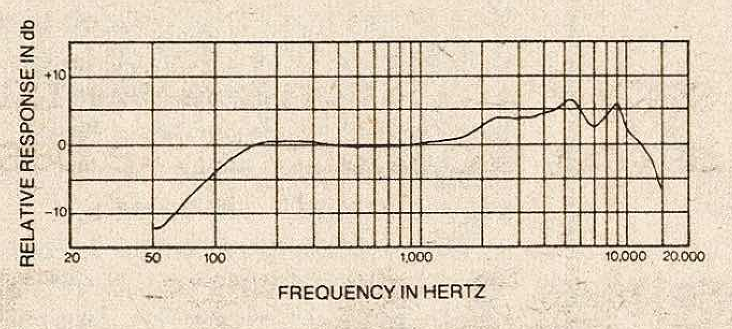


Some like it essentially flat...



...some like a "presence" peak.

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the telly. At least you can pretend that Griselda and Heidi are smiling for you alone, and you can always go back to your paper while the camera pays its token visits to Olaf and Olaf.

Of course it's nice to hear all those lovely, monstrous hits in unstoppable succession; but even that really belongs on plastic, where the songs can be revered for the perfect, irresistible, dead artefacts they are — instead of bouncing around the mile-high roof of Wembley Arena and pretending to be alive and 'about' something.

It's all good, 'entertaining' stuff, but I still feel outnumbered umpteen-thousand to one in finding it entirely mechanical. The show's a genuine triumph; whatever it is people have come here for, the smiles on their faces suggest they're carrying it home in bucketfulls. It's got precious little to do with anything I've ever found exciting about live music.

In a set of maybe two dozen numbers, over half were unforgettable chart successes, from the sublime ('Name Of The Game', 'Dancing Queen', 'Knowing Me, Knowing You') to the ridiculous ('Does Your Mother Know', 'Money Money Money'); there was 'Waterloo' and 'Voulez Vous'; there was 'Fernando' which, nurd that I am, I find rather moving; and that one panicked lapse into disco Gibb-erish 'Summer Night City'.

Along with their backing band and singers, they'd spring from relentless pop jollity, through 'raunchy' imitation rock, to lights-lowered pre-fabricated poignancy. They kept smiling at us, but wouldn't say why. They trundled in this sheepish line of London schoolchildren — not, as I feared for a moment, as hostages, but merely to add a chorus on to the drippy 'I Have A Dream' song.

Fun for all the family is the technical description. Oh, and Abba said that it was nice to be back in England.

Paul Du Noyer

the Abba altar

Butler Rep in baggy mac and thin shades creeps and reels as he's speaking, occasionally disappearing from sight onto the floor or collapsing over the microphone; Roger Morris and John Ashton on guitars are unobtrusive and ferrety respectively; Tim Butler looks blank and wears a boiler-suit and Duncan Kilburn is sweating slightly as he twists his elegant features to play sax.

The Psychedelic Furs know how good they are; there's a self-conciousness about them that is almost pretentious and a casual acceptance of their own ability which seems cautiously smug.

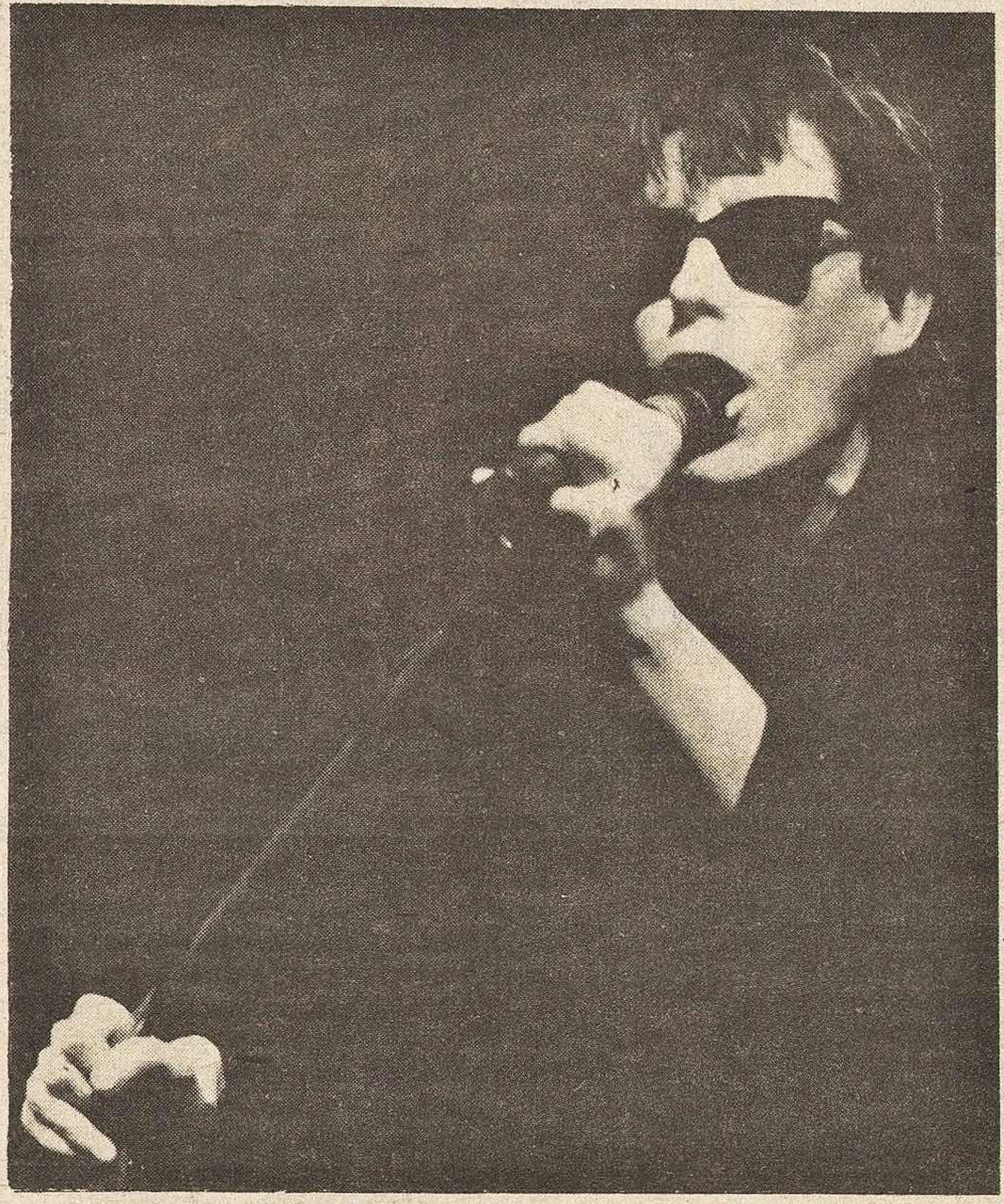
Their sound is exceptional: a steep, poetic pool, but they stand well back from its edge, lanquidly enthralled by the effects of their own actions and their detachment excludes an emotional entirety.

Or, of course, they may just have been drunk.

The set finishes with 'Flowers' then falls apart into a squealing cacophony, each instrument out of line and intent on tracing its own peculiar patterns. The sound, a high twittering that flaps about the ears, is sustained long after the group have left the stage.

Driving home, an animal illustrates the small missing link of the evening: a rat flees the headlamps with all the frantic desperation that the Furs lacked.

Lynn Hanna



A furry Butler. Pic David Corio.

Olaf, a member of Abba. Pic Chris Horler.

their contributions were consistently overshadowed by fine backline horn arrangements.

Despite Daniels' current hit, the recent album 'Million Mile Reflections' is not a great set and the numbers they played from it leaned towards the mawkish. I've no doubt that the man was genuinely grieved at the death of Ronnie Van Zandt, but singing two numbers about his lovable antics seemed to be stretching a point.

CDB made better sense of the emotional changes when they tackled a Texas swing ditty or stretched out on a blues. 'Cumberland Mountain Number Nine' (from 'Saddle Tramp,' his best album) let Crain attempt something out of the ordinary Macon Shuffle routine, and 'Long Haired Country Boy' had Daniels exercising his social eye with a pleasing humour.

The band's rendition of 'Amazing Grace' was as unnecessary as the snatches of 'Dixie On My Mind' were exhilarating; a state of affairs that occurred too much in the middle of the set when momentum was replaced with over zealous musical choreography.

Despite the obviously sober condition of Daniels and his crew, they still scored highest with the traditional sour-mash sippin' material and were confident enough not to rely on 'Devil' for a climax. The encores were deserved and plentiful and as they saved the best for last, 'The South's Gonna Do It Again', everyone went home satiated.

Hell, the only black spot of the evening happened when I mosied out to Victoria Street and found some mutha had stuck a parking ticket on the hoss.

Max Bell

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The Revillos
The Crooks

Electric Ballroom

Let's Frug one time!

Oh alright, please yourself. The fact remains that these wacky, zany, way-out and crazy Revillos are an irresistible variety of Big Fun, haphazardly calculated to stretch the features into an unseemly grin coupled with unpredictable agitations around the nether regions of the body.

So, whilst the nurses fetch the screens, let's consider this phenomenon awhile, with particular reference to last night's outbreak in Camden High Street.

Twenty-three hundred hours and the Golden Hour is 1966, gaudily resurrected in a plethora of plastic tack and technicolor daftness. If The Ramones are the definitive comic-book band, monochrome division, then The Revillos — much like The Rezillos only more so — are their full primary-coloured counterparts: entirely insubstantial, so far as I can see, but triumphantly single-minded.

Silly-costumed and unnaturally excitable, the seven cartoon characters assault the senses in a riot of sickly-sweet tin-pot pop confusion, too downright fanatical in its energised display of trash-fixation to get dismissed as merely cutesy-cute.

From its fingerpoppin' instrumental intro, to the gruff 'No Such Luck' encore, the set's a breathless frenzy of one-dimensional kitschagogo; it sinks its teeth into your leg and won't let go no matter how you shake it.

And shake it up you will, baby, and maybe shimmy too; The Revillos' music doesn't demand much else, I'm sure.

Eyes concealed behind his black wraparounds, Eugene Reynolds ricochets and darts non-stop, compulsively comperes with mid-Atlantic gabble, makes a frantic dash for his irrepressible little organ — if a toothache could sing then this is the noise it would make.

And Robo Rhythm drums while Felix plays the bass while Hi Fi Harris plays his guitar, and it all goes together to make what sounds like some real zippy, if derivative, glistening teenage dance pop in the traditional manner.

Babs and Cherie wear mini-skirts and move a lot and sing a bit — at least, on this showing their roles appeared to be more focal than vocal, though none the less valuable for that. Above all, the mascara'd and go-going duette are a visual backdrop to the formidable Fay Fife. Belting through 'Where's The Boy For Me', or the group's own very sensitive reading of 'Hippy Hippy Shake', Miss Fife presents a lurid, feverishly active figure.

As a singer she may rate closer to Twinkle than to Juliette Greco, but the girl is absoultely impossible to ignore — a true original, no less.

Which is more than can be said for most of the songs, even excluding the cover-versions like 'Dancing In The Street'. 'Barbi Doll' for example, though enjoyable enough, happens to be a shameless rip-off of The Searchers' old chestnut 'Farmer John'.

Uh-huh-huh, wo-yeah, I'm afraid so.

Still, you've got to laugh. For the time being, I think I could forgive The Revillos pretty well anything.

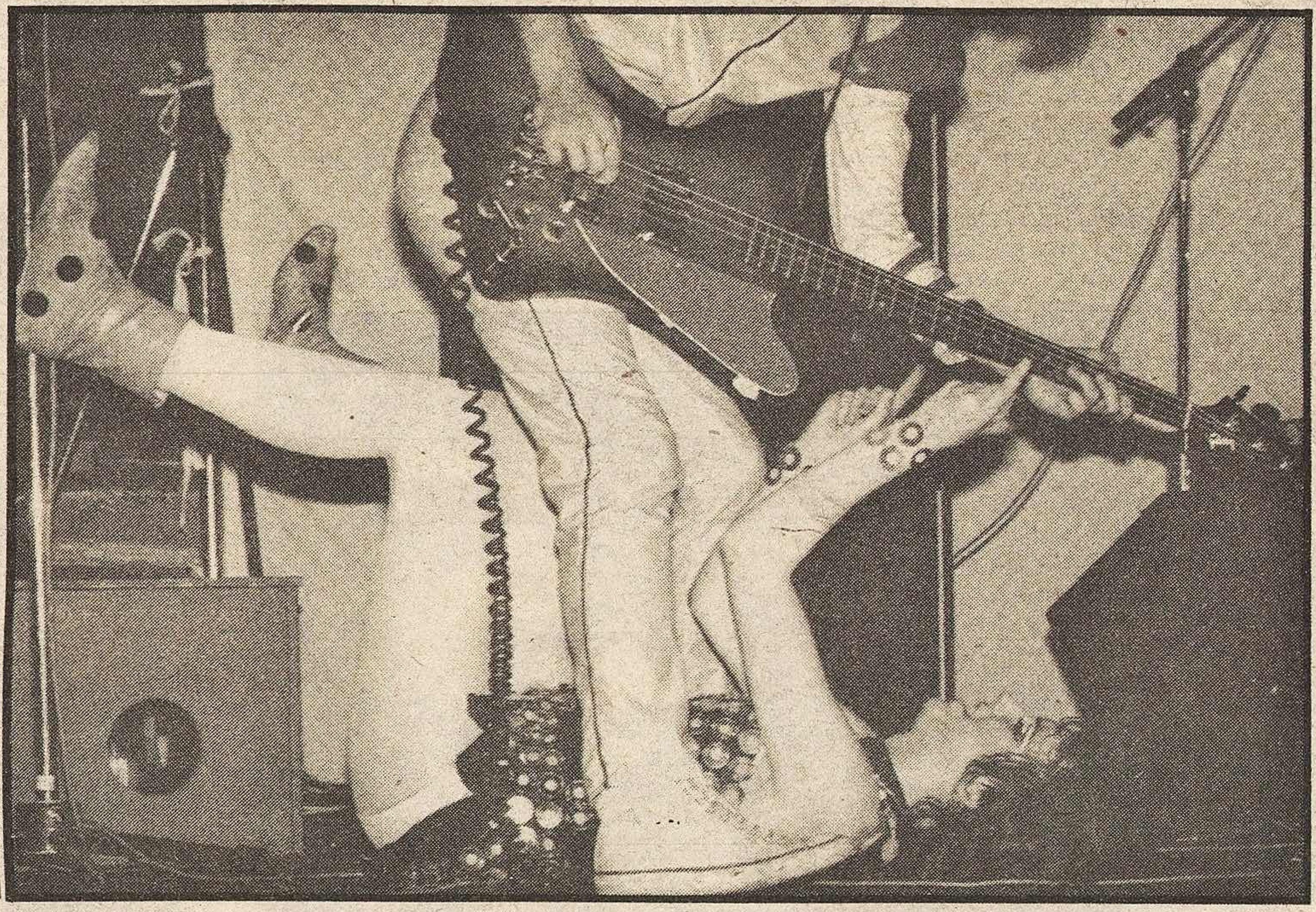
Supporting them this night were the highly interesting Photos, of whom a lot more is certain to be heard, and The Crooks.

A very outgoing four-piece, strong on audience involvement, The Crooks ran through a spirited set of fast'n'trebly 2-minute pop-songs; fair enough, but without much to render them exceptional or distinctive.

The Crooks appear to be vaguely Mod-affiliated, very sharply dressed and rather keen on pushing a brand of Small Faces chirpiness. They really do themselves a disservice by their efforts to promote a cult-cum-myth around the group. 'The Modern Boys', a la Secret Affair, came badly unstuck when the expected mass-chorus of 'Boys' in the audience failed to materialise for the singalong bit.

At best the 'this-is-our-army' ploy is a weary one, crass and divisive; at worst it's an ugly one. I'm sure The Crooks don't need it.

Paul Du Noyer.



Fay gets laid. Pic Santo Basone.

The singing toothache

Monochrome Set
Fad Gadget

Notre Dame Hall

What a grey day! Call yourselves Monochrome Set and you're asking for adjectives like 'drab' and 'functional'. Play Notre Dame Hall from a gloom-shrouded stage and you invite more of the same.

Yet no matter how much the dark garb and lack of teeth 'n' smiles compound this impression, only vocalist Bid (just Bid) is truly monochrome, wavering between L. Reed and J. Morrison, those rangeless 'mood' crooners of yore.

Otherwise, their sound is downright jaunty for much of the time.

Drummer John Haney could land a job with Secret Affair if he's not careful and one cowbell sequence recalled the old Feelgood's thump-on 'Tequila'. But if there's a Monochrome sound, it's guitarist Lester Square (ha!) who's responsible. His penchant for the Leslie or *boingg* attachment threatens to make it as much his trademark as the Rickenbacker is McGuinn's.

Meanwhile the 'Chromes invite the horse's laugh with a double (sometimes triple) screen show that runs throughout the set. One screen is devoted to ceaseless repetition of (presumably) a member of the band walking through a door and towards the camera. Another pans over flats, cars, graves, the hothouse at Kew Gardens and a hospital scene that had my spouse and I debating earnestly whether it was a birth or an abortion.

You couldn't make out the words to 'Take My Brain Out For A Walk' — our loss, doubtless — but a couple of guests chorused willingly. Me, I preferred the next number, a first cousin of 'Surfin' Safari'. Adam and the Ants' bass player stood in for the night and came through like a trouper. Rough Traders can be fun — yay!

Fad is a sombre youth with a synthesizer and rhythm section to confide in. A mystery guitarist broke up the party on the last number and was ushered off mid-chord when FG decided to leave the machines to wish us good-night.

I can remember 'Coitus Interruptus', where he lay across his console simulating sex with the aid of his mouth organ; a nod to Donna Summer on 'Ricky Is Dead'; and self-absorption without limit.

Fad Gadget: the avant garde's answer to Kilburn country-and-western. **Harry George**

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Horslips

Belfast

A sign of the times: five years ago Horslips looked like Grand Funk Railroad (remember them?) yet demonstrated an enduring flair for marrying traditional Irish folk and folklore with standard rock manoeuvres. Now they look like The Only Ones and play a strained hybrid of slap dash regressive rock songs, with only the merest lip service paid to their former derivation from the mainstream.

There is no longer a marriage between the two forms; what you get is a standard rock show with a few random folkie devices.

With none of the colourful extroverts who normally pack out the Ulster Hall in evidence, the audience consists of maturer folk who've followed the group's career from the beginning. Crowd reaction is akin to frantic football match fervour, but in this match there is no opposition.

The band come over like a bunch of chummy good-value-giving lads out to play some 'good' old rock'n'roll. From the off the audience is on their side and the group carelessly use this position to make some silly comments: there's a feeble Oirish joke; we're told one song is about a "chick" who "does it" too much; and another is about 'pulling chicks".

Role conformity. I guess these boys will be boys and just hope "chicks" will be "chicks."

Horslips deal in a barren rock'n'roll landscape, occasionally relieved by a violin, a flute or a funny shaped guitar to shake down their ethnic fetish. Otherwise they feel free to indulge themselves with a painstakingly tedious light show and lyrical declamations. Their appeal is in some unshaped and sprawling musical power flooding an auditorium of clenched fists, pointing fingers and imaginary guitars.

"Are you being crushed to death down there?" Don't you mean bored, silly?

Individual songs are competently played and conceived with pristine harmonies and pleasantly resonant vocals; an almost clinical guided tour through hackneyed riffs, solos and melodies.

There are the vacuous symbols of strength and bravery (the new LP is called 'Tall Tales'; I bet they are), and a trip from the dark end of the night to the shallow, muddy waters of the heavy metal dream. They wallow in their predictability; 'Ricochet Man' features staccato wall-bouncing chords, and the violin solo on 'We've Got The Power' may just as well be a guitar.

Horslips have left their valuable field of work — the demystification of the alienating nature of folkways for rock listeners — and found themselves a place in the rock'n'roll circus. Perhaps it would be foolish to expect otherwise (their press release boasts that 170,000 copies of their last LP were sold in America).

I left early, quite desperate after hearing 'Dearg Doom' delivered in a stylistically stunted and ego-pampering manner with a five hour intro of rampant soloing (it's our classic, we'll make you sweat for it if we want to).

Maybe I was intruding. These people have been involved and have evolved with Horslips from the start of their career and probably view each successive step as definite progress. For some young whippersnapper to tell the band to remember their old folkie days possibly sounds impudent and ill-considered.

Gavin Martin

Rambow: just as close to the big break, and just as far away. Pic: Santo Basone.

Will Rambow ever make it?

Philip Rambow

Nashville

Stick around the rock circuit for long enough and you might just absorb too many influences. Phil Rambow has, more's the pity.

He has low-key — but evidently credible — pedigree, the Nashville on this drizzling Sunday evening being stacked with countless diehards who'll gladly tell of the time they caught his former incarnation, The Winkies (about whom I know zilch) playing pubs in '75.

Returned, revived, and with both a confident new album 'Shooting Gallery' and a healthy EMI contract tucked securely in his belt, Rambow, I'm assured, is as near to The Big Break now as he's ever been. And if he doesn't make it this time, when's the next?

He's retained the immaculate rhythm section from the crack team of session-men he used on the album. The excellent Blair Cunningham's on drums — impeccably sharp and inventive, always catching you off-guard with thunderous rolls while still maintaining an inflammable thrash on his crash cymbals. He has the perfect match in Dave Cochran, who switches from chords to high-register frills to harmonics to funk thumb-thwack with so much ease and authority it can only encourage rival bassists to throw themselves from 10-storey windows.

New guitarist, Jamie West-Oram, makes a fairly limp addition, bolstering Rambow's rhythm part and peddling some predictable old rock cliches. Rambow himself is a small, wiry, sharp-eyed customer in a Milletts' shirt and studded guitar strap, who stalks through a furiously intense set equipped with a voice that's so like Graham Parker that he's doubtless heartily sick of the comparison.

Little helped by a shallow, lifeless mix (that thankfully obscures much of his more tiresome lyrics the songs read like a text-book analysis of classy, bristlingly energetic, beefcake rock 'n' roll. It's as though Rambow's collated every phrase, every intersection, every chord pattern that's been safely road-tested (Parker, again; Springsteen) but then coloured them all with so much self-conscious emboridery that the one prime ingredient has to struggle to get across — that being Passion.

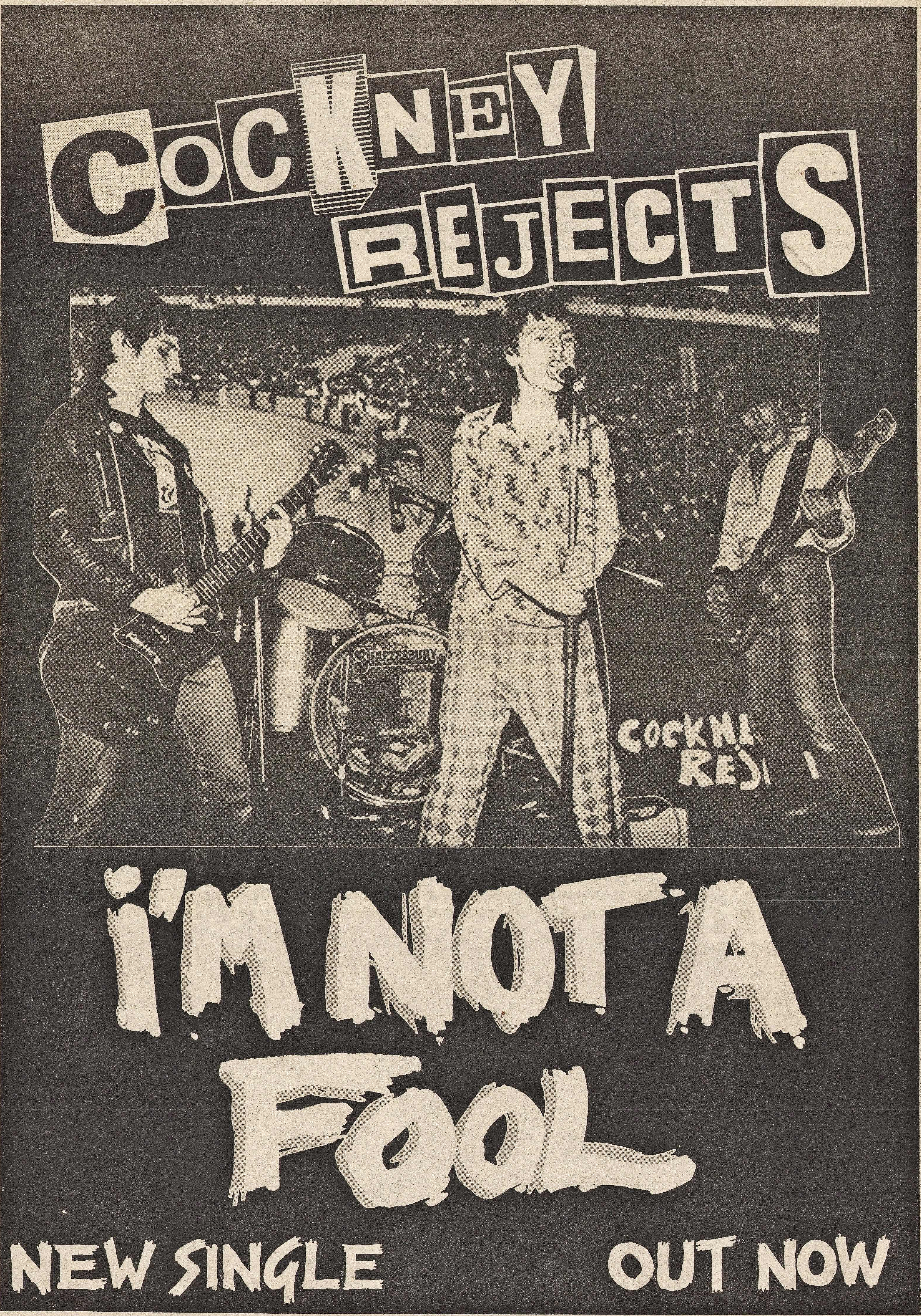
Arrangements dovetail together too perfectly — the drawn-out soft sections, the inevitable climaxes — and you're left with the feeling that you've heard it all before, that they're old songs broken up with the fragments shuffled and glued together again.

The band lock together in a disciplined, vice-like grip, kicking off with 'Strange Destinies', the two guitars weaving sinuous threads beneath the melody and the rhythm section laying out a spacious, sinister foundation. 'The Sound And The Fury' has all the vastness and power of a band anthem; 'Target' is just another bonecrushing pop rocker; and 'Don't Call Me Tonto' is a re-vamped collection of old hooks, spruced up with some disarming off-beat drums.

The simpler of Rambow's structures prove the most direct. 'Fallen' works fine with a relentless chant chorus and a steady swaggering rhythm, whereas the last encore 'The Rebel Kind' simply falls into every available pitfall with its cumbersome, dragged-out melody and bombastic swells to suit its over-romanticised lyrical depths.

He has the width and diversity, but none of the depth and feeling. What's the action without the passion?

Mark Ellen


COCKNEY REJECTS
SHAFTESBURY
I'M NOT A FOOL
NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW

The devil came out to dance

Iggy Pop Cramps Student Teachers

New York

The celebration of All Hallow's Eve used to be a children's affair, with kids happily ringing their neighbours' doorbells saying "trick or treat". But those days are almost gone, and Halloween has become an adult occasion.

It's a mass costume ball, a night when everyone indulges their fantasies for the witchy and the weird; a night of role-playing and acting out.

And that sums up what went on Halloween night at the Palladium, both on and off-stage. Devils and witches cruised the aisles and lobby, waiting for The Cramps and Iggy, studied masks of different kinds, perfect centre-pieces for a costume drama.

Student Teachers were added to the bill as a kind of afterthought. They're an appealing group — two girls, Laura Davis (drums), Lourie Reese (bass); and three guys, Billy Arning (organ), Phillip Shelly (guitar) and Jan David or J.D. (vocals) — with a style that's derivative but honest.

On the club circuit, their punk-surf-psychedelic pop mixture is light, easily digested and fun, but they were out of their league at the Palladium. Their sound was sabotaged by an atrocious sound-mix which made JD's voice sound as if it was coming out of a transistor. And he didn't really know how to carry himself on the big stage.

His usual problem is too much cockiness, sometimes seeming like a Junior League Iggy. But with Iggy himself so close, JD was under manners not to risk comparisons, and as a result he was inhibited, nervous and shy.

Their stronger songs still managed to get across. 'Being Polite For Kicks' combines good hooks with a catchy surf-instrumental style guitar and roller-rink organ fills. Some others connected with a low-keyed, rocking style, hard but not belligerent. They're a good band still growing and learning.

The Cramps exploited the Halloween situation, laying on the full voodoo jive. There were blacked-robed roadies setting up and burning candles around the drum set.

In the early days, The Cramps were silly and inspired amateurs, playing up their perversity angle for all it was worth. There was genius in their concept and rollicking incompetence in their execution; it made them both exhilarating and exasperating.

They've become professional now, which means they're a little less of both. Digging The Cramps now is less like having a secret vice and more like your usual rock and roll enjoyment — which they supplied in large measures.

Ivy is a joy to watch, as she shimmies just so slightly while she plays seriously. And Lux is a manic, captivating wild-man. Old songs like 'Teenage Werewolf' and 'The Way I Walk' are mixed with the new ones 'Drug Train' and 'Hot Cramps' in a seemless web of dark-toned frenzy.

Of course, Iggy's ghost hung over the evening from the start. Student Teacher's JD had handled it one way; Lux, a more accomplished performer, confronted the problem head-on by imitating Iggy, early in his set — running up to the speaker column and embracing it, jumping up on top of it and leaping back to the stage.

But how was Iggy himself to handle the burden of having to play Iggy? Apparently, just by playing the same old Iggy . . . but only up to a point.

The more dangerous, titilating aspects of his stage ritual are relegated to memories; the flirtation with self-destruction is over. His performance now is a matter of choreography; an athlete's stage show. He seems to have been studying movement, adopting poses from dance exercises and gestures from the martial arts.

He looks good — body in shape, energy up, wired and ready, — and he commands the stage, his voice full of power.

The new band is Brian James (guitar), Ivan Kral (guitar and keyboards), Glen Matlock (bass) and Klaus Kruger (drums). Their sound is the rock and roll equivalent of military basic training, a test of endurance. The volume was, as the saying goes, loud enough to make your ears bleed.

James' guitar overwhelms everything else, splashing notes around in wild abandon. Kral is useful on organ, filling in the band's hard-edged sound with some tonal variety. He's less useful on rhythm guitar, where he's hardly heard over James' volume-mad bravado. Kruger is a serviceable powerhouse on drums.

Matlock is the secret weapon bouncing around the stage happily, looking like he's enjoying himself; as opposed to James and Kral, who are so intent and serious you'd think they were soldiers in a mine-field (which might be what Iggy told them they were). But Matlock is determined to add some levity, and he comes across as buoyant and personable, singing decent backing vocals, too.

The biggest disappointment was the lack of material from the strong 'New Values' album. Only the title cut and 'Five Foot One' were performed. It's nice that Pop is not into album-pushing, but those two new songs were the high-spots of the night.

Iggy sounded genuinely committed to what he was saying rather than simply throwing out lines, and the arrangements showed more thought and care. James even did a nicely restrained guitar introduction to 'Five Foot One'.

It seems that every year Iggy trots out a new band doing new versions of his old songs. Admittedly this edition does many of them well, but how many times do we need to hear 'Now I Wanna Be Your Dog'?

As someone once told me, it's not where you have been but where you are going that will be your honour.

Richard Grabel

Iggy Pop. Pic Ebert Roberts

Her new album is Night Rains.
And the weather suits Janis Ian just fine.

If you've heard her latest single 'Fly Too High', or any of the other superb tracks from the album, you'll already know that 'Night Rains' presents another side of Janis Ian.

The critically acclaimed vocal and songwriting talents are as strong as ever. But now, for the first time, the mood is lighter, more positive.

And Janis Ian is also exploring different areas of creativity. One of the songs was co-written with Albert Hammond, and for two tracks she went to Munich to work with Giorgio Moroder, well-known for his work with Donna Summer.

Experience the new up-tempo Janis Ian. Get into 'Night Rains'.

Single: 'Fly Too High' CBS 7936
Album: 'Night Rains' CBS [illegible]02
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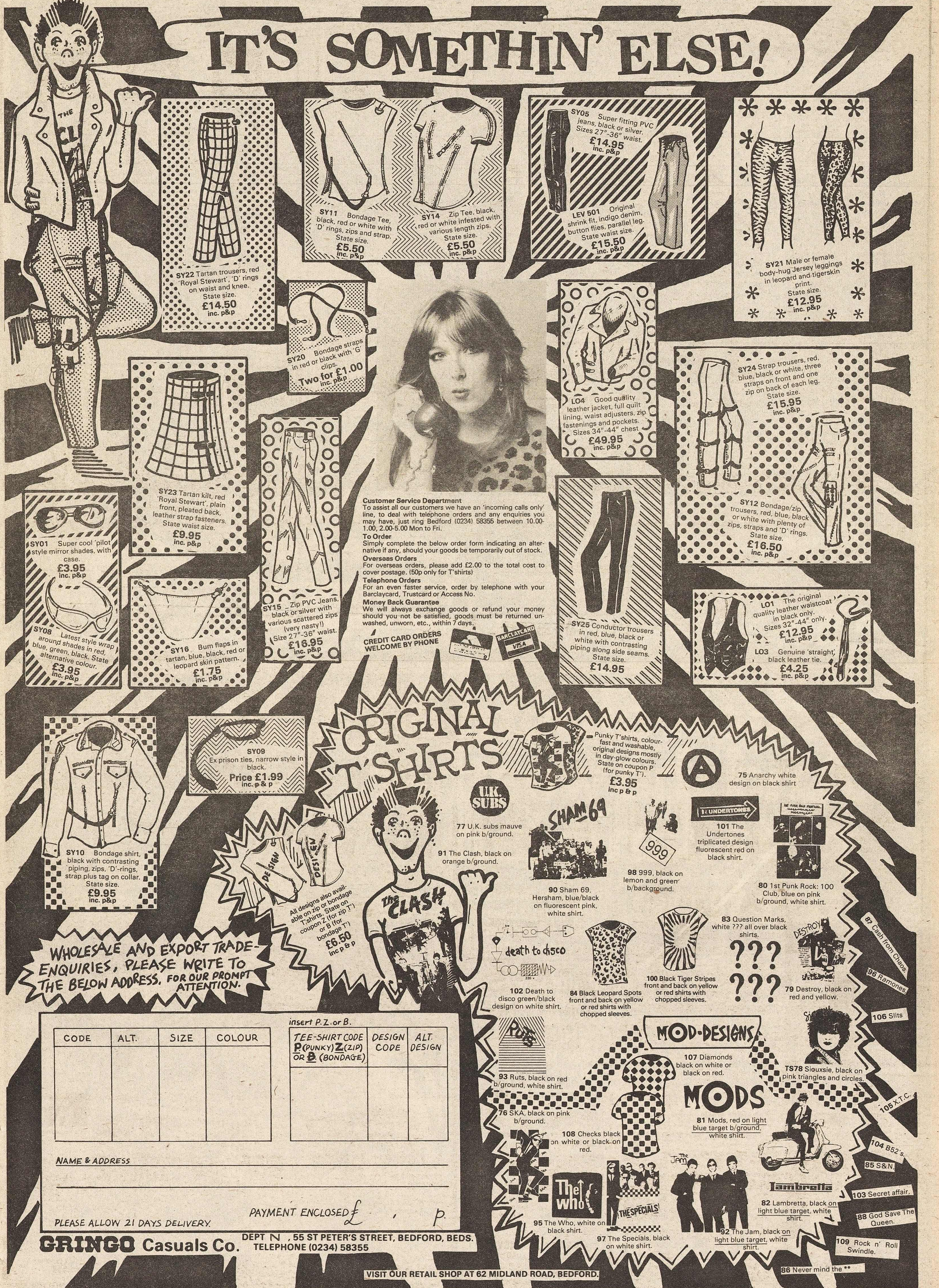
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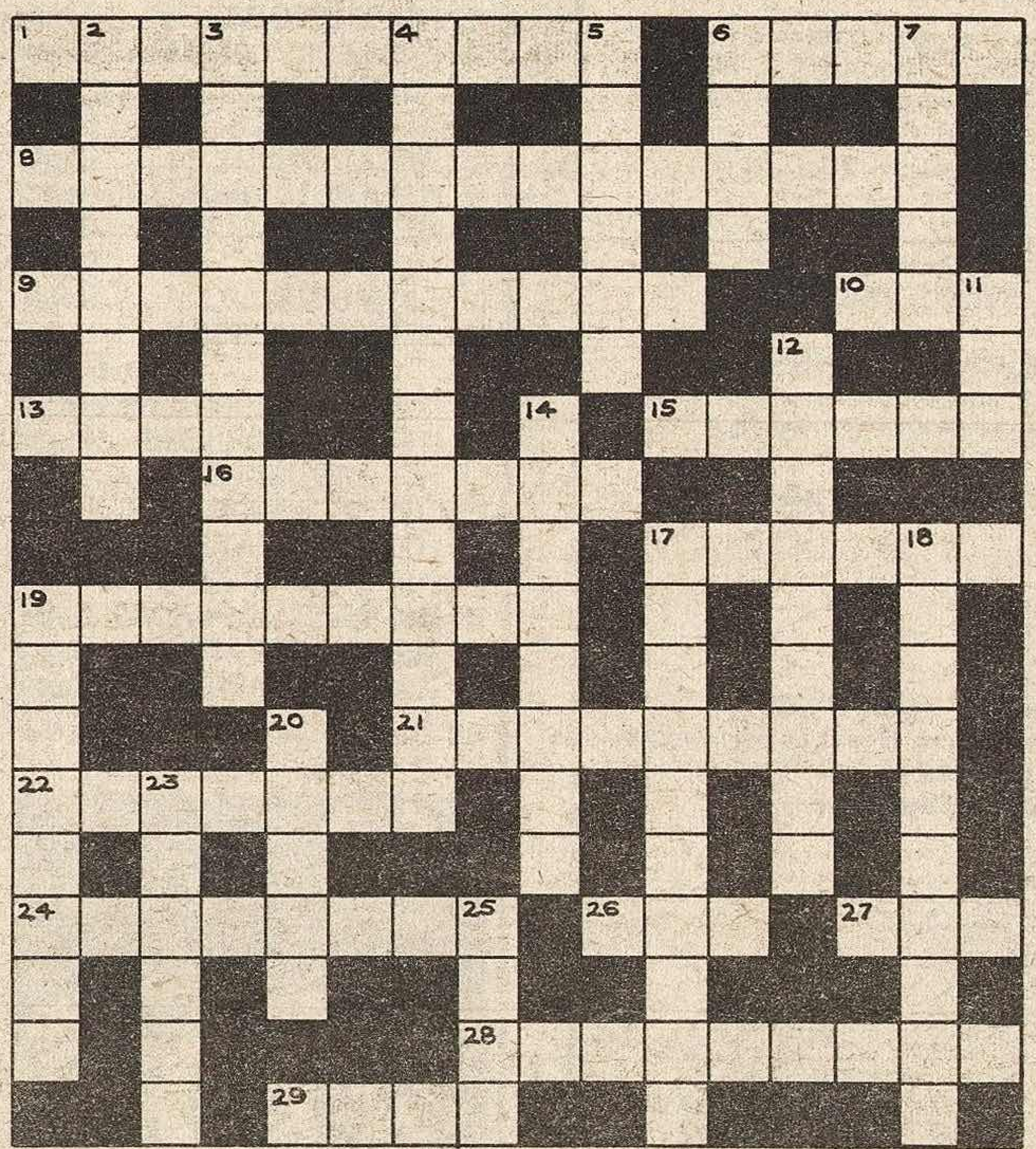

ACROSS
1 Public school chaps let loose in the artillery? (4,6)
6 Tom's oppo has a passion for Mick!
8 Related bozos descending the Top 30 (7,8)
9 Airplane/Starship veteran posing as lean punk rat! (4,7)
10 Descartes interpreted by Earth Wind & Fire! (1,2)
13 Surname of Yardbirds singer
15 Classics IV oldie revived by the Atlanta Rhythm Section
16 It followed 'Hot Love' and 'Ride A White Swan' (3,2,2)
17 See 6 down
19 Beat boom bandleader, gave his name to the group which he led from the back (4,5)
21 Recent Roxy chartbuster (5,4)
22 Punk combo who recently pushed abort button
24 Deep Purple drummer who subsequently formed power trio with Jon Lord and Tony Ashton (3,5)
26 One comes back suffering hair loss!
27 Honour Lee Perry?!
28 Album sleeve designer best known for his covers for Yes (5,4)
29 They had a hit earlier this year with Blondie soundalike 'Desire Me'

DOWN
2 Edgar Allen Poe interpreted by Jean Jacques & Co (3,5)
3 Flings loner (anag 2 words)
4 Money-making reptiles (6,7)
5 Small rocks?!
6 & 17 across Half of fairly famous songwriting concern
7 Usually locked!
11 See 20
12 Aylesbury loony who made the charts with 'Really Free' (4,5)
14 Ancient Simon & Garfunkel elpee useful in the library
17 Whitesnake album, or a dedication to ex-Mott Ian?! (4,6)
18 A '75 hit for Fox (4,3,3)
19 Debbie's slipped off again!
20 & 11 Queen guitarist possibly
23 Aka Letts, D., of Damned
25 Titled half of 'Harlem Shuffle' pairing

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 Byrds; 4 'On My Radio'; 7 'Oceans Of Fantasy'; 8 'Regatta De Blanc'; 11 (Frankie) Miller; 14 'Off The Wall'; 16 Feargal Sharkey; 18 'Marathon'; 20 (Marc) Bolan; 21 (Lol) Creme; 22 'Love Bites'; 23 XTC; 24 Zombies.

DOWN: 1 'Knocked It Off'; 2 (Jean Jacques) Burnel; 3 Raga; 5 Ronettes; 6 'OK Fred'; 9 Andy Warhol; 10 Charlie Watts; 12 Jeff Lynne; 13 'Hi Hi Hi'; 15 'Facades'; 17 'Smiler'; 19 Heinz; 20 (David) Bowie.

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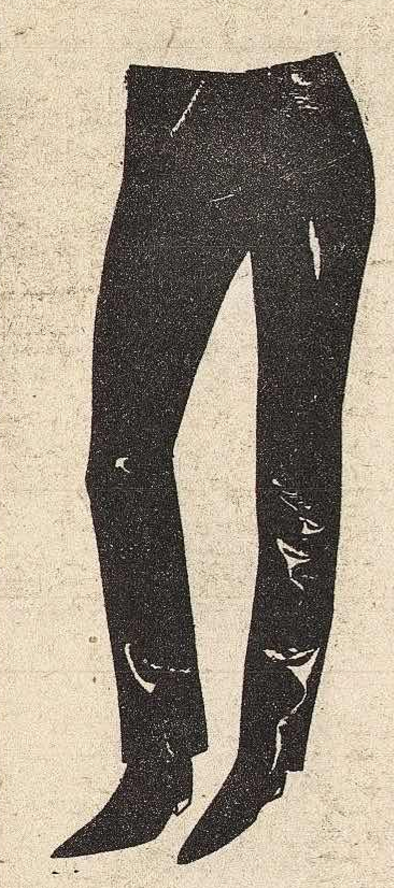

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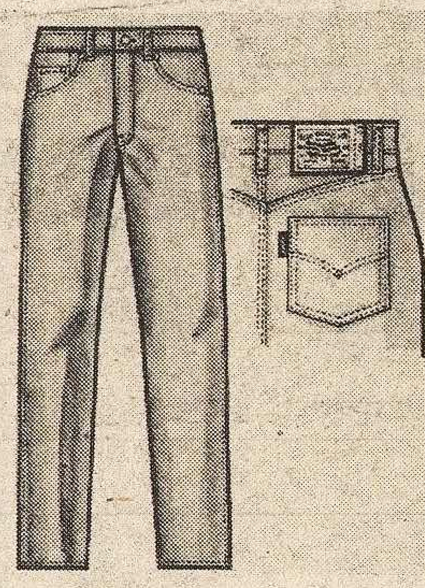

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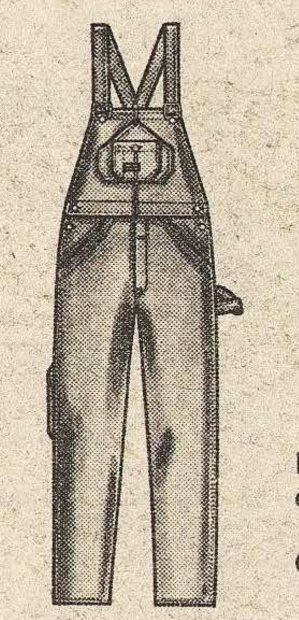

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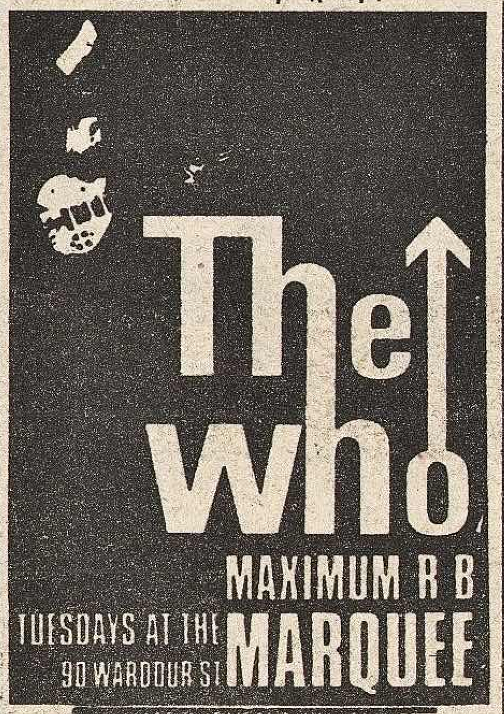

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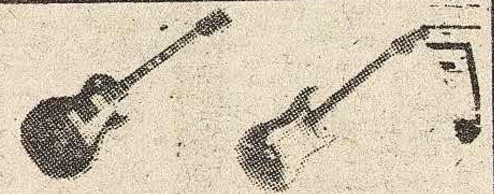

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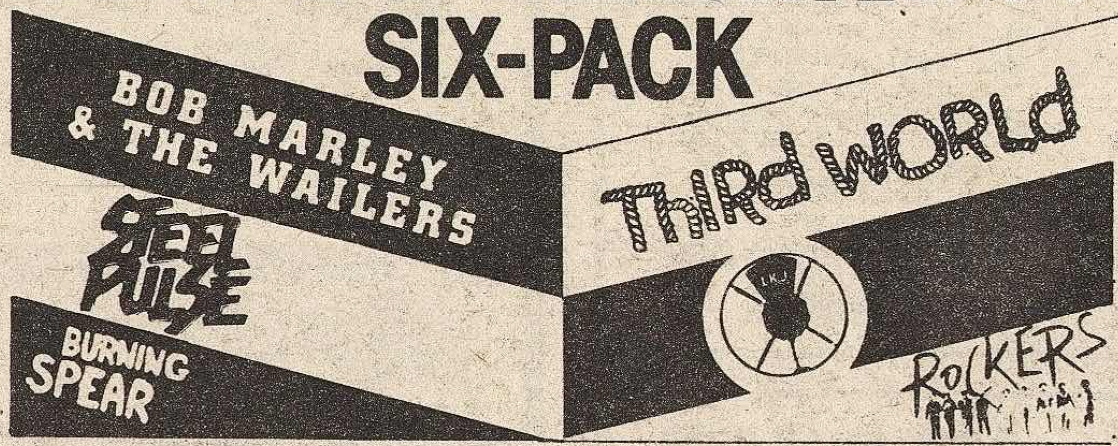

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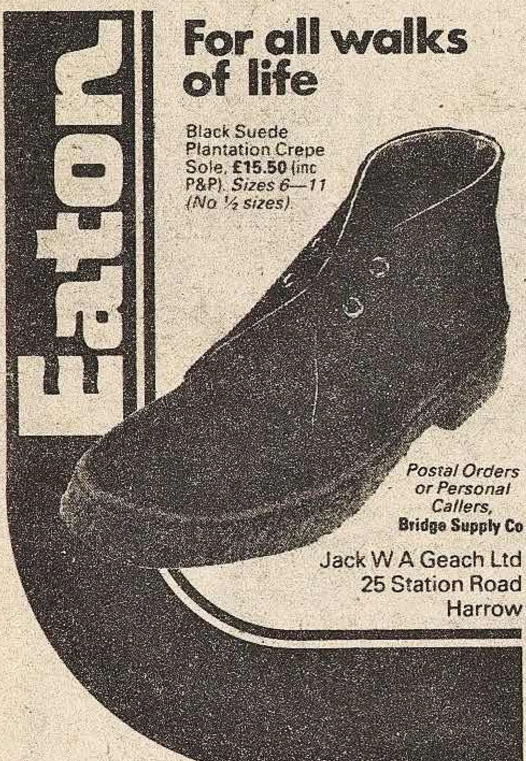

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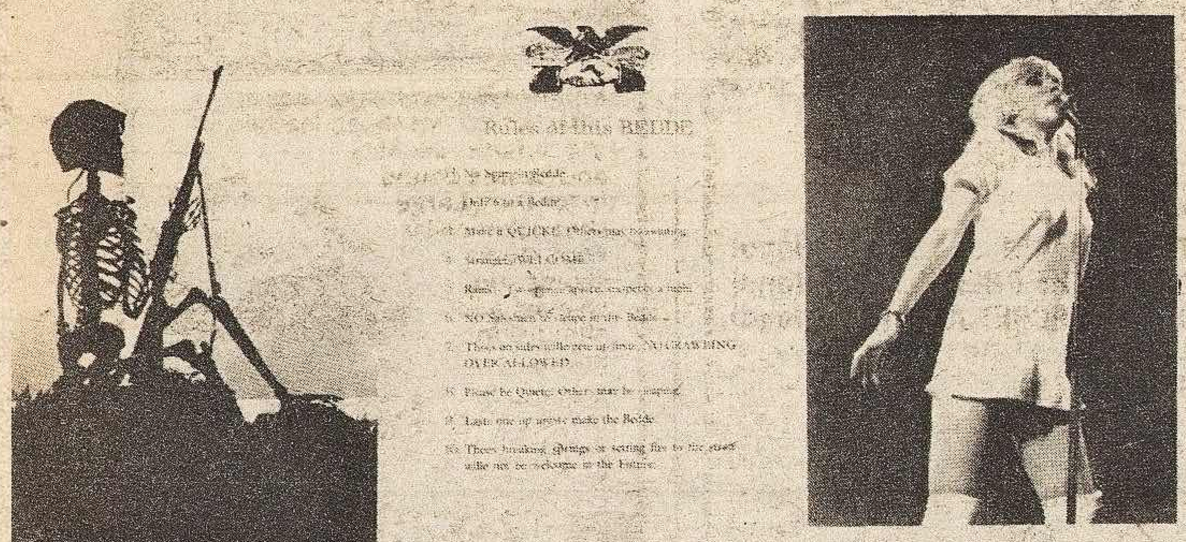

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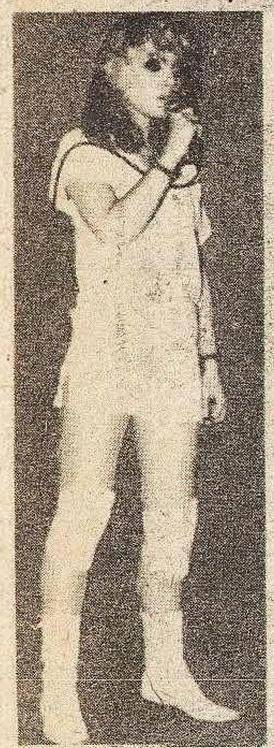

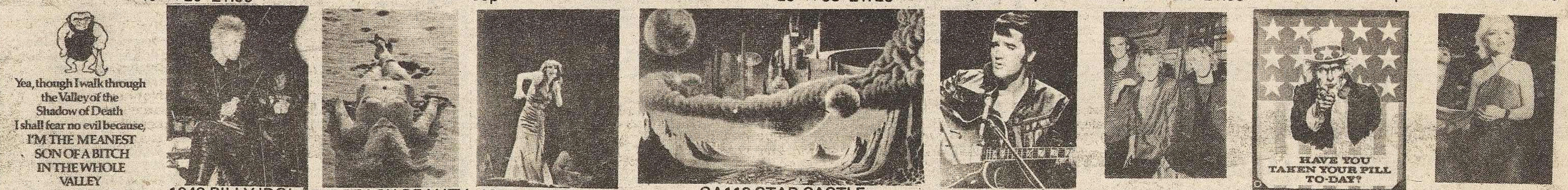

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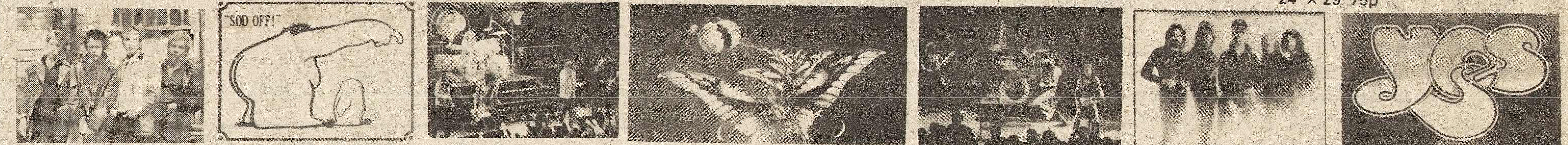

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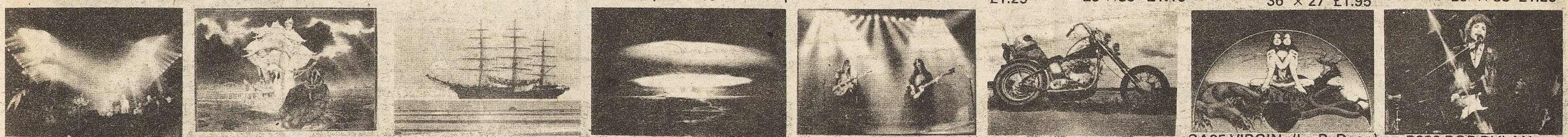

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The Ace Face's Forgotten Story

From page 43

. . . here's my band, playing in the Aquarium, Brighton, and I couldn't even bloody go in and see them, man — there were so many fucking Mods about, the whole of the South Coast was turning into the Mods, right away. I mean, I'd done publicity, I'd got them into every single magazine you can possibly imagine — I'd made The High Numbers the hippest number in town . . .

Did you keep the cuttings?

Yeah, I kept them, but I threw them away after a while.

Was the Scene Club still operating?

Well, it closed down about 1966.

In your opinion, when did the Mod thing phase out?

About 1967, when Acid came in.

You think Acid phased it out?

Yeah.

What about . . . 'cos you get these styles, and you develop out of it, don't you? Did it sort of burn itself out, or what?

Well, I was with Beefheart then, I had Jimmy James and the Vagabonds from 1965 . . .

Yeah, I was talking about music, I was talking about clothes . . .

I was into continental clothes, Curtis Mayfield clothes . . .

What do you think was the ultimate Mod kit?

Tonik jacket, blue jeans, or tonik trousers in a different colour . . .

That's jacket and trousers?

Jacket with about a seven or eight inch centre-band, and . . . it's a stiffish quality cloth, and it's tight — you wear tight sleeves, tight shoulders, and a comfortable jacket, you know, with a centre-band. It was straight enough to be drape, and small enough to be tight enough, and you just did the top button up, and then you'd have a pair of tonik trousers of a different colour, probably blue and bronze, straight down but widish, hipsters. You'd have your belly-button showing, with a french jersey, with a crew neck on it, and then you'd have a Mod scarf, with a single twist in it so it flies out on both sides. A pair of desert boots, and you're set for the weekend. Or if you got a scooter, you got a pair of dark glasses, maybe a stingy brim hat, with an inch-wide brim, or else a pair of dark glasses, and then an anorak, and then you sit on your scooter, and you'd have everything, even your sleeping-bag, which is your anorak, Parka, yeah . . .

What about your haircut?

French crew — razor-barbered, you know? There was no lacquer, it was blow-dried, it was called the College-boy, short at the sides, 'cos you're mostly blond, like fair-haired geezers, they all seemed to be — don't know why. You didn't have too many whiskers — like that Samuel Palmer picture, you know? He hasn't got too many whiskers.

Some of the Mods got into make-up, didn't they?

Not really, they could have done, but that's because effeminists got into it.

Did you ever hear about Mods using make-up?

Yeah, I heard about it man, but when you're out for four days on the trot man, you don't listen about make-up. All you're doing is trying to have a good time, and try to keep yourself clean, you know?

Were there ways of walking?

Yeah, you walked speedwise, which is like, you put both hands in your Mod jacket. Of course, your head's bent against the wind, so you got your head down, talking left to right, and speaking left to right . . .

Was there a way of smoking?

Yeah, you smoke it as cool as you like, man, and you're smoking king-size . . .

What, inside your hand?

No, it's never covered. You drink black coffee, cup of french, you know? You'd be on french brews, and you smoke as cool as you can be, you know? And you drink french brews, just to keep your system down, 'cos you've been up for three nights already and your stomach's starting to rise.

Did Mods read?

They'd read things of knowledgeable interest, like William Burroughs, I reckon, if they ever got on to William Burroughs, to find out what new drug trips were all about — information on drugs . . . practical things.

What was the Mod revolution all about then?

My Mod revolution was an undefined revolution against commodities and people. That is people were commodities, my parents treated me as a commodity, and Modism to me was a release, sweet release, relief. The burdens of mundane existence, and I had, personally had something like 250 thousand Mods running around the South Coast, South of England.

Did you go to the big fights?

Yeah, I went to some of the big fights, I saw them.

What was it like?

Just too many of us, and none of them — we overpowered them — like ZAP!

What sort of feeling did you get, actually being involved?

There was no focal . . . no focus . . . The Who were letting us down, they should have been there with us, they should have been there, THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE WITH US!

You must have felt elated . . .

Yeah, I was elated when I was there, like seeing fifteen thousand kids, all on the street with you, with exactly the same clothes — I was with Bob Bedford, who's now a millionaire insurance broker, and he was a Mod same as me, he used to work on a music paper, and we went out in '67, down to Hastings — I knew it was over, I knew it was falling apart, but I went down there because I wanted to see what the riots were about. I had my own Mod band, which was the Vagabonds. There should have been a conscious effort on the part of The Who to stick with The Mods, not to go into Pop art or those things, because Pop art was not where it's at.

Did the Mods follow the Pop art?

No they did not. They never did, you can never say that about the Mods. That was a sell-out on The Who's part. I'm not being bitter now, but it was my revolution, I had 250 thousand people on my side — in uniform, fighting for something which was clearly defined to me . . .

Would you say 'My Generation' was a Mod song?

'Course it was. It was a pride factor, on Pete Townshend's part, to talk about . . . No I don't think he was too much into Jagger or anything like that, but he was talking about . . . more about pop stars, songs, like Dylan, Lennon and Jagger, people . . .

He was turning on to them?

Yeah, 'course he was getting turned onto them — they were his friends, they were my friends as well, Jagger was my friend, and I was Dylan's first publicist.

When do you think that The Who lost their grip on the Mod market?

'67, easy, maybe before that.

While they were doing the Pop art stuff they still had the Mod clothes, as well?

I'm not letting down The Who, I'm just saying that, I've gotta draw a perspective of what the situation was. The situation was, that here was a huge group of people, well the market, I tend to call them markets 'Cos . . . well, I try to be humane about it, human in so much as the Mods were, for me, the revolution, the revolutionary group, they're like the Vietcong, out in Cambodia, you know? The VietCong. There's a North Vietnamese army who are stolid troops, and there's the VietCong who are like Mods, who are the ones who've been fighting all the time. They've never let down the side, they've never come in in strength, they've always been fighting in a minority group, against the vast armour of the American army.

What did you think of 'Quadrophenia'? (Ed's note: the album not the film)

Brilliant, it's . . . I identified with it entirely, 'cos Jimmy could easily be Jimmy of Jimmy James and the Vagabonds. He's talking about a Mod, well, I am a Mod, the Mod who made Mods out of The Who.

When do you feel The Who let you down, as representing Mods?

When I never got that ticket at Brighton Aquarium, that night, when I saw fifty thousand kids queueing up down there.

The mod thing was style as opposed to content, wasn't it?

Yeah, in as much as you can dismiss life as having no substance, there was no substance. But if you can put life together as having substance, a reason to believe, then you have Modism, which is where it was, which was via having a pill, having a few drinks, via having music to listen to, and a style of your own, so succinctly beautiful and self-contained, where privacy was everything, and no-one ever disturbed your privacy, because you are all the same . . .

It takes a structured society to support that sort of thing?

Yeah, you have to stretch society, that's why they had policemen walking around . . .

I mean, it takes a structured society to support that sort of thing, I mean everybody couldn't be a Mod, because . . .

No, anybody can become a Mod, that's the beauty of it, anyone can become a VietCong . . .

Can you imagine 20 million people, staying out every weekend?

That's what my dream was . . .

But who would do the work?

They did work, because they worked during the day-time, you gotta understand this . . .

Well what about Nurses . . . nurses can't be Mods, can they?

'Course they can, they're the best Mods of all . . .

What if they're on night duty?

Well, they'll come out in the daytime, go shopping with you, and they'll have the short haircuts, and nurses are about the best Mods of all, because they're actual practical people. Can't you understand, that's what Mods are all about.

When did you stop being a Mod?

I stopped after Acid came in . . . I used to call myself a Black Tripper.

So you were into a Hip thing?

No, no, Hippies wore flowers, I had the Allie Kans jacket, a £300 jacket . . .

And when did all that come out . . . ?

Well, that was when I brought Captain Beefheart to Great Britain . . . I had my mental breakdown, my nervous breakdown . . .

Was that a result of all your old hard-living, do you think?

Yeah . . . I'd done three and a half years on the road with Jimmy James and the Vagabonds, which the purist Mods . . . they weren't believing me anymore, and I was feeling that the structure is breaking down, and Modism — Modism has to be sustained up and it has to be a rigid, rigorous structure for Modism to function in it.

Do you think that The Who eventually became Mods, or at least Pete and Roger, or something. . .

I think Pete is the greatest Mod of all time . . . and myself.

Were you interested in them being Mods, or just appealing to a Mod market?

No, I made them into Mods, and they weren't Mods, they were . . . they have always said they were never Mods . . . I made them like . . . it's just saying, they're my best mates, and if I can't make my mates into the best mates you can ever make, mates you can be proud of, then I cannot do anything for my friends, then if they go off for ten years or something, I've still kept in touch with them, but if they go off for ten years . . . all I can say, all it was, as I said to Pete Townshend on the telephone, 'I only made you into The Who, because I wanted you to be my mates'.

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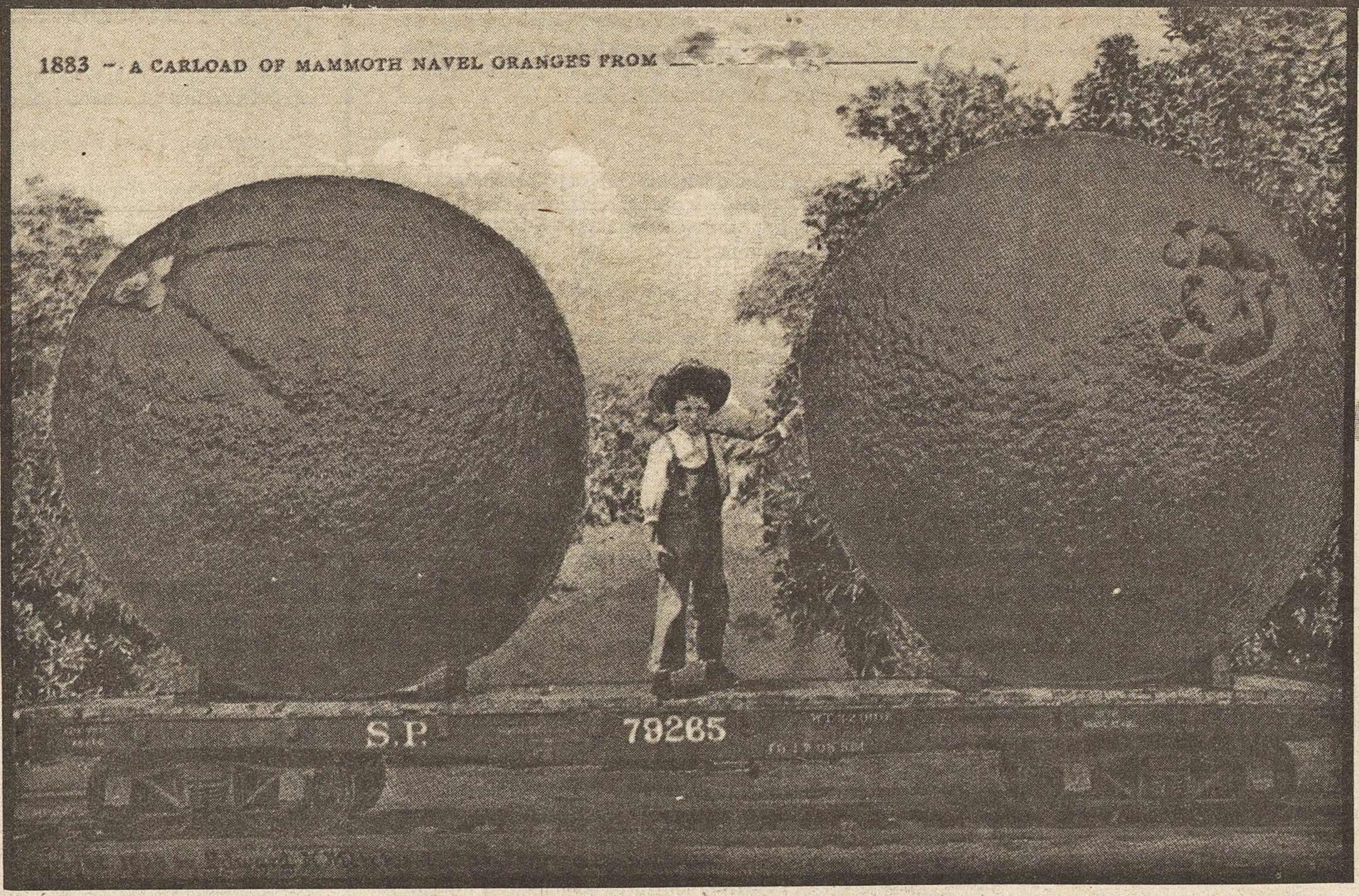


AFTER reading the *Gasbag* letters concerning violence at rock gigs, I happened to go and see the film *Quadrophenia*. Had I not been obliged to stay I would have walked out on two counts — firstly at my personal disinterest at this trite, pseudo street-level preconception of the Mods and Rockers' tribal warfare of the '60s, secondly at the reaction to the film of a sizeable proportion of the cinema crowd.

I personally do not laugh at a person falling thirty feet onto concrete, or being involved in a nasty road accident, or people fornicating like rabbits. So I was amazed to see people amused by these scenes and the spectacle of bloody battles and beatings, the predicament of people caught in the mayhem, the police outnumbered by savage rioters. Of course this was fiction, but reality lurks behind these token images of contemporasry street warfare.

I can tolerate viewing violence, if it happens — the truth must be known. It is objectionable that violence is manipulated, marketed and presented for entertainment and amusement. Disturbing is the proportion of the public (and most disturbing, *young* people) who will relish and ultimately emulate what they see.

We'll never be free of violence, it's human nature in perpetrator and voyeur alike. On a commercial level, it's what the public wants.
AD, Eastbourne, Sussex.
You sound like you're on nodding acquaintance with Mary. Suppose you were murdered in a shower — would your Mum sue Alfred Hitchcock? If people are dumb enough to emulate celluloid images or be dedicated followers of fashion then so be it. Have you ever wondered why Stanley Kubrick won't allow *Clockwork Orange* to be re-released? Mind you he's mad. — M.S.

You bemoan the violence at gigs between different youff cultures (sniff) yet you blatantly encourage the same (vis "Love Sex, Hate Students" headline). Are you not ashamed???

A sensible answer please.
Angry person.
Sod off back to your subsidised canteen and start worrying about *real* issues. — M.S.

What is it that you lot seem to have against students? If you take a wide definition there are about two million of them, most people who buy the wonderful Eneme are probably students, ex-students or prospective students. All of you lot have probably been students. If as Stuart Johnston says students are jovially smug why do they make up the bulk of demonstrators? Being academically successful (it's no more than that) is not a disease. Anyway, isn't it better to be jovially smug than vicious and smug, e.g. BM, most skinheads, lots of mods etc., chic rock critics. I really wonder where you get some of the nimnos on your paper.
Ian Smith BSC, Erith, Kent.
Most of us have never been students, but it doesn't mean you're a bad person. — M.S.

So John and Paul's differences are more important than x thousand Cambodian lives, are they? Fair enough, then, The Beatles have grown old and reactionary and thus redundant as far as youth is concerned. It was consequently reassuring to witness the re-emergence of a wave of musicians of which the ethic appeared to be of a broadly socialistic flavour.

But whatever happened to the good old 'charity concert'? True, it was good to see the emergence of RAR as a true force in this country (even though some of its participants might have been suspected of tokenism), but how long is it since we've seen a reasonably sized RAR gig?

Listen, Gang of Four, I'm talking to you. I loved your piece in the *NME* the other week, and I sympathise almost totally with your expressed feelings. Well done for the RAS gig. But why the hell ignore Cambodia? The injustices in our own country simply cannot be compared with the devastating malnutrition and disease in that country. Isn't it about time that some of you, who supposedly care, sacrificed a day or two of your lives for the sakes of countless other lives? Costello? Jackson? Strummer? Sting? Harvey Goldsmith? Could it be *two* bowls of rice next month? Does anybody care?

If only I could play a guitar . . .
Boris Yeates, Eddington Eleven.
Sensitive Liberal guilt is a wonderful thing. — M.S.

Thank you for your excellent interview with Eldridge Cleaver. As an atheist, humanist and keen follower of him since I was 14, I personally was disappointed to hear of his conversion to Christianity. It would be easy to say he had sold out but quite possibly unfair. I appreciate that he needs some sort of spiritual understanding as well as political and economical, but I think he has gone a bit too far with this shit about how wonderful Dylan is. A matter of opinion I suppose.

However, I agree with him 100 per cent when he says: "The system is well qualified to play the game of violent expression and resentment. It's really the only game the system knows and as long as you respond that way then the system has a long tradition of meting out punishment to rebellion". I would never have believed how true this is if it wasn't for the events at Southall. Of course we have to fight back at the system, but the more discreetly and non-violently we can do this, the more effective it will be.

Eldridge Cleaver is one of the few great black American leaders to emerge from the '60s that we have left. I'd rather see him shot dead today than reverse all the wonderful things he has written and said.
Ruth, London SW14.
Insensitive radical guilt is nearly as good. — M.S.

"Sham 69 are my favourite band. I hope you can find out why." (Danny Baker, *Zigzag*, September '77)

OK, Danny, I finally give up. Tell me why.
The Thin White Puke, Nigel Dempster's Attic.
Yes, well, er . . . um . . . — D.B.

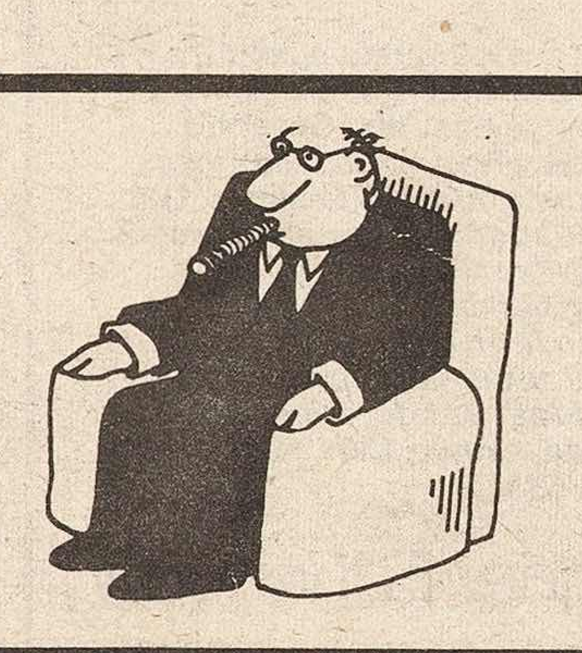
If, as Neil Young says, "It's better to burn out than to rust", why does PIL continue to oxidate?
Howard Hecht, Chestertown, USA.
You mean oxidise, you flaming Yankee shitheel. — M.S.

One of the groups I love the most in today's music scene are The Specials. Lately, I bought their album and I'm very fond of it, but may I ask them why they put the trade-mark of their drummer's kit on the sleeve (see credits). At least, that's what I found on the sleeve of a copy "printed in The Netherlands".

Quite disappointing.
Luc Gulinck, Belgium.
I should cocoa. — M.S.

If I wear shiny trousers and write a song with a 'reggae' beat can I be on *Top Of The Pops* this week, please?
Barry Von Harrow.
Why not? You'd be in good company. — M.S.

Letters edited by MONTY SMITH



I almost choked on my cheese and cucumber sandwiches when I read Mark Ellen's Pretenders' put down. Wise up creep! 'Stop Your Sobbing' is a Kinks kultural song by another Fab Four (geddit?)
The Low Budget Superman.
Sorry, Low, but Mark was being sarcy — that's the way Ms Hynde introduced the song, as being by Les Beatles. — BRIAN EPSTEIN.

So, Mark Ellen, The Specials weren't as good as on the last three occasions on which you saw them? My heart bleeds.
Neglected, Whitstable, Kent.
Move. — M.S.

What's this about the UK Subs film being too strong to support *Scum*? I've seen *Scum* and I can't imagine Charlie or the lads doing anything as strong as gang buggering some poor little sod (sic) in a greenhouse. How do we get to see the Subs' film then — in a bloody Soho blue movie show?
Paul Gill.
If you've seen *Scum*, good. If you haven't seen *Punk Can Take It*, be grateful. It's pathetic and I suspect that's the real reason it wasn't given a circuit release. — M.S.

Beware of the hippie revival!
Professor Quatermass, Wembley Stadium.

Can I be the first to say that I thought Mike Yarwood's impersonation of the *Shirley Bassey Show* on telly last Saturday was absolutely amazing.
Isaac Hunt, Egham.

Every seventh person works in the post office, right? Every seventh person is gay, right? This could mean one of four things:
a) Every postman is gay.
b) Every gay is a postman.
c) Every seventh postman is gay.
d) Every seventh gay is a postman.

Don't you think statistics are a load of crap?
The Seventh Gay Postman, Hereford.
A half of me thinks you seem like a nice boy but the other two quarters have a 50% ambivalent factor. — M.S.

I have just returned from a hilarious "Night Out" with that well known and loved pop band 'The Stranglers' at Bristol Colston Hall. Their appearance was something of a non-event, the highlight of the evening being Hughie's obligatory sexist and sectarian jokes, and his ridiculous 'duck walk'. Our ageing macho-man attempted to aforementioned strut, but ended up waddling across the stage like a member of Village People with a six inch suppository up his anal passage.

"A Message To You, Hughie": Give Up!
Anon.

A reply to George, San Bernadino, California (Letters 27/10/79).

You're looking for raw, primitive energy? The refusal to compromise? You're looking for a violently independent music force are you? Well if you're looking at the "punk today, mod/whatever tomorrow" clique you aren't going to find it. Furthermore you won't find it in The Clash either, they are close to extinction, my hamburger friend. What you are looking for lies in *Crass*, the most Anarchistic band around. They have it all sussed out. Crass make the Pistols look like the Flowerpot Men. Crass are so shit hot the *NME* won't do a piece on them! I bet they don't even print my bloody letter because I've taken their name in vain. Remember Crass spells A-N-A-R-C-H-Y!
Alwyn, Suffolk, Belfast.
Double secret sad! — M.S.

It would be all too easy to parody Nick Kent's all too frequent use of phrases beginning "all too . . .". But seriously Neil (you don't mind if I call you Neil, do you?) it's becomimg a bit of a joke (well, a whole joke in fact). The 'Tusk' review exhibits the two most recent examples — "all too easy" and "all too redolent", while in the past we have been treated to "all too often", another "all to easy" (Wire review), "all too eager" and, a stunning variation, "only too readily" (Police feature).

I suggest you rap his knuckles soundly at the next opportunity.
A Guardian of Stylistic Purity.
P.S. In the course of my research for this long overdue report, the phrase "more to the point" has also imprinted itself indelibly upon my eyeballs, appearing as it does in the 'Tusk' review, The Eagles, and the James Brown article. In the latter case, it occurs no less than three times — a record surpassed only when the same critic, for some obscure reason, elected to use the word "brusque" no less than five times in the Cheap . . . but you've stopped reading this by now.
In those halcyon days of yore, Nick would've belted you. — M.S.

So as to prove to all my detractors that I really am an impossibly smug know it all, just print that the missing word from the 2 Down anagram in last week's crossword was 'Regal'.
Cheater Fan, Manchester.

Dear Andy, don't worry, I thought your reviews were great and I'd have printed them.
Nick Logan.
P.S. I even knew that 3 and 26 was Roger Daltrey and that the missing word was 'Lager' — good huh! Can I have my job back please?
No. Even so, I never realised lager was regal. — M.S.

If you put 'Electricity' by Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark at 78 rpm, it's definitely pogoable.

Gang Of Four album please.
Hugh S., Woking.

My entry for the Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark anagram competition is 'Their Ark Unloads Over Manchester'. What do I win?
U.N. Original, Oxford.
You can borrow Hugh's Gang Of Four album if you like. — M.S.

OK, you of the weedy little anagram from "a box on Hergest Ridge". 'No thick rural man deserves to hear' Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark.
Graham Robb, Rouen, France.

How about 'Len, Shoot The Aardvark's Rumen Rice'? I spent half the bloody night and two cans of Export trying to think it up.
Auntie Perspirant.
Pathetic. You win *two* Gang Of Four albums. — M.S.

T.S. Eliot is an anagram of toilets.
Sally Bear, Wimbledon.
That's more like it. Being anal retentive is very clever. — M.S.

I think it was:
Goal X
Goal Y
Goal Z
in that order.
Jimmy (Bring back capital punishment for fouls) Hill, Oldham, Lancs.

And over to the teleprinter for the latest gig score for 1979: Led Zep 2, Public Image 2.

Does anything ever change?
Frank Bough, Newton-le-Willows.

I've been meaning to write for some time.
Angry Steve Harley Fan, Waterford.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE SECRET LIFE OF

T-ZERS

MAYDAY. MAYDAY. Meridian 4 to control. Do you read me? Over. Err Control, we read you loud and clear, Meridian 4. How's your cotton pickin' day goin' up there buddy? Over. Meridian 4 to control. We have a mad dog blip on the radar scanner. Unidentified flying missile, lowrider, 'proachin' New York City. Can you advise? Over. Control to Meridian 4. We read you buddy-boy. Errr suggest you sit-tight pal and we'll have some o'those big old Blackbirds up in the sky 'fore yew kin . . . crackle, pop, kerfwee. BANG.

And that's how the world ends. But before it does we hear that relations twixt **The Slits** and Island are not exactly bursting with seasonal bonhomie. Will **Ari Upp** quit the band to pursue her meaningful kinetic incursion into the dub music form? Is **Viv** unhappy with the current Slits direction? Would she prefer more of a **Pop Group** type free form expressionist jazz bag? And will all that make any difference to poor sod **Andrew Smith** who was recently fined £50 for driving his Bentley up the big end of a nearby Capri in North London? Smith's defence stated that he'd been distracted by a poster advertising the new Slits album 'Cut'. Keep your eyes on the road and your hands upon the wheel . . .

And in the eve, as the last hot-dog vendor trundled back into Soho's gloomy alleyways, a lone figure could be seen scuttling through the garbage towards Shades, a record store in the Metropolis. **David Bowie,** for it is he, wanders towards the counter and peers at the proprietor. "Have you got **The Specials'** 'Special' bootleg?" Pause. "Sorry mate." Our hapless hero slips back emptyhanded into the anonymity of a ravaged city . . .

What can it all mean dept: After **The Members** had taken San Francisco by storm on their recent US tour, **Nicky Tesco** agreed to have the band play free at a political rally endorsing **Dead Kennedys'** lead singer **Jello Biafra** who is standing for mayor in that gay city. Biafra's manifesto means that if he is successful all businessmen will be required by law to wear clown suits . . .

And now for the good news: there's a sizeable buzz emenating from the corridors of WEA which categorically denies that **The Eagles** have split up. Some cynics say that the group have called it a day but that news of a rift would damage Christmas sales of the five bearded bores' 'Long May We Run And Run' . . .

Don't point that thing at me mac. **The Piranhas** weren't overjoyed to have their dormobile pulled in for speeding recently en route to the Marquee. The squad car that stopped them outside Gatwick Airport was bristling with sub-machine guns supposedly carried in the event of a terrorist attack . . .

Space Invader fanaticism in Japan has reached such heights that the government has had to re-mint the appropriate yen. All the rest are inside the machines . . .

Pass the Holy Water! **Hugh Cornwell** is dating petite bubbly **Kate Bush** while he sweeps away the memory of his thwarted love affair with a fifteen-year-old Japanese heart-throb, and **The Stranglers** intend to tour the Indian continent early next year. Dates include Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi . . .

When **The Boomtown Rats** played the Rainbow last week two **Johnny Fingers** and **Pete Briquette** clones stormed the stage. The Fingers chap hopped off after a while but Briquette's mini-adorer

STEVIE WONDER gasps from excess of ozone and negative ions in the air of Bronx Botanical Gardens, New York, where the harmonica man held the reception for his new, er, epic thingy 'Journey Through The Secret Life Of Plants'. Taking a deep breath and keeping the camera steady: JOE 'Captain Snaps' STEVENS

handcuffed himself to the hapless bassist and stayed on for two encores . . .

And paranoia sets in for **The Tourists** who would like to meet the sinister gent who frequents all their gigs these days, stands in the front and stares at his feet. The band are starting to break out in late night sweats, and there are terrible headaches that won't go away. Aaaargh . . .

Philosophical **Judas Priest** dropped a clanger in America last week when **Rob Halford** discharged the sluices of the band's coach toilet all over the windscreen of a pursuing highway patrol car (some people would give their left-arm etc). The cops were not amused by the offering and fined the heavy metal hucksters 115 dollars. If that wasn't enough the Priest have been asked to play at the White House 'cos daffy **Amy Carter,** the Press's retarded daughter, likes them so much. Maybe they'll cure **Jimmy's** piles . . .

More romance in the air for **Police**man **Stuart Copeland** and curvacious **Sonja Kristina.** Friends report the couple's canoodling as a sure sign that wedding bells will ring . . .

Dastardly **Phil O'Lynott** gets back into *T-Zers* due to his double dating of **Caroline Crowther** and an anonymous secretary (how good's her shorthand?). When Lynott isn't ensconced in his £90,000 Richmond mansion the errant paddy likes to dwell on a recent **Lizzy** appearance on *Top Of The Pops* when drummer **Clive Edwards** from **Wild Horses** had to stand in for **Brian Downey** who was AWOL on a fishing trip in Eire. Lizzy broadcast an SOS over RTE but the lackadaisical thumper couldn't be bothered to come back . . .

Alright all you bookworms who've been jamming the switchboard asking where to buy the new **Hunter S Thompson** *The Great Shark Hunt* (reviewed in last fab ish of *NME).* Apparently the book has yet to find an English distributor and interested parties are advised to try an importer or hang on in there . . .

New West Coast poet rocker most likely to get his name in the papers for several months is **Jim Carroll** whose prose debut *The Basketball Diaries* will be published by Bantam next February . . .

And still they come out. The week after **Elton John** reiterated his sexual preferences for the benefit of Fleet St, *The Sun* captured **Freddie Mercury** in unguarded mood. The lead **Queen** admitted to a platonic friendship with a girl called **Mary** and a piano that he kept by the bed for that telltale flash of inspiration. For Queen's next tour Mercury will dress in leather of course. "I rather fancy myself as a black panther," he tittered. Thank God for 4,000 per cent heterosexuals like manly **Rod Stewart** . . .

Good God what *is* this country coming to? Even fun-loving **Tom Robinson** has come out and admitted quite brazenly that when he gets home at night he likes to listen to the sounds of the new **XTC** album! Tom is looking for a sensitive guitarist and drummer to share this experience with. Large Hampstead gentlemen need not apply . . .

The Monty Daniels Band rehearse for their forthcoming movie 'The Life Of Charlie' backstage at The Venue. Yeehaw!

Pice: Terry Lott

The late **John Buchan** (of *The 39 Steps* fame) will turn in his grave to hear that grand-daughter **Josephine** is fronting a punk (gasp) band called **The Containers.** Standards slip by the wayside . . .

Rolling Stones' chief honchos **Richard** and **Jagger** Inc have been seen leaving Electric Ladyland (the studio **Hendrix** built, chickadees) in the smutty West Village after adding the finishing touches to their forthcoming album 'Untitled' . . .

D.O.A. (Dead On Arrival), a film by **Lech Kowalski** with footage of **The Sex Pistols** cavorting on and off stage during their fateful US tour, and an interview with **Sid** and **Nancy** (at home) is expected to hit the screens around the same time as *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* (Xmas?). The film was originally financed by the late **Tom Forcade** (publisher of *High Times)* who blew his mind out in the cold of last winter . . .

The Clash's next record *will* be a double album retailing for the price of one and out before Yule on December 7th. This cheap and cheerful artefact is housed in a groovy black and white cover as done by our own lovable **Raymond Lowry,** the Manchester **Manet** . . .

How droll darling, **Chrissie Hynd** is planning to stage a Rock Against Rock Journalists gig and may approach **Elvis Costello** to assist . . .

Must have been the baked beans. **Ian Gomm's** 'Summer Holiday' ("Seven days to a holiday" etc) is to be re-released under the title of 'Gomm With The Wind' . . .

Grateful Dead lyricist **Robert Hunter** strapped on his **Bob Dylan** kit last week at the Venue and wowed the hippy hordes with a selection including the complete 'Terrapin Station'. Many of the audience appeared to be under the influence of several species of sacred fungi which is no big deal because The Grateful Dead themselves are rumoured to be suffering the ravages of sundry drug abuse. The band are also in the studio in NYC with English producer **Gary Lyons** . . .

Not just pretty faces. **Joni Mitchell, Ron Wood** (Ron Wood!), **John Mayall** and **Klaus Voormanm** have a selection of their doodlings featured in *Starart,* a 240-page glossy art book . . .

CBS are suing the Our Price record chain for importing records and selling them too cheap . . .

Disco existentialist **Grace Jones** had a maternity party thrown in her honour by **Debbie Harry** at New York's Paradise Garage. Grace is actually 6½ months gone but still managed to gyrate and sing in her usual suggestive manner. Jones' next album will be produced by **Chris Blackwell** and musicians include **Sly Dunbar** and **Robby Shakespeare ...**

Robert Wyatt may be going into the studio with **Carla Bley** . . .

WEA are to release a **Tim Buckley** double retrospective soonest . . .

Late news on the **Dylan** front; the Big Z is to play four benefit concerts in aid of the refugees in Kampuchea (that's Cambodia to you bub) kicking off on the 19th November at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. All proceeds will be directed via World Vision, an international Christian Relief organisation. No truth in the rumour that **John Pilger** was to MC the gigs . . .

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